SWEETEST GEMS OF MUSIC AND SONGS FOR THE FIRESIDE

PRESENTED
TO:
BY
19

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-BLX-280_r0d1

GRANDFATHER'S COMPANION

SWEETEST GEMS OF MUSIC

AND

SONGS FOR THE FIRESIDE

BEING

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

FAMOUS MELODIES

ENRICHED WITH

VALUABLE HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF RENOWNED AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS

COMPILED BY

HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL

THE MUSICAL SCORES EDITED BY

DUDLEY BUCK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1910, BY
GEO. W. BERTRON
IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.,

PREFACE.

THIS volume is a vast collection of songs and melodies that are prized as household treasures. It contains the old favorites that have long been known and loved. It is rich in new and choice gems whose beauty and intrinsic merit have given them a world-wide fame. The title of the work is in keeping with its contents, for within the lids of this volume are the most charming melodies.

Here are the masterpieces of the greatest composers. Old Scotch, English, Irish and German airs, which have thrilled the world, are here brought together. The grand creations of musical genius shine in a resplendent galaxy. Social songs and sacred hymns, beautiful ballads and joyous glees, pathetic airs and melodies of love, whose freshness is perennial, render this volume of music one of the most fascinating and popular ever published.

Descriptive notes of great value are distributed through the work. These furnish a vast amount of interesting information concerning the various authors and their world-renowned productions.

Part I contains Songs of the Sea. As the volume is opened there comes a fresh breeze from the briny deep. The sailor's life on the bounding billows is portrayed in such songs as "Tom Bowling," "The Bay of Biscay," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Barney Buntline," etc. His tender passion finds expression in "Black-eyed Susan," "Nancy Lee," and "Maggie's Welcome." Songs of the voyager, and of the maiden who awaits the return of her sailor boy, are included in this collection, among which are "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "A Thousand Leagues Away," "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea," and many others whose merit is attested by their enduring popularity.

Part II is entitled Historic and Patriotic Songs. The heart is thrilled and the sentiment of patriotism is aroused by these inspiring strains. All great historic events have been celebrated by soul-stirring melodies which have outlived the exciting occasions that gave them birth. They keep their hold upon the popular heart and have made for themselves a place in this delightful volume.

"Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "The Campbells are Coming," "Rule, Britannia," "The Wearing of the Green," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "Hail to the Chief," and "Bonnie Dundee" are among the many songs which embellish this department. They belong to the standard music of our own and other countries.

Part III contains Songs of the Great Civil War. Armies sang them on the toilsome march and on the eve of battle. Military bands played them, and with their strains inspired the heroes of the great struggle to immortal deeds. These songs came without bidding; they were full of force and fire, and were suited to the momentous occasions. They were heard amidst the roar of guns and the clash of of steel. "John Brown's Body," "My Maryland," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" give thrilling interest to this part of the work.

Part IV is devoted to Scotch and Irish Songs. These have a quaint and fascinating character of their own. "Annie Laurie," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Comin' thro' the Rye" are sung clear round the world. Their wonderful charm is felt the moment they are heard. Other airs in this collection are equally captivating, and include "Robin Adair," "Dublin Bay," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Auld Robin Gray," "Twickenham Ferry," "The Dear Little Shamrock," "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," etc., etc.

This rich and varied collection of Scotch and Irish melodies is treasured by old and young alike. The charm of these lovely airs never wears out and their soft strains are dear to all lovers of song.

Part V includes the Songs of Home and Country. Beautiful gems adorn the pages of this department, which forms of itself a delightful volume of household music. The selections are a happy expression of the undying love for the native land and the old fireside which dwells in every heart, and survives the changes of time and place.

Among these charming lyrics are those well known and popular selections: "Hearts and Homes," "Sweet and Low," "Homeward Bound," and "Good Night." They will never lose their captivating power. No less popular are "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Dearest Spot on Earth," "Home Again," "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," "Good-Bye Dear Mother," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Cheer Boys, Cheer," "Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain," and "My Old Kentucky Home."

Other choice selections, combined with those already named, render this beautiful work the most entrancing volume of music for the home circle ever issued. It is a delightful companion for the fireside, and will captivate both old and young.

Part VI contains National Songs. This department is devoted to the inspiring strains of martial music, the hymns that have electrified nations and led armies to victory.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," composed in the heat of battle, amidst the crashing of balls and bombs, and carrying along the heart of the hearer with its ringing air; "The Marseillaise Hymn," to whose triumphant notes the French eagles were carried over Europe; "God Save the Queen," "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls," "Men of Harlech," and the National Songs of other countries, are specimens of the captivating gems in Part VI.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

How to Sing, ... 17

PART I

SONGS OF THE SEA

Wise and Otherwise, ... 33
Tom Bowling, ... 39
Black-Eyed Susan, ... 42
A Life on the Ocean Wave, ... 45
The Bay of Biscay, ... 46
Three Fishers Went Sailing, ... 48
A Thousand Leagues Away 50
Nancy Lee, ... 52
Maggie's Welcome, ... 54
Larboard Watch, ... 56
The Minute Gun at Sea, ... 58
What Are the Wild Waves Saying? . 60
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, . . 62
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, . . 64
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea, ... 66
The Canadian Boat Song, ... 67
The Little Fishermaiden, ... 68
Lights Far Out at Sea, ... 70
The Torpedo and the Whale, ... 72

PART II

HISTORIC AND PATRIOTIC SONGS

Romantic Realities, ... 74
Saint Patrick Was a Gentleman, . . 82
The Wearing of the Green. 84
Yankee Doodle, ... 86
Hail Columbia, ... 87
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, . . 88
Tippecanoe and Tyler Too, ... 89
The Groves of Blarney, ... 90
The Campbells Are Coming, ... 91
Bonnie Dundee, ... 92
The Girl I Left Behind Me, ... 93
Hail to the Chief, ... 94
National Hymn, ... 95
Columbia, God Preserve Thee, . . 95
I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree, . 96
Rule, Britannia, ... 97
The Roast Beef of Old England, . . 98

PART III

SONGS OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

PAGE

Major and Minor, ... 99
My Maryland, ... 107
Dixie, ... 108
Bonnie Blue Flag, ... 110
John Brown's Body, ... 111
Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth, . 112
Battle Hymn of the Republic, . . 114

PART IV

SCOTCH AND IRISH SONGS

Chat by the Way, ... 115
Annie Laurie, ... 121
Comin' Through the Rye, ... 122
The Dear Little Shamrock, ... 124
Come Back to Erin, ... 126
Dublin Bay, ... 128
Auld Robin Gray, ... 130
Robin Adair, ... 132
Twickenham Ferry, ... 134
Killarney, ... 136
Turnham Toll, ... 138
The Blue Bells of Scotland, . . . 140
Auld Lang Syne, ... 141
Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town, . 142
Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon, . 143
On the Rocks by Aberdeen, ... 144
You'll Soon Forget Kathleen, . . 146

PART V

SONGS OF HOME AND COUNTRY

Gossip Grave and Gay, ... 148
Home, Sweet Home, ... 151
The Old Oaken Bucket, ... 152
When the Swallows Homeward Fly, . 154
Cheer, Boys, Cheer, ... 156
Good Night, ... 157
My Old Kentucky Home, ... 158
John Anderson, My Jo, ... 161
Home Again, - 162
Oft in the Stilly Night, ... 165

PAGE

Hearts and Homes, ... 166
Flee as a Bird, ... 168
Good-Night (serenade), ... 170
The Dearest Spot, ... 172
Lullaby, ... 174
Good-Bye, Dear Mother, ... 176
Sweet and Low, ... 178
Homeward Bound, ... 179

PART VI

NATIONAL SONGS

Crotchets and Quavers, ... 180
The Star-Spangled Banner, ... 187
Marseilles Hymn, ... 188
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace Bled, ... 191
The Maple Leaf Forever, ... 192
Hymne de Riego, ... 194
Men of Harlech, ... 196
The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls, . . 198
King Christian Stood Beside the Mast, ... 200
God Save the King, ... 203
God Save Our President, ... 204
The Watch on the Rhine, ... 206

PART VII

SONGS OF RETROSPECT AND EXILE

Facts and Fancies, ... 207
The Last Rose of Summer, ... 211

PAGE

The Old Sexton, ... 212
Heart Bowed Down, ... 214
Then You'll Remember Me, ... 216
Twenty Years Ago, ... 218
I cannot Sing the Old Songs, ... 220
The Light of Other Days, ... 222
Ben Bolt, ... 224
I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, ... 225
Lilly Dale, ... 226
The Danube River, ... 228
The Switzer's Farewell, ... 229
Fine Old English Gentleman, ... 230
Long, Long Ago, ... 231
We Sat by the River, ... 232
Do They Think of me at Home, ... 234
Bliss Forever Past, ... 236
The Last Greeting, ... 238
She Wore a Wreath of Roses, ... 239
Shells of Ocean, ... 240
Isle of Beauty, ... 241
I've Been Roaming, ... 242
By the Sad Sea Waves, ... 243
The Good-Bye at the Door, ... 244
In Happy Moments, ... 246
Blissful Dreams Come Stealing O'er Me, . . . 248
Down the Quiet Valley, ... 250
Yesterday, ... 252
The Golden Shore, ...

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT

LINA CAVALIERI (AS SALOME IN HERODIADE)

THIS PART IS WELL SUITED TO THE PRIMA DONNA'S VOICE AND ACTING, WHILE HER RARE BEAUTY HAS ATTRACTIVE SETTING IN THE RICH COSTUME OF AN ORIENTAL PRINCESS

COPYRIGHT BY A. DUPONT, N. Y.

ENRICO CARUSO

THE FAMOUS ITALIAN TENOR

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY E. F. FOLEY, N. Y.

LUISA TETRAZZINI (THE QUEEN OF SONG)
IN COSTUME, OPERA "LAKME"

COPYRIGHT BY MISHKIN, N. Y.

CHARLES DALMORES

THE GREAT FRENCH TENOR

COPYR GHT BY MISHKIN, N. Y.

MARY GARDEN

A POWERFUL EMOTIONAL ACTRESS AND OPERA SINGER

MAURICE RENAUD

THE FAMOUS BARITONE WHO WON HIGH PRAISE IN GRAND OPERA, PARIS, FRANCE

COPYRIGHT, A. DUPONT, N. Y.

GERALDINE FARRAR

IN COSTUME AS MADAM BUTTERFLY

COPYRIGHT BY MISHKIN, N. Y.

EMMY DESTINN

THE FAMOUS SOPRANO IN COSTUME

HOW TO SING.

WE desire to preface our selections for the lover of music with some brief remarks about how to sing, which will aid in acquiring some degree of perfection in the art. The singer must combine the arts of the musician, the public speaker, and, to a certain extent, the actor. Clearness of pronunciation and correctness of emphasis are included in the range of his study. Nor are these so easy of acquirement as many persons suppose. To a novice, the almost inevitable nervousness inseparable from the prominent position which a solo singer necessarily holds in the company, or before the audience to which he is singing, is very apt to render the enunciation less distinct and more rapid than is natural to him. His ear guides him less safely; and, in fact, every sense, influenced by the abnormal state of his nerves, is apt to play him more or less false. It is only by having carefully studied and mastered every detail of manner, posture, and speech, as well as of the music to be performed, that a singer can rise superior to the treachery of his nerves, in whatever form that treachery may show itself.

Nervousness.—A few words as to nervousness. You will often hear persons boast that they are not the least nervous in public; and, perhaps, will feel inclined to envy them. Get rid of any such notion at once. If by "nervous" is meant "frightened," that is another thing altogether; and it is perfectly true that there are hundreds of persons who are not in the least afraid of appearing in public, nor affected by timidity when so appearing. But fear is only one form of nervousness. I firmly believe that it is impossible for a real artist ever to appear in public without being *nervous*. But the nerves act in many ways: the fervor of an eloquent speaker carried away by his subject; the "*abandon*" of a fine actor thoroughly entering into his part and identifying himself with it; the sustained energy of a declamatory singer; the faultless and unerring agility of a florid *soprano*, who astonishes her hearers by wonder on wonder of execution—all these things are due, in their subtle charm, to nervousness—*i. e.*, to delicate nervous organization in active play. These artists are not frightened, it is true, but excited, stimulated, roused from the normal state of eating, walking, and sleeping; something of the spiritual kindles the mere physical forces in them—some breath of inspiration sustains that living power which so influences the hearers. In some way or other every great artist is always nervous; were it not so, the essence of their power would vanish. Persons of cold and phlegmatic temperament lack the very life-breath of art; and, though they may train themselves into fair imitations of some great artists, they will generally be detected

with ease, by any hearer of true sensibility, as imitations, not the real thing. Therefore do not be ashamed to admit that you are nervous, if it be so. Nerves are a cruel master, but a splendid servant; instead of letting them overcome you, force them to do your bidding; and instead of "nervousness" meaning "fear," you will find that it means courage and power to do your best.

Pronunciation.—Study correctness of pronunciation and propriety of emphasis quite apart from singing. Remember that in speaking or singing in a large space and to a number of persons, every sound must have not only additional force, but additional volume. And that comes to mean that every vowel-sound in the words sung must be intensified, and every consonant be delivered with more accuracy than is necessary in ordinary speaking. If you were to pronounce the syllable "die" (for instance), in singing, *exactly* as you do in speaking, you would produce on the notes or note to which that word belonged a thinness of tone which would be very ugly, and probably would not "carry" far. And the same with any vowel-sound—even "Ah," or "Oh,"—which, though not producing a thin tone, would certainly produce a coarse one, if sung exactly as spoken in ordinary conversation.

Vowel-Sounds.—The reason of the need of this slight change is as follows. Every vowel-sound, like every musical sound (for vowel-sounds are nothing less than musical sounds), is composed of *two* sounds. Combined with the prominent and chief sound which first attracts the ear is a second, which, though not prominent, lends point and force to the other. Thus our English vowel-sound "A" is really *Eh-è*; "E" is *E-è*; "I" is *Ah-è*; "O" is *O-oo*, or even *Aw-oo*; "U" is *Ee-oo*. Of course I do not mean to say that those absurd-looking syllables really express exactly the sounds which we produce in speaking the vowels, for no combination of letters can do that, or can bring within reach of the eye the subtleties of sound in human speech; but if you attempt to pronounce those syllables, you will find that you are really pronouncing the vowels from which I "translated" them.

Now, in conversation or rapid speaking, the subordinate sound of the vowel is scarcely noticeable, while the more prominent sound is heard for the short interval of time required. But in singing or public speaking, where the production of tone is more deliberate, the space to be filled with sound larger, or, in other words, the column of air to be set vibrating is greater and heavier, the *complex* sound of the vowel must not be ignored. It is impossible to lay down any set of rules by which the student may overcome this difficulty; but every one, by bearing in mind the absolute necessity of attention to this point, may easily accustom himself to the slight change of pronunciation (as it will at first appear) which is required to give vowel-sounds when sung, or spoken "*ore rotundo*," the same tone, to the hearer's ear, as they have in ordinary speaking. As a general rule this is done by keeping the throat more open, the larynx (or "Adam's apple") as low down as possible, and the root of the tongue flat, depressed, even hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. The truth of all this may easily be tested by singing any short passage deliberately and distinctly, with the exact pronunciation of ordinary speaking, and then repeating it with attention to the above hints. In the first instance the result will be meagre, hard to be heard at a moderate distance, and very likely extremely ludicrous to the hearer. In the second, you will find that the tone of the notes gains in roundness and fulness, while

the words are clearly heard in every part of the room with the exact effect belonging to them. I purposely refrain from attempting to write down the difference discernible in any words so sung, because, as I have already said, *letters* cannot accurately express distinctions so delicate, yet so all-important to the singer, speaker and hearer.

Consonants.—In pronouncing consonants, be careful to give each its due value, but without exaggeration. Be especially particular to sound the *last* letter of each word distinctly. But take care to avoid adding a slight sound (as of an *e* mute) after the final letter: for instance, do not say "When other-*è* lips," etc., or "bright-*è* days," and so on. Do not over-aspirate the letter "*H*." "*N*," "*L*," "*M*," "*B*," "*P*," and "*V*," are all letters requiring care in firm pronunciation.

Avoid prefixing a slight sound of "*N*" to the first word of a song or passage in singing. It is a common trick with beginners to do this, and they frequently do it without being in the least conscious of it. It is produced by a kind of nervous feeling of the teeth with the tongue, as if to make sure that all is right for the start! I have heard an aspiring youth actually begin a well-known song thus: "*Nwaft her Rangels Nthrough the sky*," etc.

English Words.—The English language is not the most suitable one under the sun for singing purposes; nevertheless, it is not nearly so intolerable and unfavorable an one as it is the fashion to make out. The grand old Scripture passages which Handel, Mendelssohn, and others have set to music testify to this. Yet musical care *is* needed when singing English words, and especially in pronouncing the "sibilants," as *S*, etc. These "sibilants" must never be enunciated rapidly, or their ill effects will soon be found in a series of *hissings*. Let it be your study, then, to avoid this ill effect in singing English words, and to utter such sounds slowly and carefully, with the endeavor to produce a soft and agreeable effect; for it is, indeed, unpardonable to hear an English singer unable to render perfectly the words (if not the music) of his native country's songs and ballads.

Emphasis.—Having accustomed yourself to carefulness over each letter in your pronunciation, the next thing is to study correctness of emphasis, etc. All this is apart from the strictly musical portion of your studies, and, while you can work at this without music, you will certainly spoil the effect of your singing (however good your voice and voice production may be), unless you do so study your "words." I should recommend you to practise reading aloud for not less than a quarter of an hour at a time, say once a day. Read *standing;* place your book on a desk, on a level with your eyes, and speak out deliberately, and with full tone of voice, and as much variety of intonation as the matter read requires. Shakespeare is your best author for this study. You will feel at first as if you were doing a very absurd thing, but never mind that—do it, and do it as well and as carefully as you can.

Position of the Lips.—In speaking and reading aloud during your preliminary training for singing, be very careful that there be no change in the aperture of the mouth or position of the lips while uttering any one sound, however prolonged. If the lips move from their first position, however slightly, the tone immediately changes, and the pronunciation ceases to be pure and refined.

Study of Words.—The words of a song are as much worthy of the singer's study as the music; that is, if the song is worth singing at all. I do not mean to say that in themselves they must necessarily be of

equal merit, but that they require as much attention on the part of the singer to bring out their meaning. Study the text, therefore, apart from the music. Read the words aloud deliberately; master the sentiment of them, and note the prominent words and phrases, so as to be able to give them their due value when you have to combine them with the music. Avoid giving prominence to such words as "of," "for," "the," "and," "in," etc., etc., but yet let each be distinctly pronounced, and not slurred over in an indefinite murmur. Learn the words of your song by memory. Master the text, and consider the whole from an elocutionist's point of view before you attack the musical side of the matter. A singer when singing in public should not be troubled with his words and music

VOICES AND THEIR VARIOUS QUALITIES.

THE life of the singing voice is so comparatively short, that the study of singing is rendered more difficult than that of any other art. You may buy a violin or a pianoforte, ready-made and perfect, in your childhood, and nothing remains for you but to study the instrument diligently under a good master. But the vocal instrument cannot be said to exist at all, for purposes of singing study, before the age of eighteen or twenty in males, and (in our climate) sixteen in females. Even at those ages the organ is necessarily immature and undeveloped. Consequently the study of the art has to be carried on during the progress of the instrument to maturity.

To counterbalance this disadvantage, however, we must bear in mind that that very study materially helps to perfect the instrument. Singing is by no means all "style," and the study of it includes the formation of the voice and production of a good tone, and it is, of course, easier to manipulate an unfinished article than a finished one—to educate youth and suppleness than to bring maturity and stiffness into subjection to new conditions.

Therefore begin your study in the youth of your voice; but recollecting that its life is the most short-lived of your faculties, let your study be most earnest and painstaking. Especially if singing is to be your profession, act upon the wise advice of Dr. Burney, and "Never go to bed till you have learned something which you did not know the previous night."

Voices.—"What is your voice?" is a very common question, sometimes expressed in the rather less polite but more intelligent form, "What do you call your voice?" The answer almost invariably is either "Soprano," "Contralto," "Tenor," "Bass," or "Barytone." Here is a warning for you at starting. Do not limit your notions of what voices are to those four or five generic names. Because choral music is generally written in four parts, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, the non-musical public, and a great many musical people (some composers included) seem to think that those names are an inclusive description of every human voice.

This would be of very little consequence if it were only a question of names; but it is of no use to say "What is in a name?" if the result of a wrong name is to lead to mischief. The misfortune of wrongly naming your voice is that it will lead you to practise wrongly, and to choose the wrong style of music for study and performance. For instance, a young lady may call herself a *soprano* because she can "*sing up to C*," and may therefore fancy that the whole repertoire of a Tietjens or a Clara Novello is within her reach; and acting on this notion, she may fatally dam-

age a naturally bright and pleasing voice by giving it work to do which belongs of right to a voice of totally different calibre, the *mezzo-soprano*.

Naming the Voice.—Remember always that the character of a voice is determined not by compass or range of notes, but by quality, or body and *timbre*, of tone. Two ladies may have voices ranging from A to A—two octaves—and yet one might be a pure light soprano, and the other a genuine contralto; while in length of compass a mezzo-soprano may even beat them both. And so with male voices (the variety in which is even greater than in female), you may have a voice of pure tenor quality, and yet of such limited compass that your energetic barytone friend next door may make your life miserable with jealousy of the ease with which he bellows high Gs, G sharps, and even on great occasions an A or so.

But compass has nothing whatever to do with the name of the voice: it may limit the quantity of music which can be performed, but it should have no influence on the choice of the style of music to be studied. This is a point of the greatest importance, therefore I repeat it briefly once more—*Your voice must be described and used with reference to its quality, or volume and timbre, and not with reference to the number of notes which you can sing.*

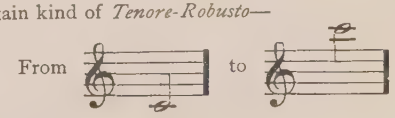
Male and Female Voices.—The actual varieties in tone and quality in different voices cannot, of course, be expressed on paper; but a careful use of your ears in listening to good public singers will soon teach you to discriminate. Female voices are of at least four kinds: soprano, mezzo-soprano, mezzo-contralto, and contralto. Male are of five or six, or even more. Alto; tenore-leggiero or light tenor; tenore-robusto or strong heavy-voiced tenor; barytone—basso-cantante (erroneously identified with the barytone by some persons); basso-profondo or bass.

Besides all these divisions or species, voices must be again classed according to their power. Any one who has ever heard an opera singer in a moderate-sized private drawing-room, will readily appreciate the difference between a *voce di camera*, or "chamber voice," and a *voce di teatro*.

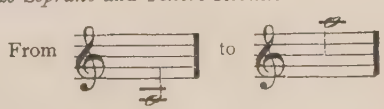
Compass.—The respective compasses of the several voices may be roughly set down as follows, but it should be borne in mind that it is by no means a matter of course that a singer of any particular voice should possess or cultivate the whole range of notes supposed to belong to that voice. He or she may be none the less a tenor or a soprano because the one cannot produce an "*Ut de poitrine*," or the other "*F* in *Alt*." There is a special individuality in every voice, as in every face, and therefore every voice must be treated, by a good teacher, on its own merits, as a thing in some respects unique.

Perhaps it will be best, therefore, instead of saying that the compass of any given kind of voice is from — to —, to say that music for such and such a voice is generally written between such and such limits. The range allotted by composers to the various voices is about two octaves to each—for solo work, of course—and is as follows, it being understood that the male voices are an octave lower in pitch than the female:—

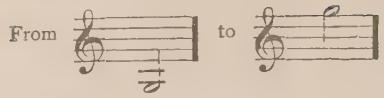
Soprano, and *Tenore-Leggiero*, and in operatic music a certain kind of *Tenore-Robusto*—



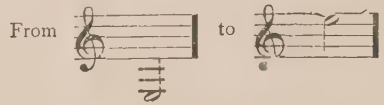
Mezzo-Soprano and *Tenore-Robusto*—



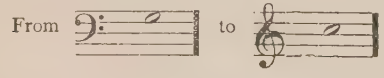
Mezzo-Contralto and *Barytone*—



Contralto and *Bass*—

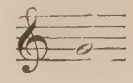


The basso-cantante is a low barytone, or high bass with a lighter quality of tone than the basso-profondo. The alto voice, or counter-tenor as it used to be called, is not a natural voice at all, but is artificially produced by training the *falsetto* to the exclusion of the other parts of the voice. It is totally distinct from the contralto voice of a female, in quality, average compass, and the style of music best suited to it. It is of more use in part-singing and cathedral music than for solo work, although in some oratorios solo parts have been allotted to it. It is rarely pleasing when heard alone, for very few alto singers are able to avoid the appearance of singing with effort; and the whole performance, except in some instances, appears unnatural and forced. The alto voice ranges generally

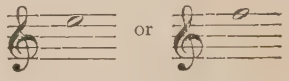


but its best notes are confined to the octave of B flat.

Soprano.—The soprano is generally clear, bright, and penetrating in tone; capable, if rightly produced, of "carrying" far without any appearance of force or effort. Its lower register is often weak and ineffective, and the forcing of those notes by a bad singer often damages the voice, and spoils the evenness of tone, which is of far more importance than power and noise in singing. Low notes, even if naturally weak, may be trained to take their proper share of the work of the voice, and every year will add to their natural power. Most soprano voices have a "break" on



and another, and more difficult one to deal with, on



The lower notes are the (so-called) "chest" register; the middle ones, between the breaks, the "falsetto," and the upper ones the "head" notes. I shall speak of these often-used and frequently-misapplied words presently; I merely mention them now for the sake of pointing out to soprani, what many young lady amateurs utterly ignore, that they have these "breaks," and possess "chest," "falsetto," and "head" notes, as well as male singers.

Soprano voices are frequently capable of great flexibility, and passages are easy to them which tax the powers even of a light mezzo-soprano severely. The high notes, especially, are in many cases easily produced in a staccato manner, like notes of a piccolo flute, and an effect is thus made, which, though pretty and pleasing if judiciously employed, becomes a great snare to many singers, who, for the sake of astonishing their audience, work the upper part of their voices unfairly, and, neglecting steady use and practice of the lower registers, will very soon find that they have weakened the power and thinned the tone of the whole voice.

But there are many voices of pure soprano tone which lack this flexibility: let the fair owners console themselves with the recollection that good *sostenuto* singing is quite as pleasing, in the long run, as displays of vocal gymnastics. You may not be

able to attempt the "*Dinorah*" Shadow Song, or the "Rejoice Greatly" in the "*Messiah*," but you will find that you have plenty of good work left for you in such music as "Dove Sono," "Deh vieni, non tardar" ("*Figaro*") or "Jerusalem" ("*St. Paul*").

Moreover, you may possibly have what is a much rarer gift (in a pure soprano) than flexibility—you may have a tone of voice capable of executing declamatory music with fine effect. Music of this kind is generally appropriated by some mezzo-soprano of high compass, and more properly belongs to voices of that class; nevertheless, the effect of sustained declamatory music, well executed by a real soprano, is unrivalled in its way.

Mezzo-Soprano.—The mezzo-soprano voice is perhaps the commonest of all female voices, and yet one of the rarest met with in perfection. It is fuller and rounder in quality than the soprano—less flexible, and more adapted to a *sostenuto* or declamatory style. Mezzo-soprano voices vary so much that it is difficult to name any note on which the "break" will be found. Sometimes it is on the same notes as a soprano—sometimes on the same as a contralto—on the average, perhaps, nearer the former. Wherever it may be, however, a judicious teacher will soon point it out, and put the student into the way of rightly treating it. Teaching, and *good* teaching, is especially necessary for voices of this class, or their fortunate possessors are generally ignorant of the value of the treasure which they possess in a good mezzo-soprano; and if it be of light quality, they fancy themselves soprani, and force the upper register of the voice in trying to "stretch their compass;" or if their low notes develop first, they think that "with practice" they are to be contralti; and by over-exercise and fondness for displaying those deep notes, they run the risk of widening the break and rendering the quality of the whole voice hopelessly uneven.

What lies within the sphere of a good mezzo-soprano has been shown in late years by a Grisi and a Tietjens, the latter of whom will live in the recollection of all who ever heard her as the perfect model for every mezzo-soprano in the production of the pure tone and even quality.

Mezzo-Contralto.—The name mezzo-contralto speaks for itself. It is by no means an uncommon voice, and if used with discrimination is an effective and useful one. Both in compass and quality it lies between the contralto and the mezzo-soprano. Heavier in tone, less resonant, and less flexible than the mezzo-soprano, it is yet lighter than the contralto. Pure contralto voices are so rare that many mezzo-contralto singers appear as exponents of contralto music, and by paying chief attention to the lower register of their voices they become fair imitations, and more than passable substitutes, for the real article. The possessor of this voice must be guided by the advice of a good teacher as to the direction in which her voice should be trained. Sometimes the natural quality of the voice renders it advisable to attempt rivalry with the mezzo-soprano, rather than with the contralto; sometimes the reverse. It is a question for decision by a competent adviser in each individual case, and therefore I shall not attempt to lay down any decided rule, except my oft-repeated one, "GO TO A MASTER, AND A FIRST-RATE ONE"—a point on which I shall have more to say further on. How impossible it is to lay down rules for a mezzo-contralto is shown by the fact than an eminent living "mezzo-contralto" is gladly accepted on our opera stage as a leading contralto, and yet succeeds admirably in such a part as Rossini wrote

for a mezzo-soprano of the most florid kind—*Rosina* in "*Il Barbiere.*"

Contralto.—The quality of a true contralto voice is so peculiar that it is impossible to mistake it for any other voice, although other voices may be mistaken for it. Of course there are exceptional cases in which the contralto and mezzo-contralto are combined in one voice: the lower range being of full and pure contralto quality, while instead of the somewhat limited upper notes of the contralto a rich mezzo-contralto range of notes may develop themselves; and in such a case careful training will be able to soften these two into each other, so that a complete voice of peculiar charm and great usefulness will result. But such cases, if not rare, are certainly the exception and not the rule, the deep and powerfully resonant tone of the true contralto being comparatively seldom met with. There is generally an awkward break between the low B and the D above it in this voice, and E♭ or E are the highest notes within reach of the average contralto. Voices of this class are better adapted for a species of ballads, for solemn declamation, or music of a calm and flowing character, than for elaborate execution or lively melodies. But here again exceptions must be made in favor of those who have the physical means, as well as the artistic skill, to study such music as that of the *Page* in "*Les Huguenots*," *Arsace* in "*Semiramide*," or "*La Cenerentola.*" For an average English contralto, however, the best line of study is in good songs and ballads, and, chief of all, oratorio music.

Alto.—The alto, or counter-tenor voice, is said by a well-known English alto singer to be "simply a development of the *falsetto*—generally the *falsetto* of an inferior bass voice." It is said to be almost peculiar to English singers, and to that fact is ascribed its extensive and effective use in the fine works of the English Cathedral School of composers. Of course, in a voice which is so artificial, there must be expected a worse "break" than usual—the break in this case being the point below which the falsetto cannot be extended, and where the natural "chest" quality of tone has to be used. This break generally lies near the same place as the contralto break—if anything, rather higher—say between C and E in the middle of the voice. The effective notes of an alto usually lie in the octave of B or B♭, and the repertoire of music for which this voice is suited is comparatively limited. That repertoire, however, includes the greater number of oratorios, a good deal of fine old Italian music, and a few old English songs; while a singer of cleverness and cultivation will find many ballads which he may make his own by the help of transposition and style of delivery.

Great pains must be taken by the possessor of an alto voice in the formation and production of a good tone. The voice must be made to sound as *natural* as possible; and, if necessary, power must unhesitatingly be sacrificed to sweetness. There is great danger of producing a harsh, reedy, or nasal tone, which, to the hearer, is simply distressing or offensive.

Above all, let him be content to develop his own means, and to keep to music suited to or written for his voice. A good alto will make no effect, and will do his voice and style harm, if he "poaches on the preserves" of other voices—tenors, for instance, or basses—(singing the songs of the latter an octave higher). I once heard an alto—a fair singer so long as he stuck to his own work—make an absurd exhibition of himself by attempting the great song "Love Sounds the Alarm," in "*Acis and Galatea*," at a public concert.

Let him also beware of the snare of contralto music. The alto in a man is to

tally distinct from the contralto in a woman. The tone is utterly different—the best notes of the one are certainly not the best notes of the other; and although in certain cases a contralto may sing with good effect music written for a male alto (*e. g.* in some oratorios), yet the converse is scarcely ever true. The low notes, which are so fine in a contralto, and so unlike any other tone except perhaps a few notes of some tenors, are utterly wanting in charm, and generally in power, in a male alto; while the sweet and ringing middle notes of the latter are far more effective in alto music than the (frequently) weak and uncertain middle notes of a contralto. Choose your music as you name your voice, by the quality of tone you can produce, and not by the range of notes.

Tenore-Leggiero.—The *tenore-leggiero*, or "light tenor," is the male voice corresponding to the female soprano; it is perhaps the most delicate and difficult to manage of all human voices. In the present day, when fashion is all in favor of noise, it is difficult for any but the strong-minded to stand firm against the tendency to shout and bawl, which appears to be the highest aim of many singers, and the highest admiration of most audiences. Now for a light tenor to attempt this style of singing is simply suggestive of the old fable of the frog who tried to make himself as big as the bull, and burst in the attempt. There is a modern school of singing, which, though it may be suitable enough for heavy voices such as basses and robust tenors, is fatal to light and delicate voices. The style of singing, and of music to be sung, by this voice, is quite different from that appropriate to strong and full organs; and, if you are the possessor of a light tenor, you must at once rid yourself of the common amateur fancy (a fancy, too, by no means confined to amateurs) that you must imitate a certain ever-popular living tenor, whose name has passed almost into a proverb as typical of the perfection of English singing. You *cannot* be a "Reeves" or a "Braham," therefore it is only waste of time and strength for you to try. But there is a great deal of music which neither a "Reeves" nor a "Braham" could sing, which is well within your reach; and more than that, there is a great deal of excellent music which, though you cannot sing it *like* them, you may render very effective in a totally different style. Very often a *pianissimo* is quite as expressive as a *fortissimo*, and grace and sweetness are frequently an excellent substitute for power and force. You must be content to recognize that the latter are out of your reach, and that the effects which you can produce are to be attained by other means.

However, while assuring you that power and force are not given to you, I do not mean to say that voices of your class need be at all inaudible in a space however large. The tone of a light tenor is generally clear, resonant, and penetrating; sometimes there is a metallic ring about it which is extremely pretty, if not forced.

A light tenor must be careful not to force up the lower register of his voice beyond its natural and easy limit. The charm of the voice is in the perfect blending together of the lower, middle, and upper registers, and to do this the upper notes of each register should be equally at command, as the upper notes of that register or the lower notes of the one above it. In order to attain this, the change from one register to another should generally be made considerably lower than the place where the real "break" in the voice comes. For instance, supposing the "break" to be on E♭, the singer should be able to change his register as low as B or B♭, and to take

the notes between those two places, either in the upper or lower register, with equal effect.

In voices of this character there is often one note which requires to be *made*—*i. e.*, which is so naturally defective in tone and quality that it can only be produced effectively by imitating as nearly as possible the quality of the register above or below it. This note is generally E, F, F♯, or (sometimes) G, between the middle and upper registers; and if you find that you unfortunately have such a refractory note, remember not to try and force the tone of it from the next note above or below; *e. g.*, if your bad note is F, do not try to improve it by singing E well and then passing on to F; but try and form the note from the fifth above or below (whichever it happens to resemble most in tone). Rounden the refractory note—give it a full tone in practising, and produce it well from the chest, letting the sound reverberate from the centre of the roof of the mouth—neither too far back towards the throat, nor too much on the teeth. Your teacher, if he knows his business, will soon put you into the way of this. Voices vary so much that these very general remarks must suffice here; but each voice, if it has its peculiar difficulties, has also, doubtless, its peculiar charm; and for light tenors, rich in both charms and difficulties, the rule is all-important: Do not try to imitate anybody else, but let your aim be to do the best that can be done with such natural gifts as you may have, aided by the best training that you can procure for them.

Tenore-Robusto.—The robust or strong tenor is the male voice corresponding to the mezzo-soprano of a female. It is not an uncommon voice, but is rarely met with in anything like perfection. A robust tenor voice of large compass and round full tone is a treasure of the utmost value. The fact is, that too frequently the possessor of a good voice of this kind, instead of taking care of it and training it for the future, begins using it too soon, strains and forces it into coarseness, and spoils it for ever. People do not realize that a voice may be strong in quality and powerful in tone, and yet in itself be an excessively delicate thing to keep in order.

Moreover, voices of this kind in their youth frequently resemble barytones, and their owners, fired with ambition to rival some popular barytone singer, mistake their vocation, and shout and bellow on the very part of the voice—the upper "chest" register—which requires the tenderest nursing to fit it for future difficulties. Consequently, when the voice develops with age, and the singer finds that barytone work is too heavy for the lower part of the voice, and that he can without much difficulty extend his compass beyond the barytone limits, he discovers that what he has been using as the top of his voice is nearer the middle of it, and that the mode of using those notes which he has practised is excessively difficult, if not impossible, with those which now lie above them. The result is either the creation of a very awkward "break," which even time and practice can never entirely remove, or else (and this is a commoner case) the same process of forcing which has been employed hitherto is applied to the upper notes, as far as strength can take it! This is the reason why so many tenor singers are utterly unable to produce the real tenor "tone," and sound like barytones forced up to a higher compass. There is no sweetness in the upper notes so produced—nothing but force and noise; while the hapless perpetrator of the howls which represent high notes turns scarlet in the face, and quivers all over with his exertions. I therefore give to tenors

of this class exactly the same warning that I gave to soprani: Do not ignore the fact that you have three, or at all events two, distinct registers of the voice, the (so-called) "chest," "throat," and "head." Do not suppose, when you hear a great singer produce on a high note exactly the same quality of tone as he produced on a low one, that he did it exactly the same way, or "got it from the same place," as some people say. The perfection of his training and the diligence of his practice have enabled him to assimilate the quality of one register to that of another so completely as to deceive your ear. The proof that this is true may be found in inspecting a great deal of music written for and sung by the most famous operatic tenors of the past—the singers of that pure Italian school of which so few disciples now remain.

There are notes and passages in that music which no "chest" register could by any physical possibility execute, but some of which have been sung within the recollection even of the "rising generation" with all the effect intended, and with the very tone that critical slang calls "chest notes" (simply because it so closely resembles the tone of chest notes that few, if any, can detect that they are differently produced from the low notes).

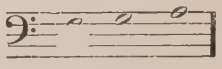
I have entered into this at some length because it is a point which is more and more ignored by the singers and teachers of this generation. I might almost say that a school of singing exists the whole aim of which is to abolish the natural upper part of the voice, in order to stretch and force the one lower register up beyond its natural compass. I do not deny that in certain cases a voice results from this treatment which is powerful, effective, and capable of executing a good deal of music with much success and satisfaction to the performer; but for one case where this treatment so far succeeds, it fails in twenty to produce a voice both pleasing and useful; it is, moreover, in singers trained on this method that we most commonly hear the odious (and involuntary) trembling of the upper notes commonly called the *vibrato*.

Therefore, to sum up those who find, when their voices begin to form, that the natural quality of their voice is lighter than that of a bass, had better make up their minds at once to give the voice fair play, and let it alone for a time; then consult a good master, or one really experienced in hearing singers, as to what the future of the voice is to be. It is by no means easy always to decide at that early period whether the permanent quality of the voice will be tenor or barytone, and therefore it is folly to try and settle the question for yourself by singing, in untaught style, music which may prove to have been all along unsuited to you. Your patience in waiting till the voice really declares itself will amply repay you afterwards by the absence of the difficulties which too early a use of the voice would have created for you to overcome.

Barytone and Basso-Cantante.—The barytone voice is thus described in Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms: "A voice of fuller quality than a tenor, and lighter than a bass, having a compass partly included in both. . . . . This voice has only been distinguished by name as being of a separate character within the present century. Early writers indicate its existence by the use of its special clef. The term barytone is unmeaning unless it be looked upon as a corruption of a barytenor; but it is quite possible it was borrowed from the instrument barytone or bardone, which occupied a place between the tenor and bass viols."

The derivation of the name from "baritenor" is slightly absurd, considering that half that extraordinary word is Greek and the other half Latin; whereas the name barytone is a Greek word, used by Aristotle, and meaning "deep-sounding."

The distinctive character which this voice has assumed within the present century is due, I believe, to the great change in the pitch of musical instruments which has taken place. In the last century the pitch was so much lower than that at present in use, that a "high barytone" was much the same as a "robust tenor." Consequently, music was not written exclusively for the barytone voice, its existence as a separate class of voice not being sufficiently recognized. Gradually, as the pitch was raised, the barytone separated itself clearly from other voices, and has now a repertoire of music and a style of singing of its own; and instead of appropriating tenor music, it, if anything, has stolen away some of the property of the bass; for the raising of the pitch which placed tenor music beyond the reach of a barytone has also rendered a good deal of music originally written for a bass far more suitable for a barytone, or at all events for a basso-cantante. I am well aware that by many musicians the basso-cantante is identified with the barytone. The distinction is so slight that it is not worth while to quarrel over names; but that the two voices are distinct I am persuaded. The basso-cantante is of fuller and rounder quality than the barytone proper; less flexible, less metallic in tone, and generally rather lower in compass. But the method of using both voices is the same, and for all purposes of amateur singers no distinction need be insisted upon. Professionals, however, who have to deal with heavy work on a large scale, will soon find that there is a good range of music more suited to the rich voice of greater volume and less flexibility (which I distinguished as the basso-cantante) than to the bright, flexible voice which has something of the tone of a full "tenore-robusto," and which is the barytone proper. Neither of these voices is much troubled with a "break," although there is a perceptible difference between the natural quality of the lower and upper octaves of the voice when quite uncultivated. This difference, however, which



makes itself felt in the region of these notes, is got rid of in practice without any of the same difficulty which is encountered by tenors or contralti in managing the decided breaks in their voices. The possessors of barytone voices may therefore be looked upon as having comparatively "easy times of it." There is a large repertoire of music at their disposal, including much of the most popular ballad music of this century and the last; the voice is generally a favorite with an audience; the style of barytone singing is undisputed, and the singer will not find himself violently criticised by the partisans of a rival school of singing to that in which he himself has been trained, which is inevitably the fate of tenors!

Only let him avoid the temptation to shout, and to sing up to the very top of his compass at full pitch. Unfortunately, an audience does like a noise, and appreciates plenty more than beauty of tone. It is tolerably easy for a barytone to be a showy singer, and therein lies the greatest danger to his chance of ever being a really good one. He must be content to go through his training quite as self-denyingly and perseveringly as any one else who is gifted with fewer natural advantages.

Bass.—Of the bass voice less need be

said here, not because it is a less important voice than any of the others, but because it is more generally known and better understood. A perfectly pure bass voice is, however, a rare thing. This voice has no upper register, properly speaking; the whole voice consisting of "chest" notes, and not admitting of even the process of developing upper notes of extraordinary quality, which is part of the training of a barytone or a basso-cantante. Power and richness are the chief qualities of charm in a bass, while flexibility and true intonation are the qualities most rarely found in that voice. The young singer who finds that he certainly is not meant by nature for a tenor, and also that with all his efforts the upper notes of a barytone are quite out of his reach, need not be discouraged by any lightness or thinness of quality in his voice from the hope that he may develop into a good bass. The full and rich quality of this voice is later in showing itself than is the case with any other voice, and the young singer must be content to study for some time with the compass of a bass and the quality of a kind of barytone, till Nature puts him in full possession of his powers. Only he must study bass music, and not try, because his voice is of barytone quality, to sing barytone music. Let him, on the contrary, avoid trying to extend the compass of his voice in the upper notes, and give his best attention to the lower ones. The upper ones will be well within his command in time, and if he will be content to let them alone at first, he may become a truly "celebrated bass;" but, if he persists in shouting at them now, he will never have anything but coarse upper notes, only fit to be heard in "comic" songs at the Music Halls.

Buffo.—The last remark reminds me that I have said nothing about a class of bass singers very useful in certain Italian and French operas—the *buffo*, or comic bass. The development of voice with these singers is of less consequence than the study of a peculiar style, a good deal of the point of their songs consisting in the entire elimination of anything like musical tone from many notes and passages. A clever and good buffo singer may very likely be able to sing other music well, but the style is so entirely dramatic and so utterly out of place anywhere except on the stage, that no amateur should ever attempt it, and no professional should appear *in a concert-room* as the exponent of such music. Therefore, for those who wish to sing, any remarks on the peculiarities of a buffo bass would be superfluous; those who wish to study that line as a profession, for stage work, must learn all that they need from a regular dramatic teacher; while those who wish to execute English "comic" songs may spare themselves any anxiety as to their voices: if they have any voice naturally, "comic" singing will soon destroy its charm, and that will not matter to them, for the last thing necessary to sing a "comic" song is the possession of a voice of any kind. Therefore, if you have a bass (or any other voice, indeed), avoid "comic" songs, and leave the "buffo" business to those who can do nothing better.

Qualities of Voice, Good and Bad.—It may not be unwelcome to the student to have pointed out to him those qualities of voice which are to be aimed at or cultivated, and also those which are to be avoided or overcome.

The charms of a voice are found among the following qualities: clearness, sweetness, evenness, flexibility, power, extent of compass, variety, brilliancy, firmness, persuasiveness.

On the opposite side must be ranked roughness, huskiness, feebleness (or want of

power), shrillness (for want of depth, hardness and want of flexibility, dulness, or want of "ring," etc.

It is, of course, impossible for any one voice to unite in itself all these merits or all these defects; and you cannot give yourself merit which Nature has withheld; but you may marvellously improve what natural merits you have, and do wonders in overcoming any difficulties which Nature has placed in your way.

On Instruction, Singing-Masters, and Tutors.

THE voice, and how to use it, is a subject which has troubled many minds, and no doubt this will continue to be the case; but the difficult problem will not be solved by running to pettifogging teachers, who advertise to teach all that is known of singing, and a little more, in twelve easy lessons, without previous knowledge or practice at home, for the small fee of five dollars! Let it be stated once for all; singing cannot be taught in twelve easy lessons, and can scarcely be acquired in one hundred very severe lessons. Therefore distrust at once any one who holds out so tempting a bait to you; remember that there is no "royal road" to singing, any more than there is to the acquirement of any other art; and the person who tells you that he can teach you to do without trouble that which costs great artists the study of a lifetime, proclaims hinself, *ipso facto*, to be a humbug.

Schools of Singing.—There are several so-called Schools of Singing. There is a French School, which for any language but French is bad, and which very seldom turns out a pleasing singer. There is a German School, which is worse, being simply the production of coarse noise. Some people say that there is an English School. I hope there may be some day, but at present its existence is rather doubtful, unless those who talk of an English school of singing mean the Cathedral style—which for solo work is detestable—or the old school of Oratorio singing, with its Handelian traditions, which was not an English, but an Italian, and the best Italian school.

In fact, there is but one school of singing in the world, and that is the Italian. Whatever language you wish to sing in, whatever style of music you wish to study principally, you must train your voice, produce it, and learn to use it in the Italian method, if you hope ever to deserve the name of a singer.

Masters.—If possible, study only under a master whom you know to have lived in Italy, and to have studied there for some years under some good master or in some good Conservatoire—Naples, Milan, and Florence generally supply the best. A good singer is not necessarily a good teacher, nor is it necessary for a first-class teacher to be able to sing at all. Nor need you necessarily look for your master among foreigners with fine sounding names. There are two or three good teachers of singing in this country who are foreigners; there is also some native talent equally capable of teaching singing, as it is accepted in this country at the present time

Bad Lessons.—Never take a bad singing lesson till you know how to sing. You may then do so (if you care to), and learn the "how not to do it" of singing. It is commonly supposed that the earliest singing lessons may be administered by any "dabbler," and the last touches given afterwards by a "finishing master." Never was there a greater error. Pay your high prices first, and your low prices afterwards. If you cannot afford to have good instruction in beginning to sing, you will be still less able to take it afterwards, for artistic rea-

sons. Remember that every bad singing lesson which you take hardens old faults and creates new ones, and, moreover, takes you farther and farther away from your original starting-point. So, when you begin under the right man and the right method, you have to *undo* all this that you have expended toil and money to acquire.

Bad Teachers.—It is astonishing how much money is wasted by people who want to sing, through not going at once to the fountain-head for the necessary training. Because a man is a musician many people conclude that he must necessarily be able to teach singing! Such an idea is scarcely less monstrous than that of a man being a good physician and consequently competent to amputate a limb, or to take out and reset an eye. Do not follow this "multitude to do evil." Be as careful in inquiring about your singing-master as you would be about your doctor. Everywhere there are "professors" whose knowledge of singing stops at professing—the class of people who (very likely) keep a music-shop, tune your piano, play polkas and waltzes for your evening parties, and have a brass plate on their doors to this effect:

> MR. HANDEL MOSCHELES IGNAZIO JONES,
> PROFESSOR OF THE PIANOFORTE, HARMONY,
> THE VIOLIN, ITALIAN, AND SINGING.

All honorable professions, no doubt; but to profess to combine them all is dishonorable, and insulting to the common sense of those who know anything of any one of the subjects professed. A singing-master, if he is worth anything, must be a man of one trade—singing. For the teaching of singing is a "specialty," and the man who can teach it *properly* is not likely to be a man of all (musical) work.

Books of Exercises, etc.—There are numerous "Singing Tutors" published, giving rules, exercises, *solfeggi*, etc. Many of these are excellent, and some nearly perfect. But all alike are useless or worse than useless to the tyro, without a master. You might as well suppose that a child could learn to be a carpenter by having some fine wood and a box of good tools.

I have before observed that voices vary as faces do; no two are exactly alike, each voice having its peculiar merit and its peculiar defect. Now, a good master will treat each voice on its own merit, and not place it at first on the Procrustean bed of a book of rules and exercises. He will probably write down his own exercises expressly for his pupil, and if not that, he will select certain exercises from the book, and forbid others to be attempted for a time. You must also let your master select such a book for you, so that you may have one in which the rules do not contradict those which he has already given you verbally, or else you will be perplexed with a multitude of counsellors.

It is not till a certain stage in singing has been reached, under the training of a master, that any book of exercises can be of service to you. When that stage is reached, you will find such a work of great use in a part of your labors.

ON THE PRACTICE OF SINGING.

REMEMBER that the voice is of all instruments the most difficult one to study, and to bring perfectly under control, especially for the first year or two. Do not attempt to cultivate it with the view to professional remuneration, unless you can set apart at least two hours daily for most careful study, and can also afford to wait at least eight or ten years for any *substantial* pecuniary reward for your labors.

LEGEND OF THE BLUSH ROSES

I.

LITTLE LOVE
was running wild
In a garden of roses,
When some white ones he espied;
Like snow green earth encloses

II.

"But colour they need", said he,
"For oh they are far too pale!"
And kneeling down beside them.
He told them a whisp'ring tale.

III.

Then all rosy did they blush -
So love's story supposes -
The blush it still doth linger -
That's why they're called Blush-roses.

BEATRICE CRANE

Part I.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IT is a curious fact that all our popular so-called sea-songs—the ones in vogue on shore, telling of the joys and sorrows of "those who go down to the sea in ships"—have been written by landsmen, and sung by land-lubbers. So that in looking for representative songs of the sea we are perforce confined to vocal and poetical sentiments and descriptions emanating from those who often knew little or nothing of the stern realities of the seaman's life on shipboard. The result has often been ludicrous from the sailor's point of view, and hence there are two kinds of songs of the sea—one class full of poetry and sentiment, and, though redolent of the sea, untrue to the sailor's life thereon, and only sung on shore; the other class, genuine forecastle songs, seldom sung by Jack ashore, and not often sung at sea when landsmen are around to listen.

"The songs in which seamen indulge," says a recent writer, "are peculiar and are as different from those common among landsmen as sea-life is from existence on shore. The words and music of the majority of the sailors' sea-songs now in use were composed generations ago. No sailor versed in the sonnets of the sea can give the names of any of the by-gone composers to whom he is indebted for the songs in which he delights. The words are, as a rule, mere doggerel, but there is a wild beauty about many of the airs which leads to the conviction that their composers were gifted with a rude sort of musical inspiration. Voyagers whose taste for music has been cultivated have been greatly impressed with the strange sweetness of these wild songs of the majestic sea.

"Jack is very proud of the songs which he has inherited from his predecessors, but his sea-songs have had very little chance to become popular on shore, owing to the fact that comparatively few landsmen have ever heard them. What have usually been regarded as sea-songs are, it is true, frequently sung on shore. But these ballads are as unlike the genuine sea-songs as the stage sailor is different from the real salt. Jack is never known to sing anything about 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' or 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' or 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy.' He has only heard such expressions at the theatre when on shore. The genuine sea-songs do not abound with poetic sentiments. They consist largely of matter-of-fact remarks and rude legends, with an occasional rhyme thrown in to give a flavor to the words. Jack does not much resort to song in his leisure moments. He uses music as a means of stimulating him while at his tasks."

In a breezy sketch entitled "Sea Songs," Mr. W. Clark Russell, a sailor, a novelist, and the son of one of the most popular singers and musical composers of modern times, has clearly satirized the absurdities of the stereotyped nautical ditty. We quote freely from the article in question: "It must be owned," he says, "that even in England, and among the greatest maritime people of the day, many of the notions of Jack and his life ashore and at sea are in the highest degree extraordinary.

"Is it possible that the sailor is still supposed to have nothing to do at sea but to sit down with a pipe in his mouth and let the wind blow him along? Are there people yet living who imagine that on Saturday nights at sea cans of grog are handed about, roaring nautical songs sung and wives and sweethearts toasted? Is it, even in this day of steamboats, believed that a sailor cannot express himself without loading his language with marine terms; that he cannot speak of 'walking,' but of 'steering;' that the right-hand side ashore is the 'starboard;' and that he cannot step backward without making 'sternway?' Where do these highly nautical fellows live when they are at home? I never have the luck to come across them.

"In some seaports you may still see here and there, over a public-house, the sign of the Jolly Tar; a figure in flowing breeches, tarpaulin hat on 'nine hairs,' a bottle of grog in one hand, and a great red rose, set in the midst of a shining face. Who was the original of that fellow? He is not a man-of war's man, and most certainly he is not a merchantman. I take it that he is nothing more nor less than the embodiment of the landsman's notion of the sailor, obtained to a large extent from marine novels, but mainly from the English sea-songs. You might walk the whole of Great Britain over without meeting with the counterpart of that effigy, unless it lay in some turnpike impostor who gets a living by swearing he has been shipwrecked. If the merchant seaman is to be typified, he must not be dressed in loose breeches and an open-breasted shirt. If his language is to be imitated, it must not altogether consist of 'hard-a-lee' and 'haul-the-bowline.' And if his life at sea is to be pictured, one must drop all reference to cans of grog, and have nothing whatever to say about Saturday nights and sweethearts and wives.

"But how can landsmen be ridiculed for their absurd ideas of the sailor when for years and years writers who profess to know all about him have persisted in reproducing the same stereotyped likeness—the same drunken, singing, good-humored, sprawling mountebank, shouting out for more grog, bawling inane verses about his Poll and his Sue, clamoring the purest 'slush' about the Union Jack, and talking inconceivable nonsense about top-gallants and handspikes? Of course the likeness is accepted by those who know no better, and songs are sung about Jack which no sailor can listen to without astonishment that ignorance so profound should be also so widespread. I remember a man, who was much applauded in his day as a singer of nautical ballads, saying to me, 'To-morrow I have to sing "Tom Tough" by desire. Can you tell me, sir, what attitude I ought to adopt when I come to—

> "So, I seiz'd the capstan bar,
> Like a true, honest tar,
> And in spite of tears and sighs
> Sung yo! heave ho?"

"'Do I pull or do I push, sir?' What did it matter? Whether he pulled or pushed would have been all the same to the audience.

"The present generation of writers are not worse sinners in respect of accuracy than

the past; but I am bound to say that their blunders are to the full as numerous. The production of a sea-song is by no means conditional on a man's having been to sea. The finest marine lyric in this or any other language, 'Ye mariners of England,' was written by a man who had no knowledge whatever of the sailor's calling. There is nothing false in that glorious poem, no absurd references to bowlines and top-sail sheets, and other words of which few landsmen have the least idea of the meaning.

"By all means let landsmen continue to write sea-songs; but if they desire a larger audience than shore-goers for their compositions—if they wish to hear of their verses in the forecastle, and learn that they are popular among sailors—let them rigorously avoid all technicalities, all the stupid old clap-trap about cans of grog and 'Yeo, heave-ho,' and 'So-ho!' and the like. For a song may be as salt as the sea itself, and yet be as free from the stereotyped nauticalisms as a page of 'Hamlet.' Indeed, the real sailor is not one-third as nautical as he is supposed to be; and the numerous inanities dedicated to his rollicking enjoyments when at sea, his Sues and Nans ashore, are about as true to his real character as the public-house effigy of him, on one leg, in shoes, and round hat at the back of his head, is like the original."

As Mr. Russell remarks, it is the music which has rendered some of these so-called sea-songs imperishable. The words of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" were written by Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, an American educator and author, during her passage home from Europe in 1832. She was born in Berlin, Connecticut, 1787, and died in Troy, New York, April 15, 1870. The Duke de Choiseul was on board the vessel, and hearing her repeat the first two lines, urged her to finish the song. He composed music for it, but his air has been supplanted by the more appropriate melody of Joseph Philip Knight, written in 1836, with which alone it is now associated. Mr. Knight was an Englishman, who composed many fine songs, especially those that relate to the sea. For a time he taught music in Mrs. Willard's school, and also in New York. He died a few years ago at Yarmouth, England, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and other well-known songs, and under his own name and that of "Philip Mortimer," he published over two hundred vocal compositions.

The words of the duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" suggested by the well-known scene in Dickens' "Dombey and Son," were written by Joseph Edwards Carpenter; the music by Stephen Glover. Carpenter was born in London in 1813. He began his career as a song-writer in 1828, and before he was seventeen years of age, London was ringing with his comic ballads. In 1837 he went to reside in Leamington, where he became connected with the press. In 1851 he returned to London, and a year later appeared as a singer and lecturer. Later he was on the editorial staff of *Funny Folks*. Carpenter wrote more than three thousand songs, and his words have been set to music by nearly every prominent English composer of the last half century.

Stephen Glover was born in London in 1813; he composed music correctly at the age of nine, and his life was devoted to music. His songs were widely popular. He died on the seventh of December, 1870.

The foregoing are two of the best examples extant of the sentimental sea-songs. "The most popular sailor's songs" says the writer previously quoted, "are known as 'shanties.' Whether this is an original word or is a corruption of 'chants' it would be

difficult to say. Whenever sailors heave the anchor, or man the pumps, or undertake some difficult operation which requires the use of the capstan they are apt to indulge in 'shantying.' The singing stimulates them greatly, and they are enabled to throw an unusual amount of energy into their work and to enjoy themselves at the same time. The 'shantyer' or soloist chants one or two rude lines and is followed by his comrades in a brief chorus. In nearly all shanties there are two choruses, which are sung alternately. The following is a portion of one of the most popular of the shanties :

Shanadore is my native valley,
Chorus.—Hurrah, rolling river.
Shanadore, I love your daughters,
Cho.—Ah-ha, bound away 'cross the wild Missouri.
For seven long years I courted Sally,
Chorus.—Hurrah, rolling river.
Seven more I could not get her,
Cho.—Ah-ha, bound away 'cross the wild Missouri.
Seven long years I was a 'Frisco trader,
Chorus.—Hurrah, rolling river.
Seven more I was a Texas ranger,
Cho.—Ah-ha, bound away 'cross the wild Missouri.

"These unattractive lines were set by some dead-and-gone old salt, who must have been a genius in his way, to a wild air which is really beautiful. Commonplace as the words seem, there is something of romance and pathos in the music. No one who has heard 'Shanadore' will be apt to forget it."

When Thomas Moore made his passage down the St. Lawrence river, in 1804, he jotted down in penciling upon the fly-leaf of a volume he was reading both the words and the melody of his "Canadian Boat Song," which were suggested to him by the rude chants of the boatmen. The wind was so unfavorable that the passage occupied five days from Kingston to Montreal, and they were obliged to row all the way. The book was subsequently mislaid, and Moore did not find it for several years. Finally a young lady, into whose hands the volume had fallen, met the poet, and by chance spoke of the song, and quoted the familiar lines :

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time."

Moore at once recognized the air of his own creation, made a copy of the lines, explained how they came to be written, and let the young lady retain the volume containing the original. The song was soon after published, and has always been a favorite with the lovers of plaintive verse and romantic imagery. The poplar trees near Westminster Park, beneath which Moore is supposed to have immortalized himself to Canada, mark the site of one of the most charming spots in the length and breadth of the eighteen hundred or more islets that are collectively known as the Thousand Islands.

There are only a very few songs of the sea sung by landsmen which are also favorites among sailors. "Tom Bowling" is one of Charles Dibdin's most characteristic productions. The original of the song was his eldest brother, Tom, many years his senior. He was a noble tar, and was for a long time captain of a vessel in the India service. He married in Calcutta after obtaining the first marriage license ever granted in India. His wife says in one of her letters : "I name him, and think him, my Tom of ten millions ; ten thousand is not giving him his full value." He died while his famous brother, Charles, was still very young ; but his memory will long live in "Tom Bowling." The song, of which the air also is Dibdin's, was introduced into the author's play called *The Oddities*.

A very agreeable collection of marine songs called "Music of the Waters," collected by a Miss Smith, contains this remark about Dibdin: "There has never been but one man's songs, written on shore, popular with the blue jackets : but one man's

songs that seafaring men have declared redolent of pitch and tar and oakum, written with the true spirit of a sailor; but one man's songs that the ship's fiddlers scraped on Saturday nights at sea before the toast of 'Sweethearts and wives'—and that man was Dibdin. And Dibdin was a landlubber of the purest sort."

"The ideas of honest Didbin, musician and poet, were of the salt sea, salty; of the ocean, oceanic; of Great Britain, truly English," says a writer in *The Nineteenth Century*. "England loves her sailors; she admires their free-heartedness, their outspoken honesty, their contempt of difficulty and danger, their rollickings, their roystering good humor, their superexuberant fun, their sublime courage, and so dearly loves them that the offense against good manners and propriety which she would severly condemn in any other she condones or excuses in the sailor. The soldier, though highly esteemed in his own way, is not the prime favorite of the people. 'Jack,' as he is affectionately called, is the national hero; and Nelson ranks above Wellington, not because he did more, or was a braver and better man, but because he was a sailor and had the failings as well as the virtues of his class.

"Charles Dibdin represented Jack in all his strength and all his weakness. Dibdin said of his songs, with pardonable pride, 'that they had been considered an object of national consequence; that they had been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms and in battles, and that they had been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline.' Charles Dibdin left a son, Thomas, who followed in his father's footsteps and wrote some excellent sea-songs —among others 'The Tight Little Island,' which still holds its place in the popular affection of England, and unimpaired by the caprices of literary fashion."

Andrew Cherry, author of the words of "The Bay of Biscay," another of the class of sea-songs we are now considering, was born in Limerick, Ireland, January 11, 1762. He received a respectable education there, and was intended for holy orders, but in consequence of family misfortunes was articled to a printer. He became a comic actor, and afterward went to London, where he was manager of the theatre in which Edmund Kean made his first appearance. Cherry produced two dramatic pieces and a few fine songs. He died 1812.

The air was composed by John Davy, who was born 1765, near Exeter, England. When three years old he was almost thrown into fits from fright at hearing a violoncello. He was shown that the instrument was harmless, and playing upon it soon became his greatest delight. At the age of four he played quite correctly. Before he was six years old he used to frequent a blacksmith's shop in the neighborhood. The smith began to miss horseshoes, and finally, thirty were gone. He had tried in vain to find the thief, when one day he heard musical sounds proceeding from the top of the building. He followed the notes and lighted upon little Davy, sitting between the ceiling and the thatched roof, with a fine assortment of horseshoes strewn about him. Of these he had selected eight, and suspended them by cords so that they hung free, and with a little iron rod he was running up and down his clanging octave, after the fashion of the village chimes. The incident became known, and resulted in his obtaining thorough musical training.

After finishing a course of study with a famous organist of Exeter Cathedral, he went to London, and became performer in the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre, giving lessons at the same time. He wrote the music to Holman's opera, "What a

Blunder!" and other successful pieces. Incledon, the famous tenor singer, was waiting for a friend in a public-house in Wapping, when he heard some sailors singing an air that struck his fancy. He hummed it to Davy who founded upon it the air of the "Bay of Biscay." Incledon used to sing the song with marvelous effect. Davy died in 1824.

Mr. Henry Phillips says: "One thing connected with the song, 'The Bay of Biscay,' always perplexed me; namely, why it was called 'The Bay of Biscay, O!' I inquired, but no one could explain the mystery to me. I looked into my geography book, and did not find it there. Some one, at length proposed a solution of the enigma, by saying that the marines—who were not good sailors—might have crossed those waters, and feeling very ill from the roughness of the passage, inquired their whereabouts by saying, 'Is this the Bay of Biscay?—Oh!!!' This appeared so very likely, that I adopted it as a fact." But the true explanation would seem to be that the syllable "Oh!" comes from the Spanish form of the word Vizcaya, being retained because the open vowel is of advantage to the singer.

John Gay, the contemporaneous friend of Pope and Swift, and the author of "The Beggar's Opera," is best remembered by a group of songs, the most famous of which is "Black-Eyed Susan, or all in the Downs." The ballad was set to the music of an old English air by Richard Leveridge.

The words of "The Minute Gun at Sea," were written by R. S. Sharpe, an English song-writer, born in 1776, who died in 1822. The music was made by M. P. King, a favorite English composer who began writing music early in this century. He wrote operas, oratorios, etc., and composed the music for Arnold's "Up All Night," in which this song was embodied as a duet. His sons were both noted as teachers of music, and performers on the organ and pianoforte. They came to this country when young, lived in New York City for many years, and died there about twenty five years ago.

The eldest was Charles King, who arranged numerous songs, glees, etc. The younger brother, W. A. King, was for many years organist and conductor of music in Grace Church, and was deemed the finest organist in New York.

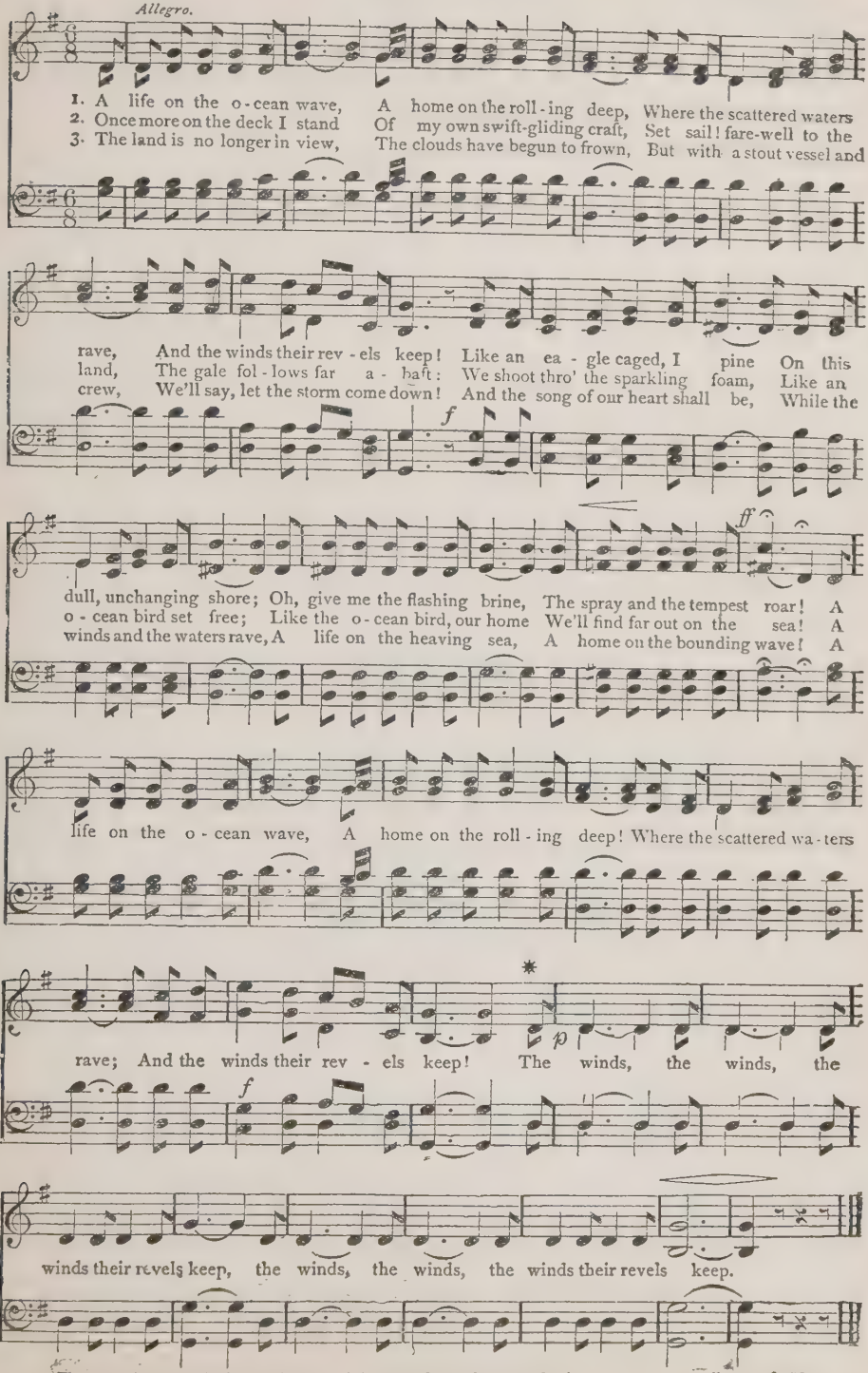
Epes Sargent, author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, September 27, 1812. He is well known as the author of much graceful prose and verse, and the editor of several fine collections. He was a journalist and long resided in Boston, where he died in December, 1880. He furnished the following history of the song:

"'A Life on the Ocean Wave' was written for Henry Russell, the father of W. Clark Russell, the nautical novelist. The subject of the song was suggested to me as I was walking one breezy, sun-bright morning in spring, on the Battery, in New York, and looking out upon the ships and the small craft under full sail. Having completed my song and my walk together, I went to the office of the *Mirror*, wrote out the words and showed them to my good friend, George P. Morris. After reading the piece, he said, 'My dear boy, this is not a song; it will never do for music; but it is a very nice little lyric; so let me take it and publish it in the *Mirror*.' I consented, and concluded that Morris was right."

Henry Russell was honored in his old age by the adoption of his song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," as the particular march of the Royal Marines by authority of the British Admiralty.

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

Epes Sargent. Henry Russell.

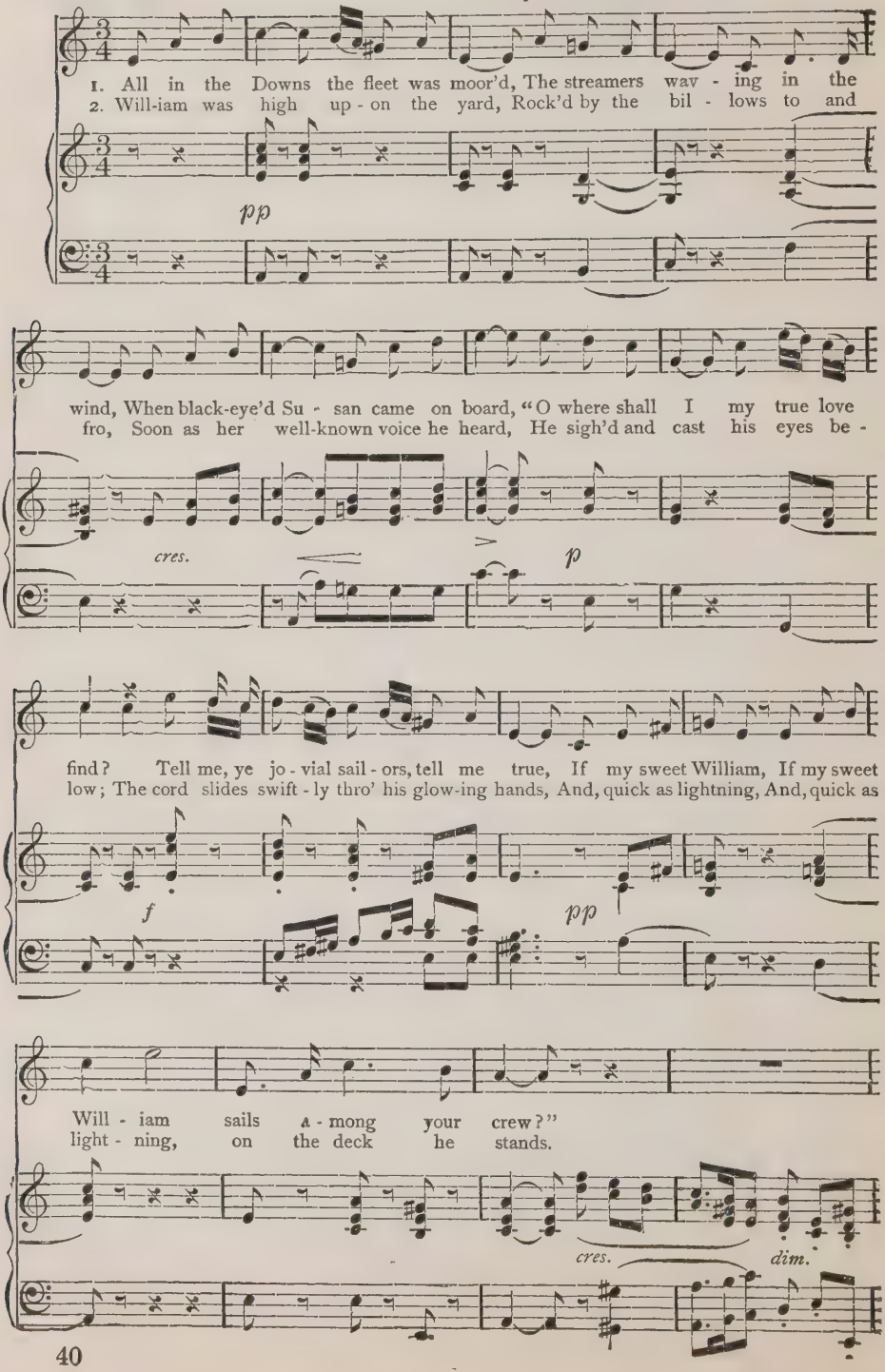

Allegro.
1. A life on the o-cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scattered waters
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-gliding craft, Set sail! fare-well to the
3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have begun to frown, But with a stout vessel and
rave, And the winds their rev-els keep! Like an ea-gle caged, I pine On this
land, The gale fol-lows far a-baft: We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an
crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall be, While the
f
ff
dull, unchanging shore; Oh, give me the flashing brine, The spray and the tempest roar! A
o-cean bird set free; Like the o-cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea! A
winds and the waters rave, A life on the heaving sea, A home on the bounding wave! A
life on the o-cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep! Where the scattered wa-ters
*
p
rave; And the winds their rev-els keep! The winds, the winds, the
f
winds their revels keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

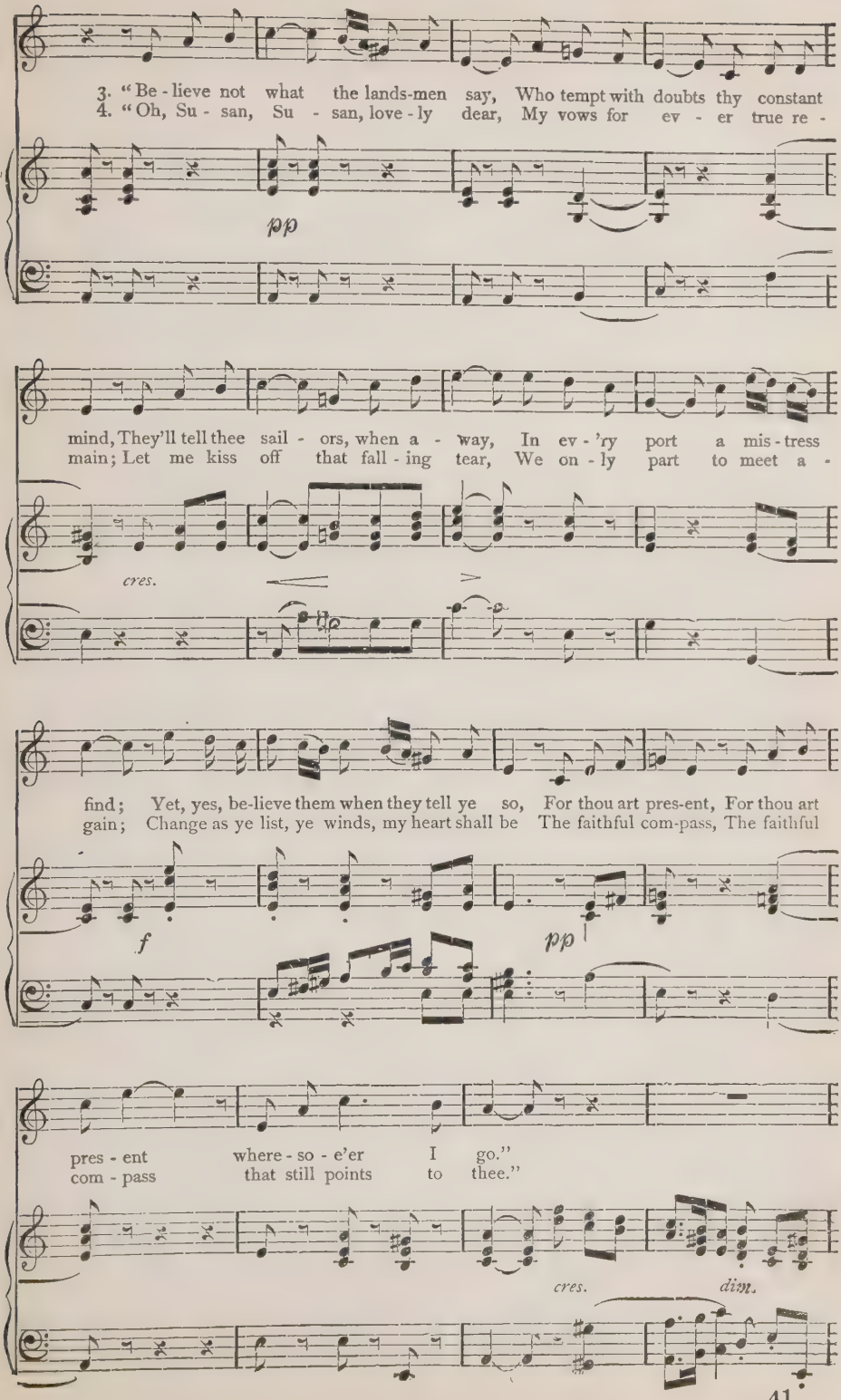
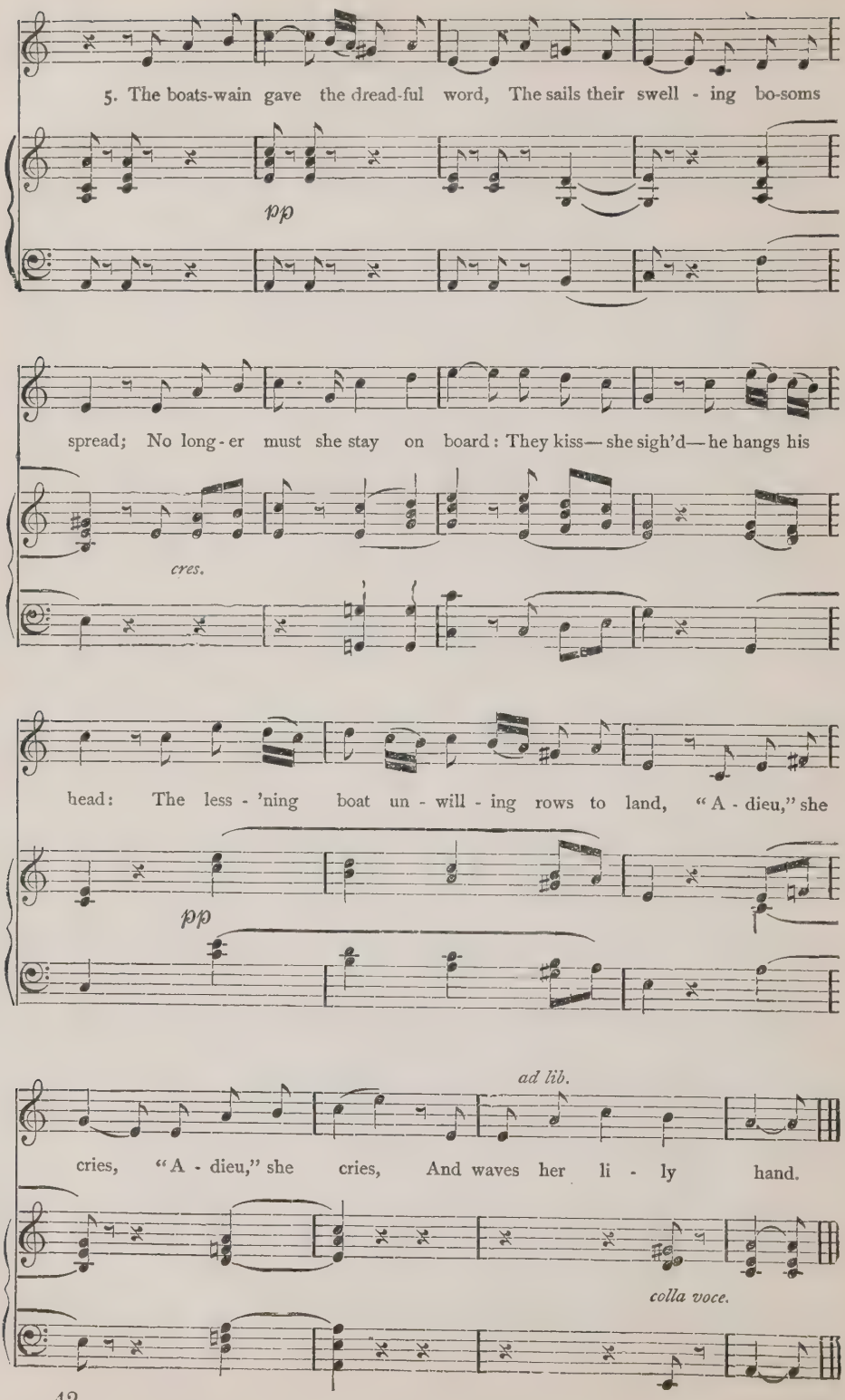
The part after asterisk, frequently omitted, is sung after each verse, after last verse, or not at all, as preferred.

Black-Eyed Susan.

An Old English Air.

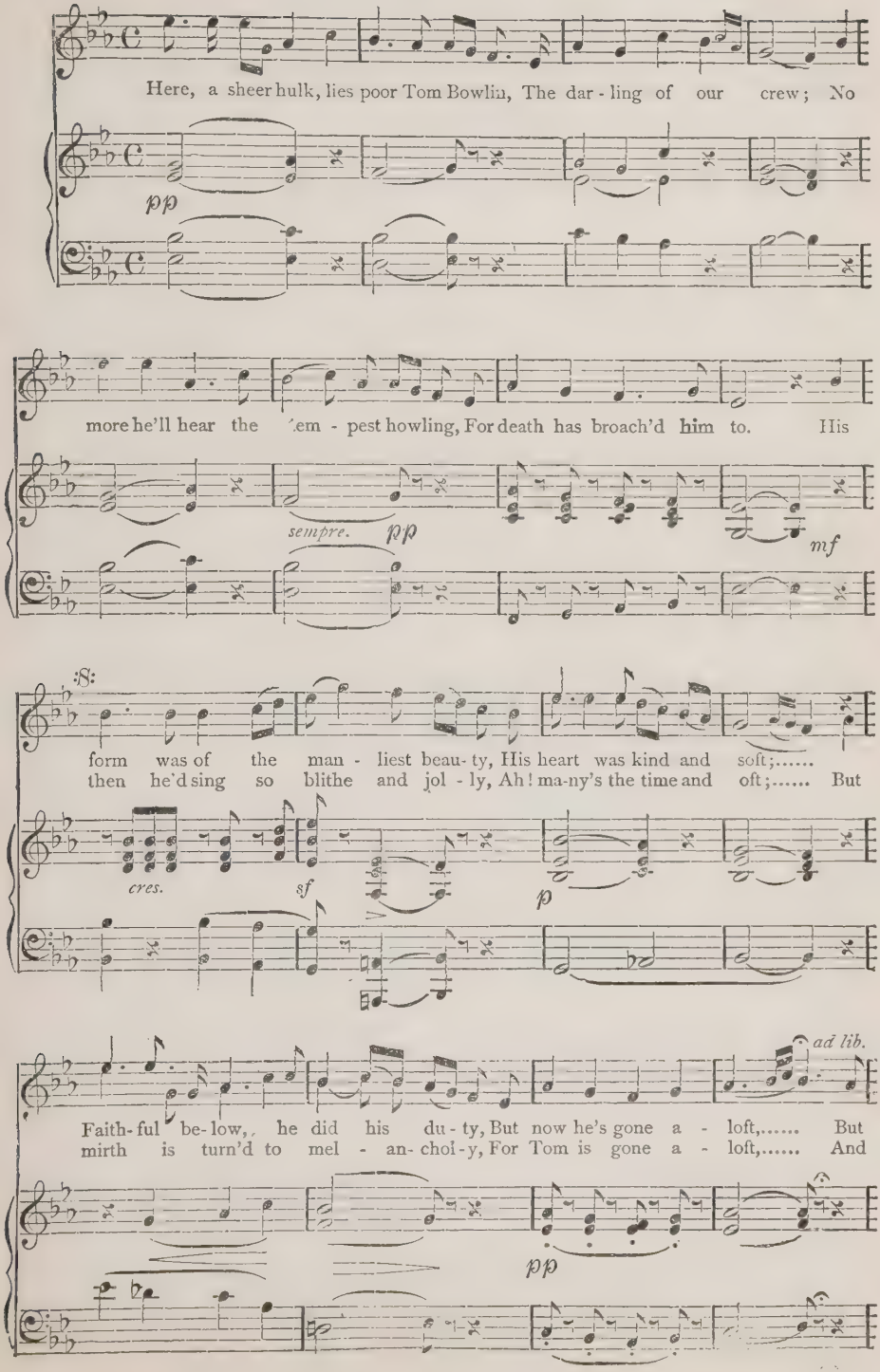
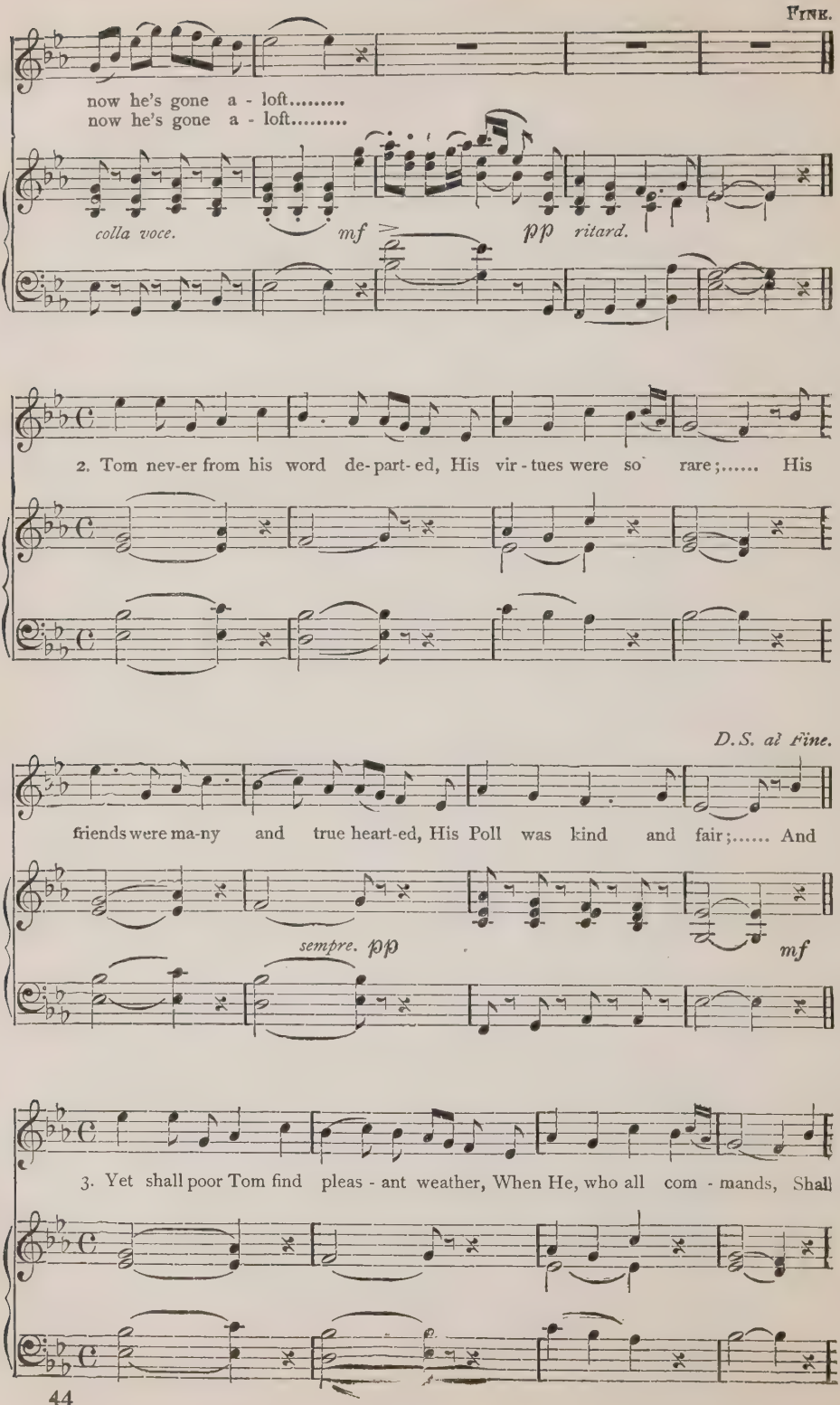
JOHN GAY. Arr. by RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

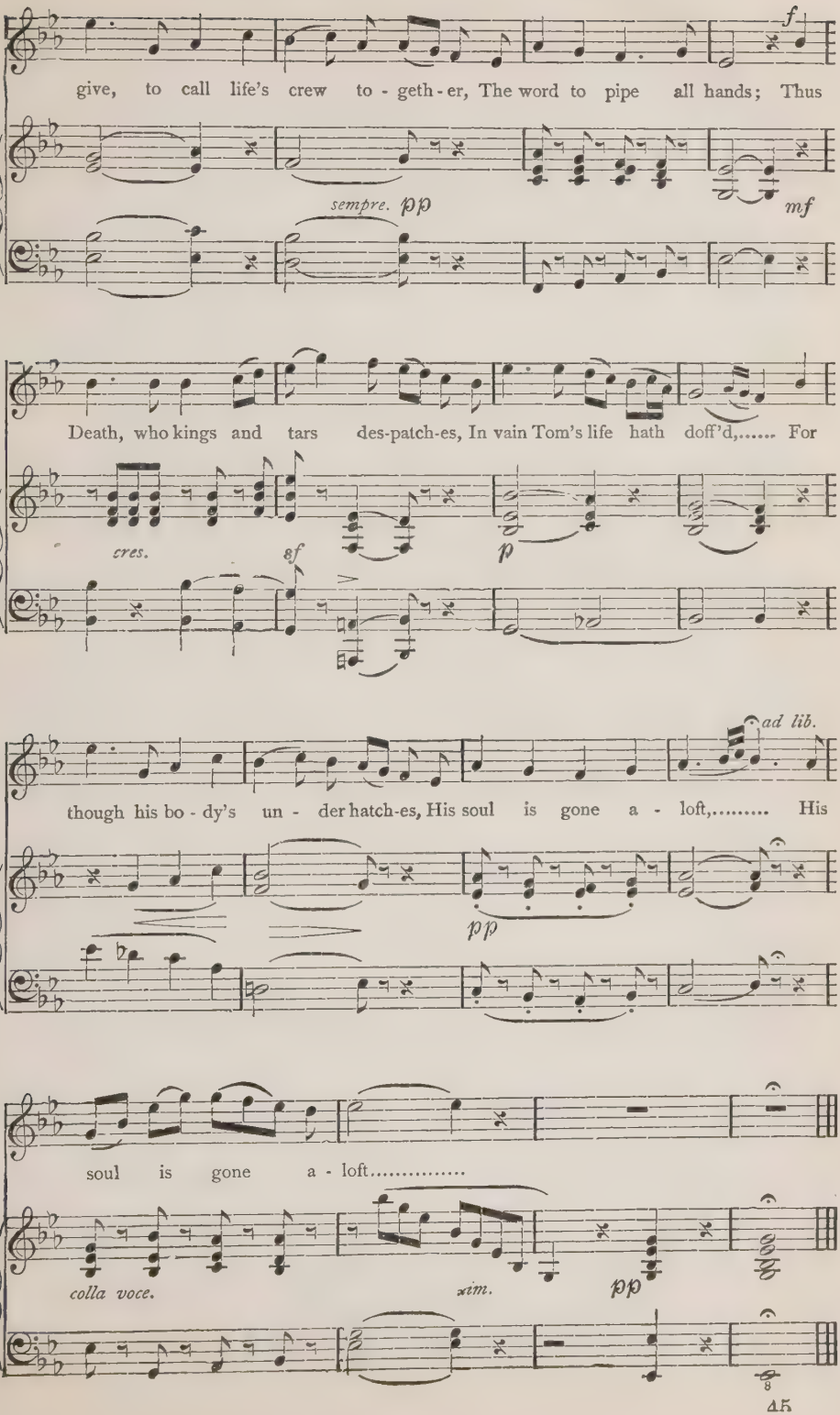

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers wav - ing in the
2. Will-iam was high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and
pp
wind, When black-eye'd Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love
fro, Soon as her well-known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be -
cres.
p
find? Tell me, ye jo - vial sail - ors, tell me true, If my sweet William, If my sweet
low; The cord slides swift - ly thro' his glow-ing hands, And, quick as lightning, And, quick as
f
pp
Will - iam sails a - mong your crew?"
light - ning, on the deck he stands.
cres.
dim.


3. "Be - lieve not what the lands-men say, Who tempt with doubts thy constant
4. "Oh, Su - san, Su - san, love - ly dear, My vows for ev - er true re -
pp
mind, They'll tell thee sail - ors, when a - way, In ev - 'ry port a mis - tress
main; Let me kiss off that fall - ing tear, We on - ly part to meet a -
cres.
find; Yet, yes, be-lieve them when they tell ye so, For thou art pres-ent, For thou art
gain; Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faithful com-pass, The faithful
f
pp
pres - ent where - so - e'er I go."
com - pass that still points to thee."
cres.
dim.

5. The boats-wain gave the dread-ful word, The sails their swell - ing bo-soms
pp
spread; No long - er must she stay on board: They kiss—she sigh'd—he hangs his
cres.
head: The less - 'ning boat un - will - ing rows to land, "A - dieu," she
pp
ad lib.
cries, "A - dieu," she cries, And waves her li - ly hand.
colla voce.

Tom Bowling.

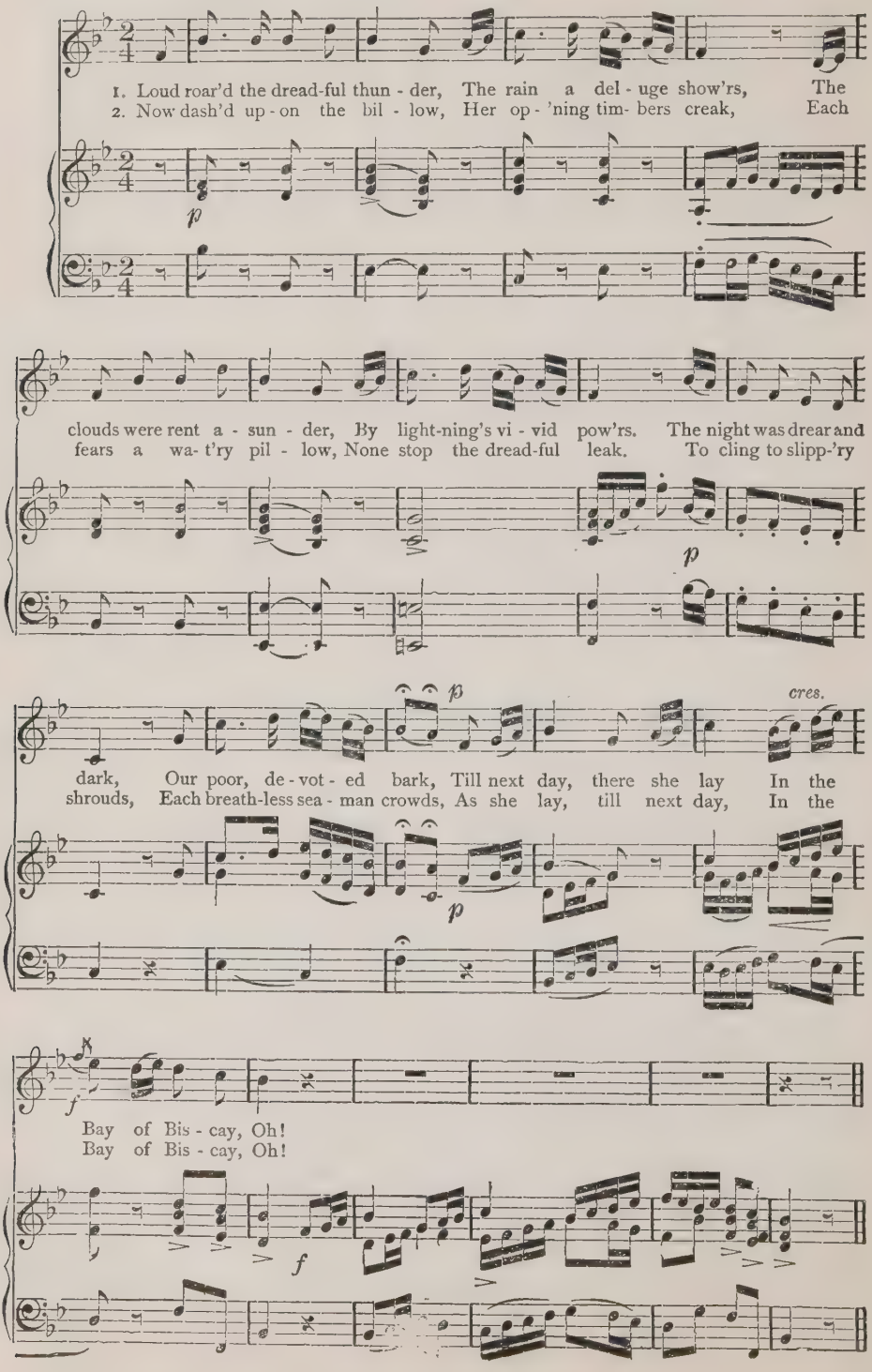
CHARLES DIBDIN.

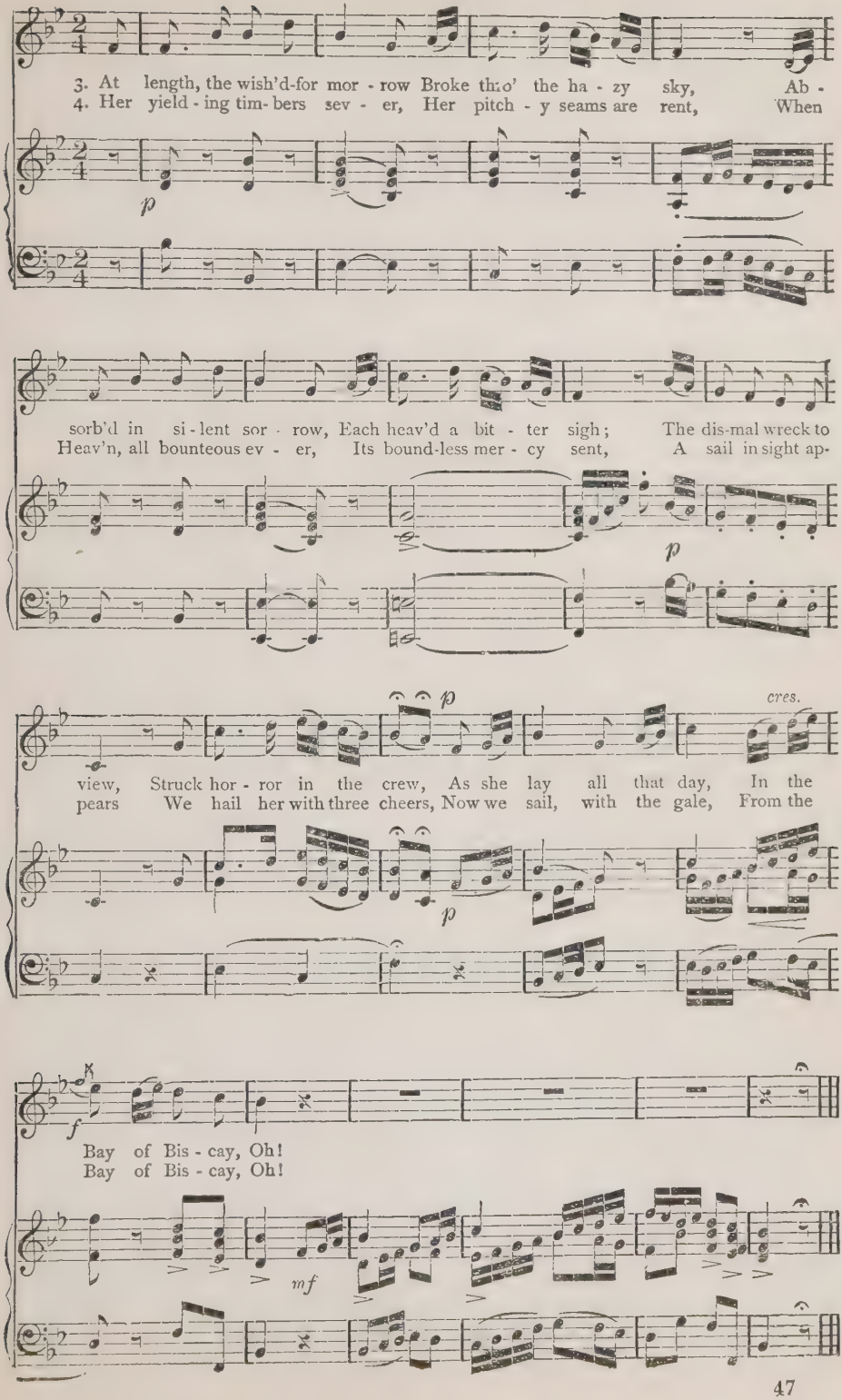

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowlin, The dar - ling of our crew; No
pp
more he'll hear the tem - pest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His
sempre. pp
mf
:S:
form was of the man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft;.....
then he'd sing so blithe and jol - ly, Ah! ma-ny's the time and oft;..... But
cres.
sf
p
ad lib.
Faith-ful be-low, he did his du - ty, But now he's gone a - loft,..... But
mirth is turn'd to mel - an-choi - y, For Tom is gone a - loft,..... And
pp

Fine.
now he's gone a - loft.....
now he's gone a - loft.....
colla voce.
mf
pp ritard.
2. Tom nev-er from his word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare;..... His
D.S. al Fine.
friends were ma-ny and true heart-ed, His Poll was kind and fair;..... And
sempre. pp
mf
3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas - ant weather, When He, who all com - mands, Shall


f
give, to call life's crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all hands; Thus
sempre. pp
mf
Death, who kings and tars des-patch-es, In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,..... For
cres.
sf
p
ad lib.
though his bo - dy's un - der hatch-es, His soul is gone a - loft,..... His
pp
soul is gone a - loft.....
colla voce.
xim.
pp

The Bay of Biscay.

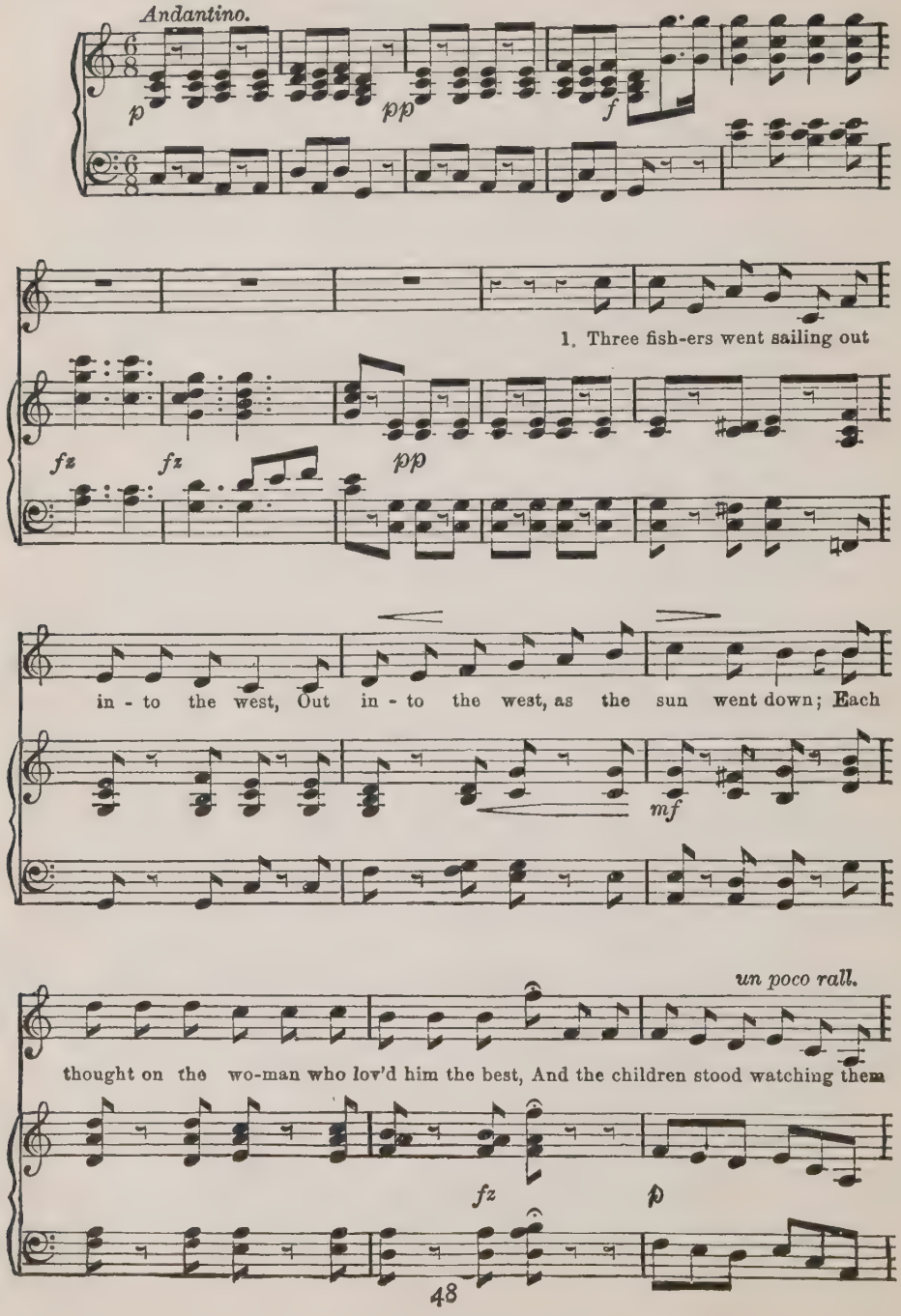
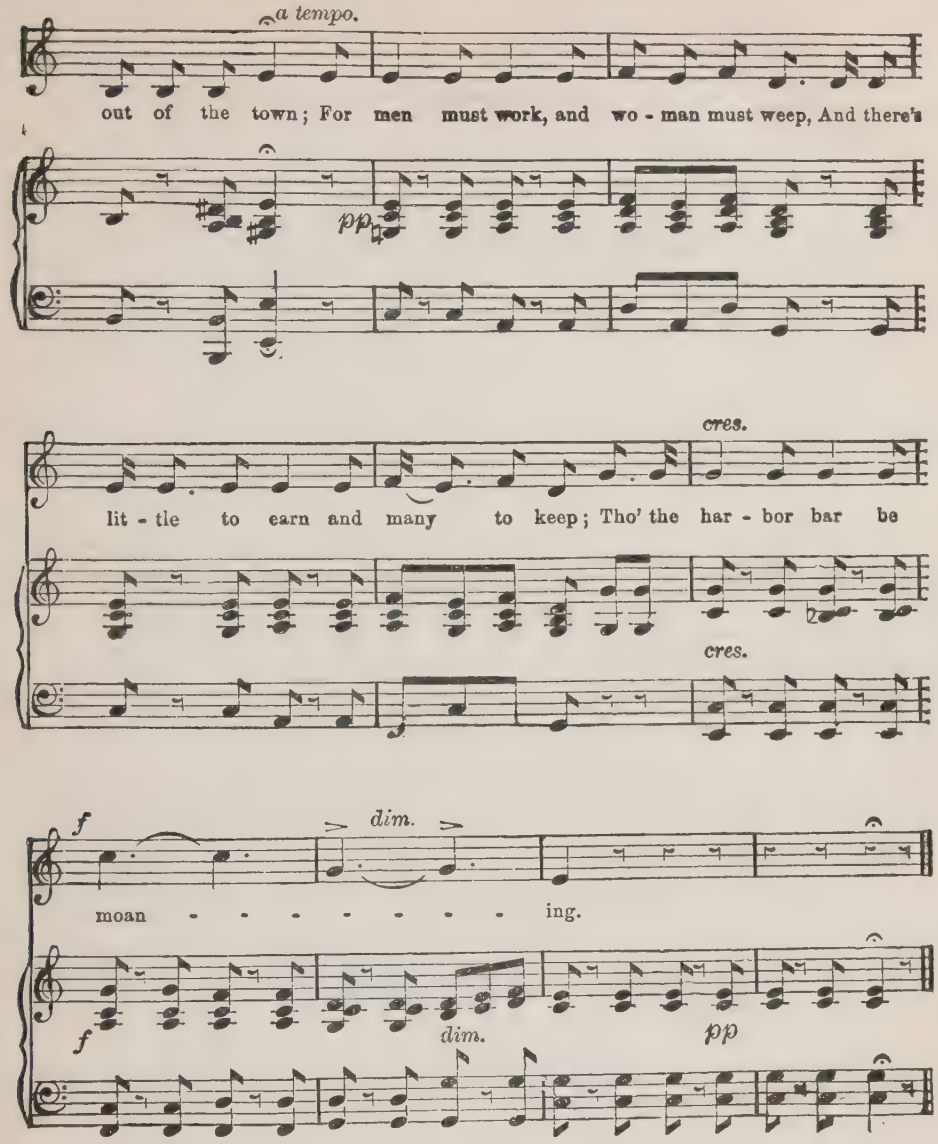
ANDREW CHERRY. JOHN DAVY.


1. Loud roar'd the dread-ful thun - der, The rain a del - uge show'rs, The
2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her op - 'ning tim- bers creak, Each
p
clouds were rent a - sun - der, By light-ning's vi - vid pow'rs. The night was drear and
fears a wa- t'ry pil - low, None stop the dread-ful leak. To cling to slipp-'ry
p
p
cres.
dark, Our poor, de - vot - ed bark, Till next day, there she lay In the
shrouds, Each breath-less sea - man crowds, As she lay, till next day, In the
p
f
Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
f


3. At length, the wish'd-for mor - row Broke tho' the ha - zy sky, Ab -
4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are rent, When
p
sorb'd in si - lent sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh; The dis-mal wreck to
Heav'n, all bounteous ev - er, Its bound-less mer - cy sent, A sail in sight ap-
p
p
cres.
view, Struck hor - ror in the crew, As she lay all that day, In the
pears We hail her with three cheers, Now we sail, with the gale, From the
p
f
Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
mf

Three Fishers went Sailing.

Words by REV. C. KINGSLEY. Music by J. HULLAH.



a tempo.
out of the town; For men must work, and wo - man must weep, And there's
pp
cres.
lit - tle to earn and many to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be
cres.
f
dim.
moan - - - - - - - - ing.
f
dim.
pp

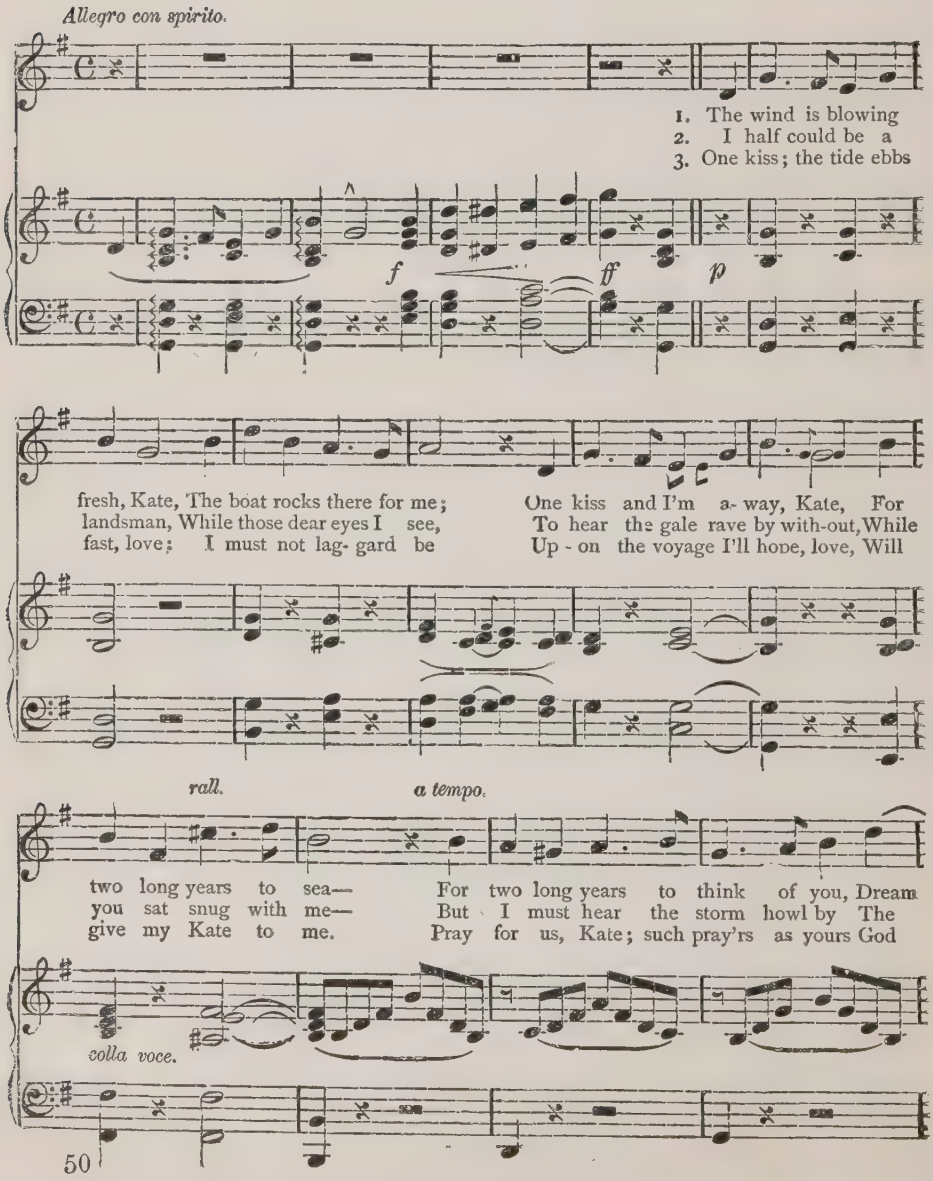
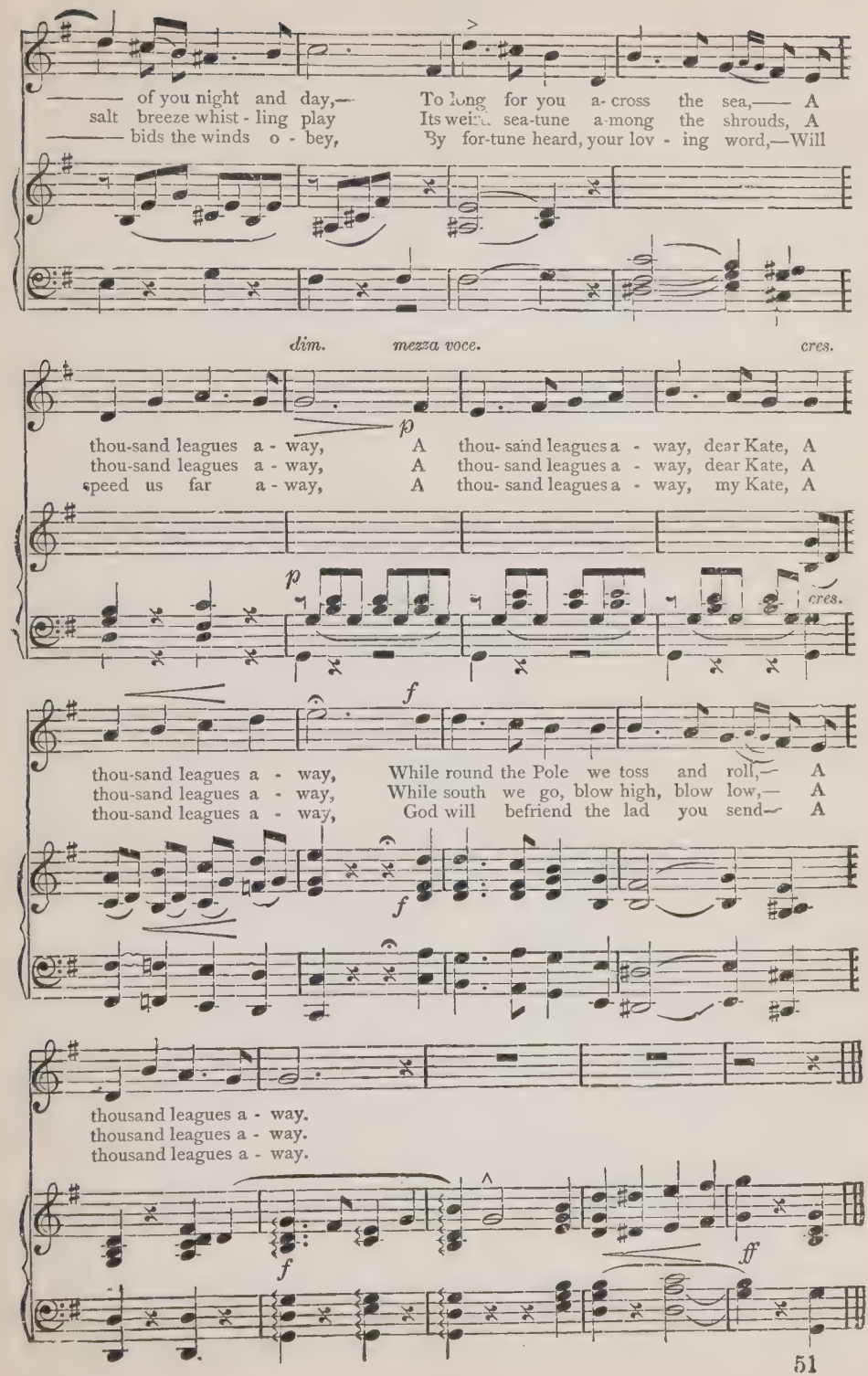
2 Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and woman must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning

3 Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and woman must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the-sooner to sleep
And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

A Thousand Leagues Away

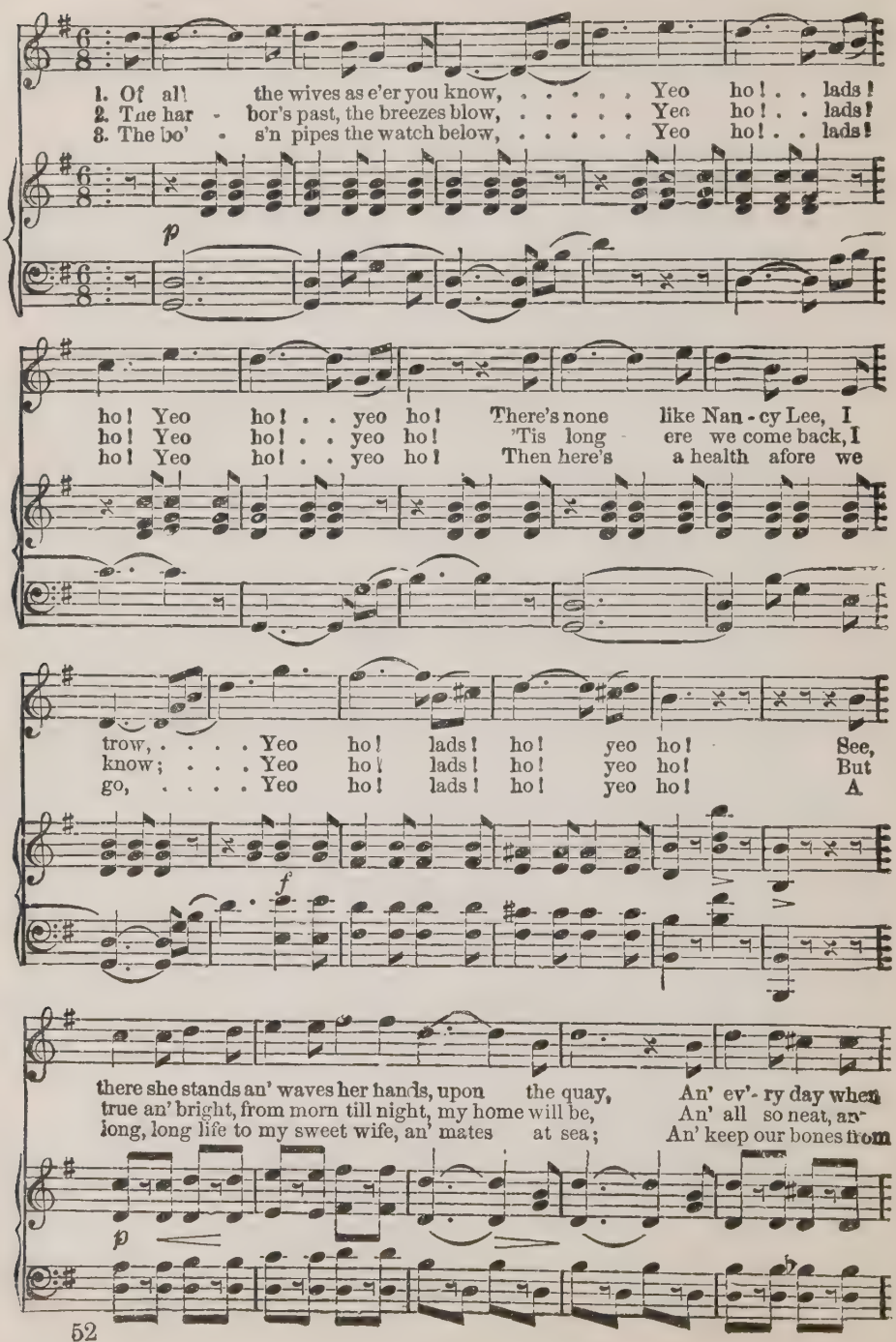
SONG.

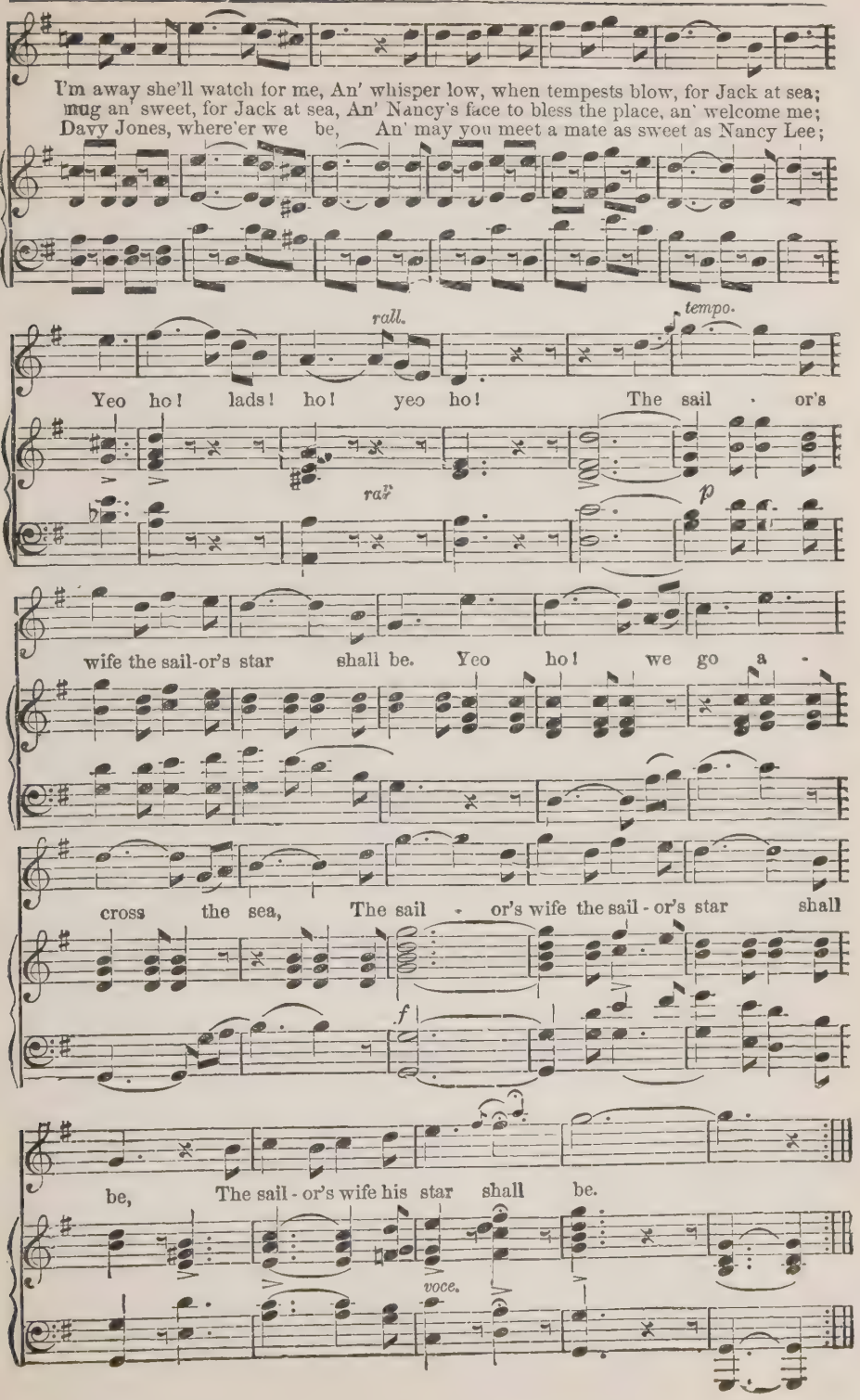
Poetry by W. G. BENNETT Music by J. BARNBY


Allegro con spirito.
1. The wind is blowing
2. I half could be a
3. One kiss; the tide ebbs
f
ff
p
fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me;
landsman, While those dear eyes I see,
fast, love; I must not lag- gard be
One kiss and I'm a- way, Kate, For
To hear the gale rave by with-out, While
Up - on the voyage I'll hope, love, Will
rall.
a tempo.
two long years to sea—
you sat snug with me—
give my Kate to me.
For two long years to think of you, Dream
But I must hear the storm howl by The
Pray for us, Kate; such pray'rs as yours God
colla voce.

——— of you night and day,— To long for you a-cross the sea,—— A
salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea-tune a-mong the shrouds, A
——— bids the winds o-bey, By for-tune heard, your lov-ing word,—Will
dim. mezza voce. cres.
p
thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A
thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A
speed us far a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, my Kate, A
p
cres.
f
thou-sand leagues a-way, While round the Pole we toss and roll,— A
thou-sand leagues a-way, While south we go, blow high, blow low,— A
thou-sand leagues a-way, God will befriend the lad you send— A
f
thousand leagues a-way.
thousand leagues a-way.
thousand leagues a-way.
f
ff

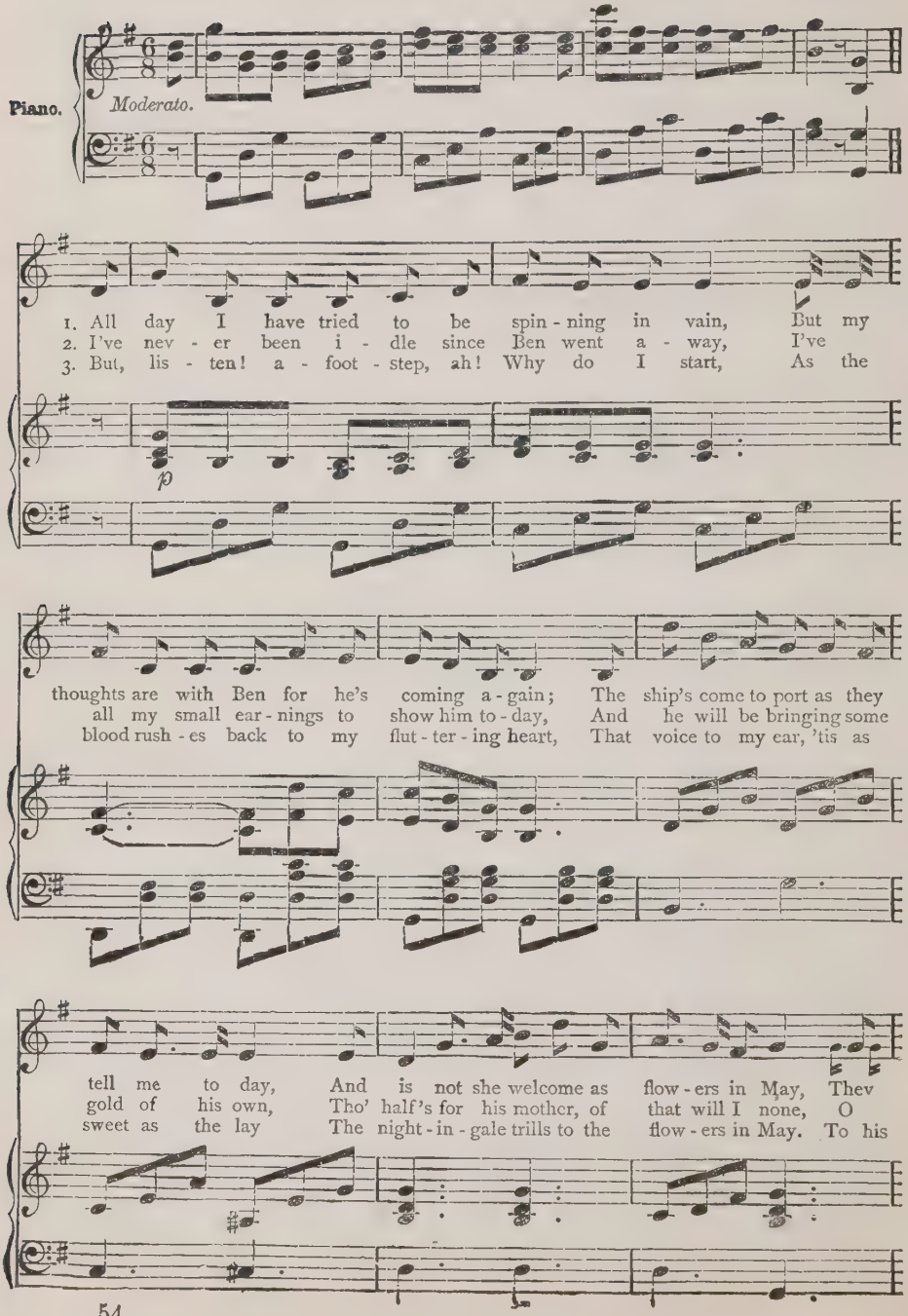
Nancy Lee.

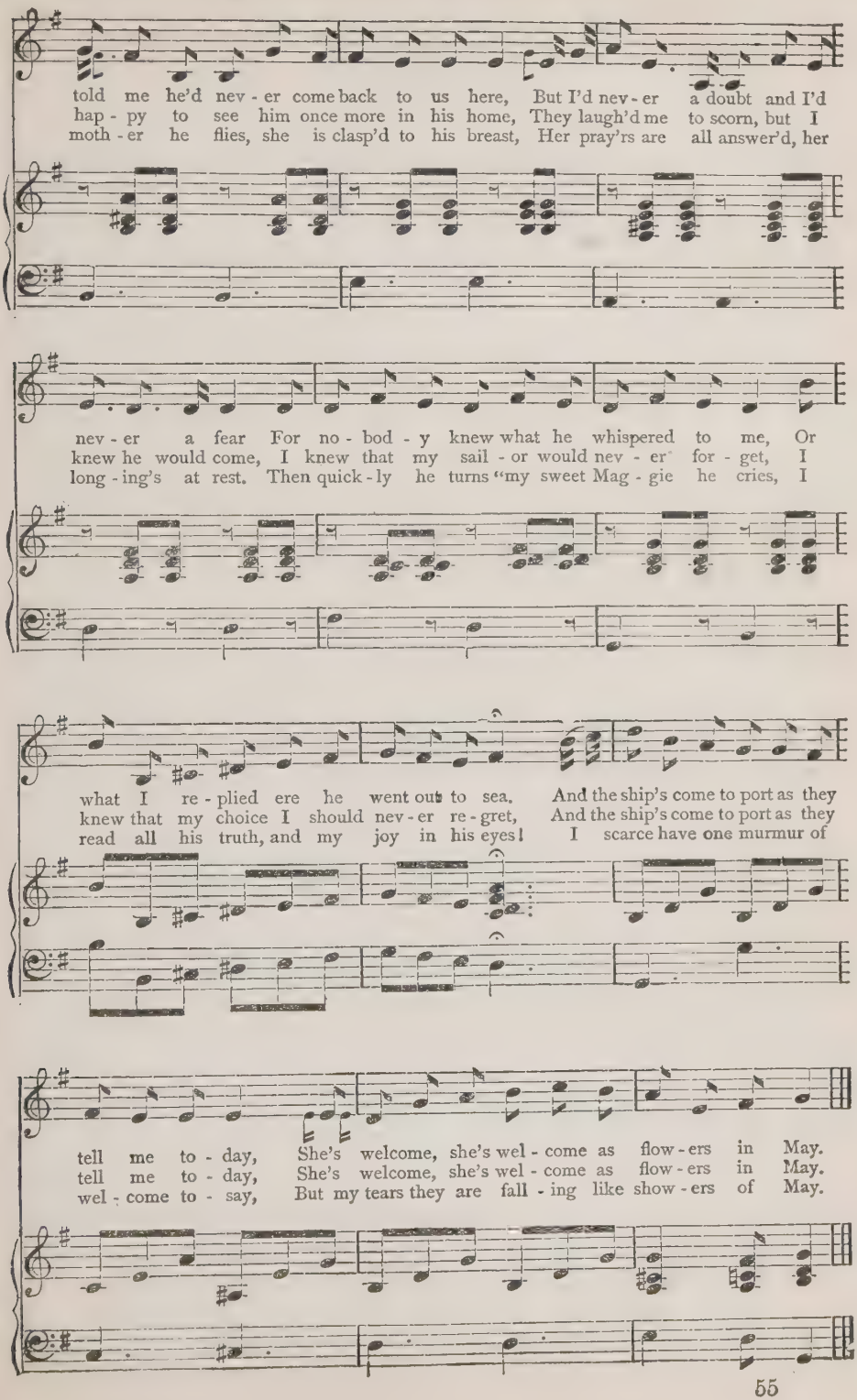
Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.


1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, ... Yeo ho! . . lads!
2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, ... Yeo ho! . . lads!
3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch below, ... Yeo ho! . . lads!
p
ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I
ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I
ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! Then here's a health afore we
trow, ... Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! See,
know; . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! But
go, ... Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! A
f
there she stands an' waves her hands, upon the quay, An' ev'- ry day when
true an' bright, from morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an'
long, long life to my sweet wife, an' mates at sea; An' keep our bones from
p


I'm away she'll watch for me, An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea;
mug an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me;
Davy Jones, where'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee;
rall.
tempo.
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's
rall.
p
wife the sail-or's star shall be. Yeo ho! we go a -
cross the sea, The sail - or's wife the sail - or's star shall
f
be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be.
voce.

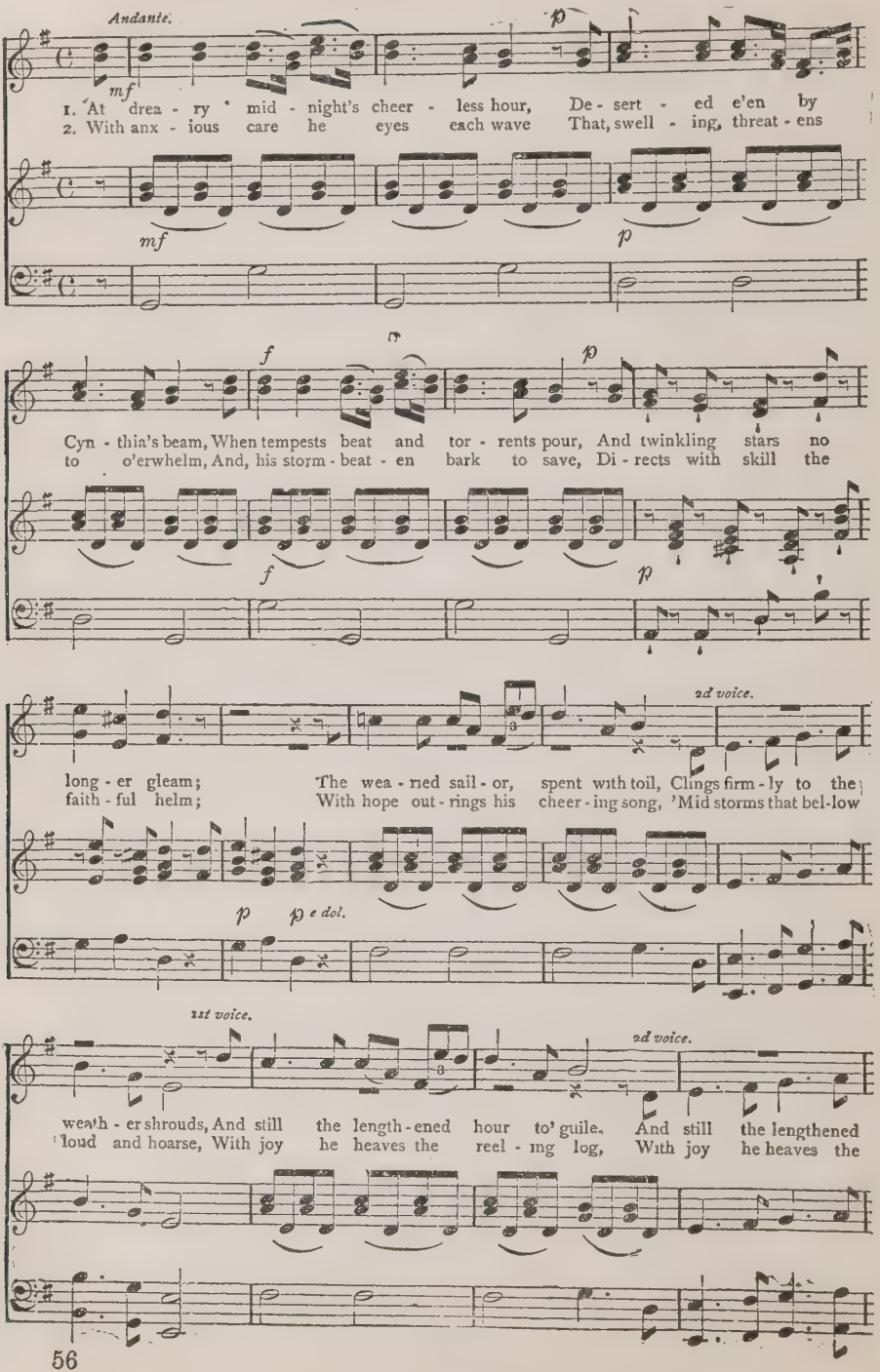
Maggie's Welcome.

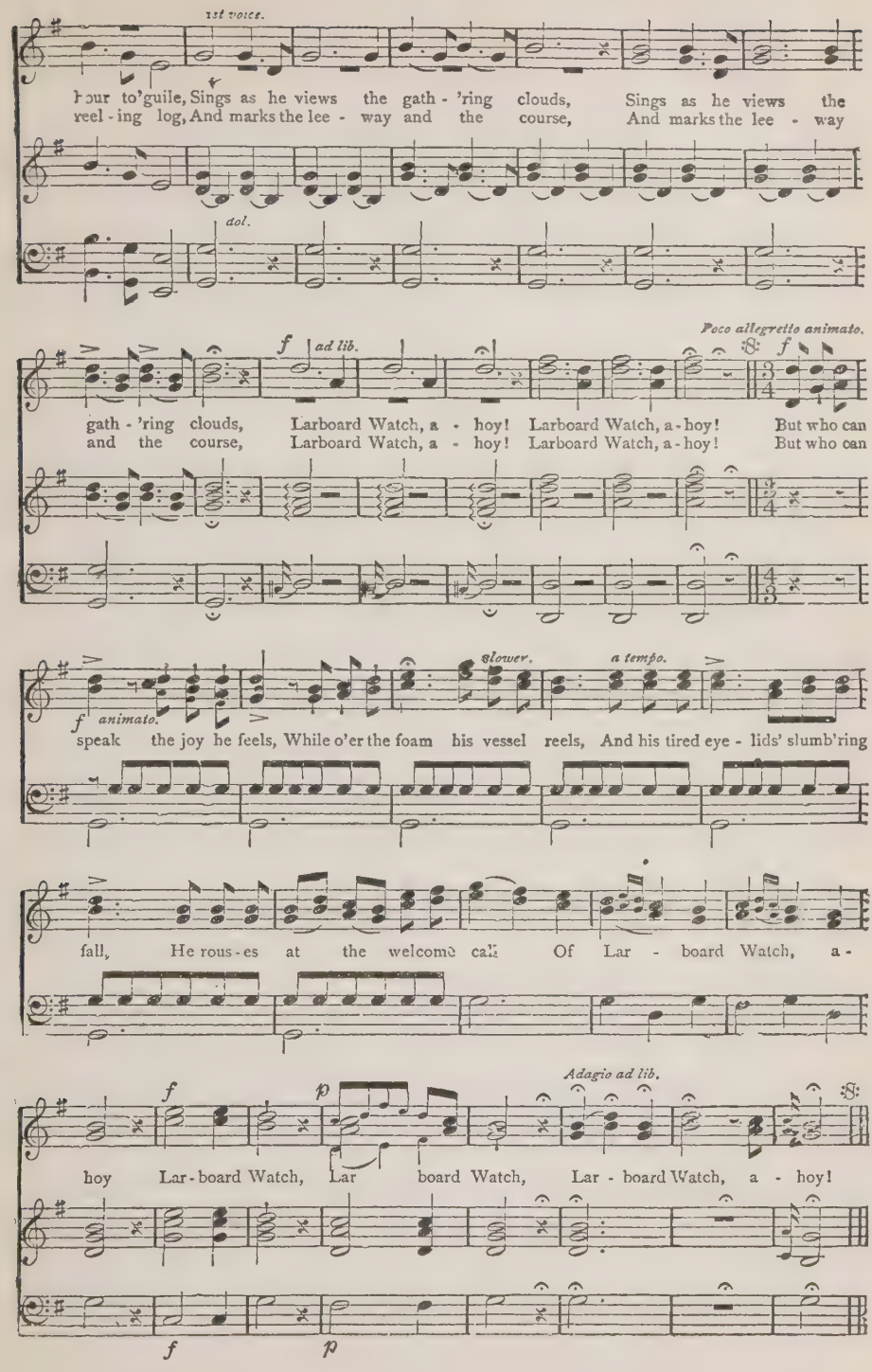
Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Piano.
Moderato.
1. All day I have tried to be spin - ning in vain, But my
2. I've nev - er been i - dle since Ben went a - way, I've
3. But, lis - ten! a - foot - step, ah! Why do I start, As the
p
thoughts are with Ben for he's coming a - gain; The ship's come to port as they
all my small ear - nings to show him to - day, And he will be bringing some
blood rush - es back to my flut - ter - ing heart, That voice to my ear, 'tis as
tell me to day, And is not she welcome as flow - ers in May, They
gold of his own, Tho' half's for his mother, of that will I none, O
sweet as the lay The night - in - gale trills to the flow - ers in May. To his


told me he'd nev - er come back to us here, But I'd nev - er a doubt and I'd
hap - py to see him once more in his home, They laugh'd me to scorn, but I
moth - er he flies, she is clasp'd to his breast, Her pray'rs are all answer'd, her
nev - er a fear For no - bod - y knew what he whispered to me, Or
knew he would come, I knew that my sail - or would nev - er for - get, I
long - ing's at rest. Then quick - ly he turns "my sweet Mag - gie he cries, I
what I re - plied ere he went out to sea. And the ship's come to port as they
knew that my choice I should nev - er re - gret, And the ship's come to port as they
read all his truth, and my joy in his eyes! I scarce have one murmur of
tell me to - day, She's welcome, she's wel - come as flow - ers in May.
tell me to - day, She's welcome, she's wel - come as flow - ers in May.
wel - come to - say, But my tears they are fall - ing like show - ers of May.

Larboard Watch.

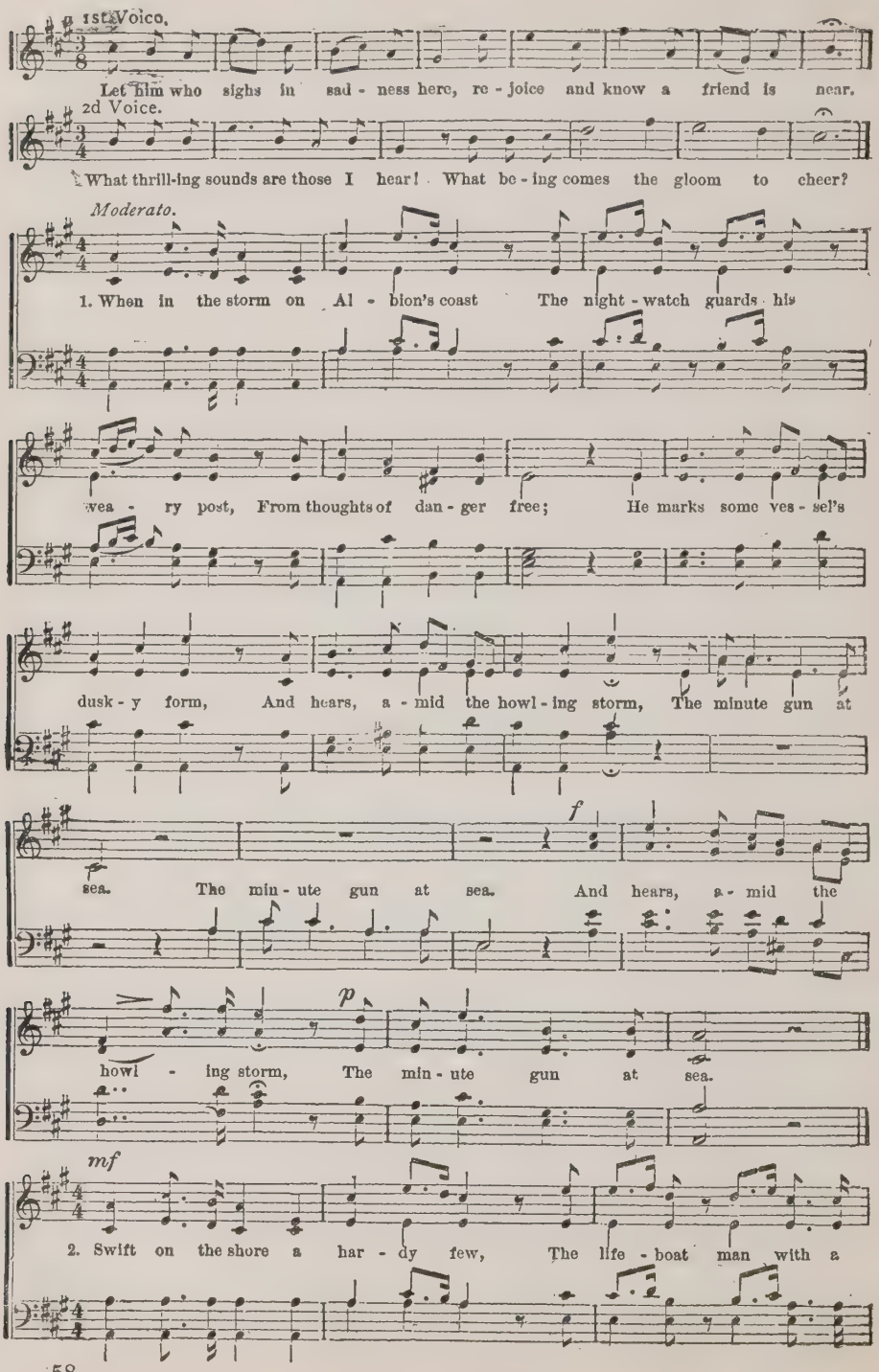
T. Williams.

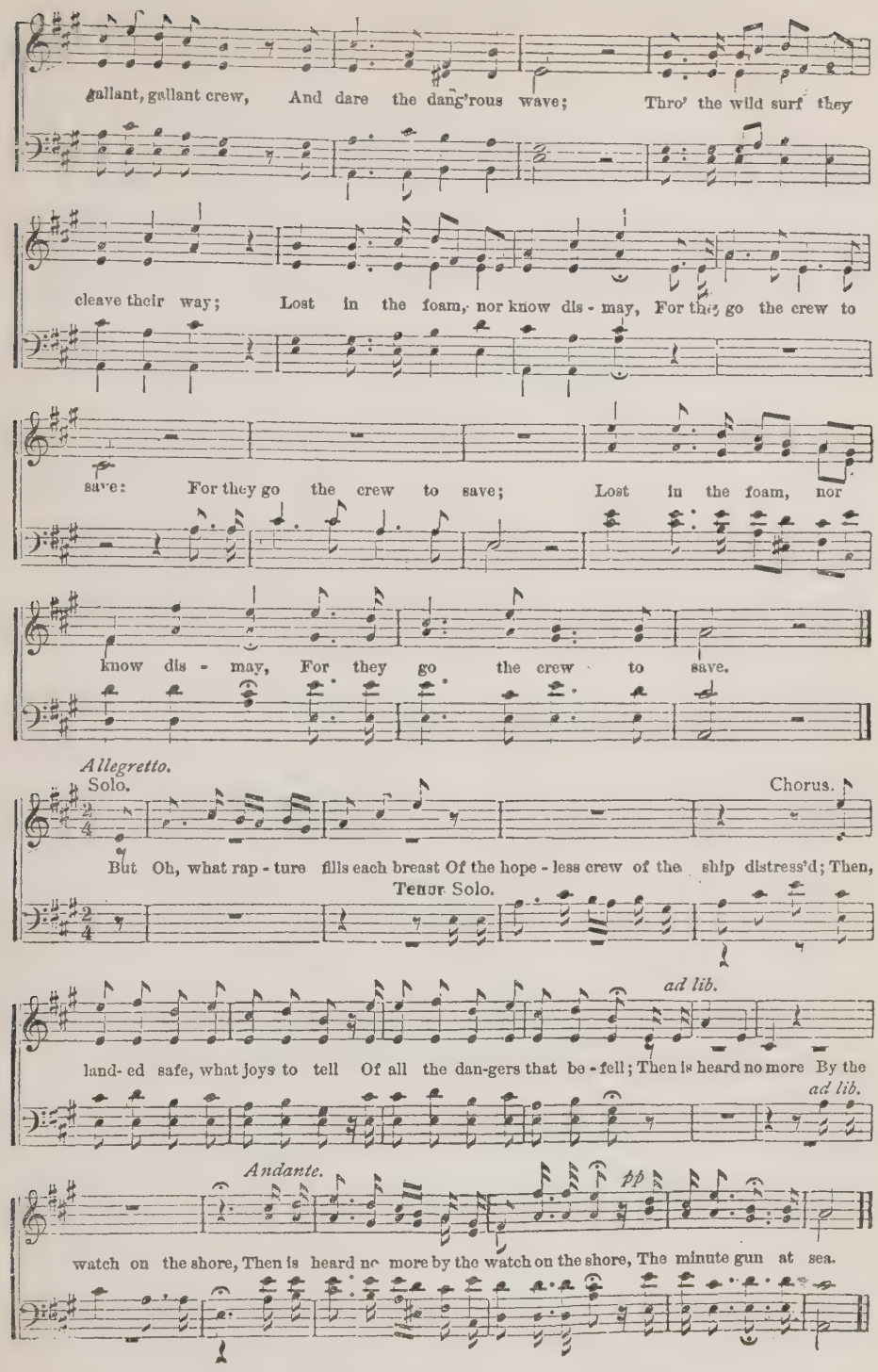

Andante.
mf
p
1. At drea - ry mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave That, swell - ing, threat - ens
mf
p
f
p
Cyn - thia's beam, When tempests beat and tor - rents pour, And twinkling stars no
to o'erwhelm, And, his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the
f
p
2d voice.
long - er gleam; The wea - ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings firm - ly to the
faith - ful helm; With hope out - rings his cheer - ing song, 'Mid storms that bel-low
p
p e dol.
1st voice.
2d voice.
weath - er shrouds, And still the length - ened hour to' guile. And still the lengthened
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the


1st voice.
hour to'guile, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way
dol.
Poco allegretto animato.
f
ad lib.
gath - 'ring clouds, Larboard Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can
and the course, Larboard Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can
slower.
a tempo.
f animato.
speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tired eye - lids' slumb'ring
fall, He rous - es at the welcome call Of Lar - board Watch, a -
Adagio ad lib.
f
p
hoy Lar - board Watch, Lar board Watch, Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!
f
p

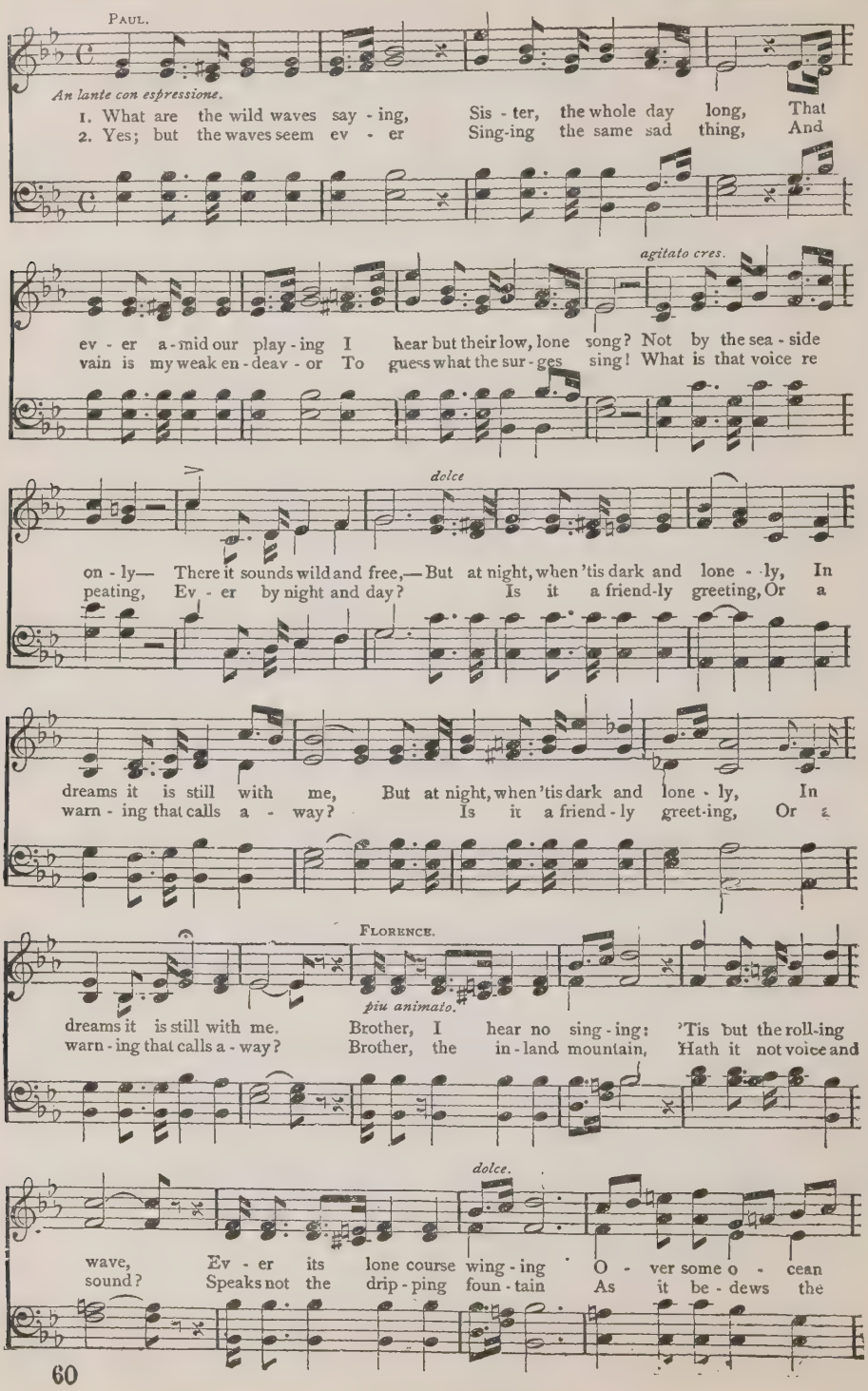
The Minute Gun at Sea.

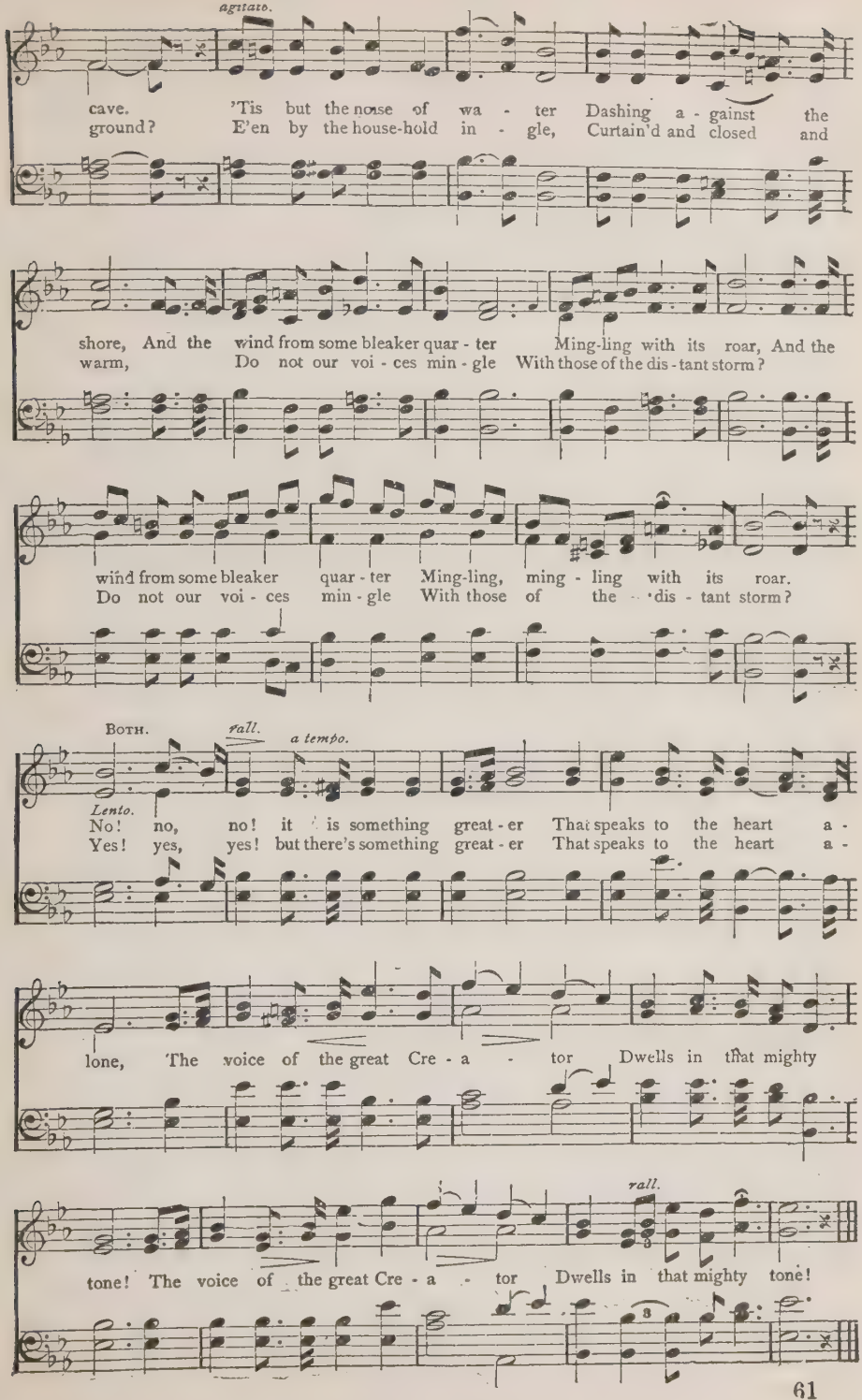
R. S. Sharpe. M. P. King.


1st Voice.
Let him who sighs in sad - ness here, re - joice and know a friend is near.
2d Voice.
What thrill-ing sounds are those I hear! What be - ing comes the gloom to cheer?
Moderato.
1. When in the storm on Al - bion's coast The night - watch guards his
wea - ry post, From thoughts of dan - ger free; He marks some ves - sel's
dusk - y form, And hears, a - mid the howl - ing storm, The minute gun at
f
sea. The min - ute gun at sea. And hears, a - mid the
p
howl - ing storm, The min - ute gun at sea.
mf
2. Swift on the shore a har - dy few, The life - boat man with a

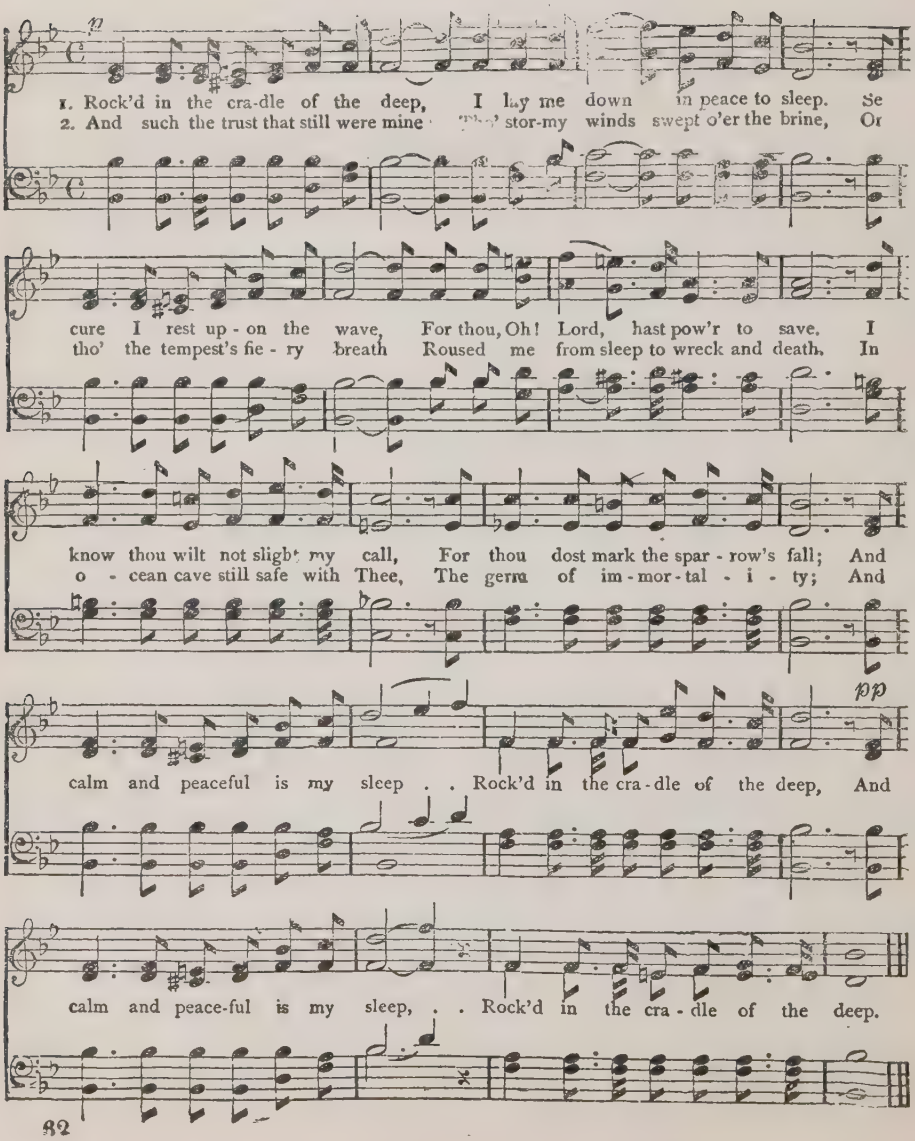

gallant, gallant crew, And dare the dang'rous wave; Thro' the wild surf they
cleave their way; Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they go the crew to
save: For they go the crew to save; Lost in the foam, nor
know dis - may, For they go the crew to save.
Allegretto.
Solo.
Chorus.
But Oh, what rap - ture fills each breast Of the hope - less crew of the ship distress'd; Then,
Tenor Solo.
ad lib.
land- ed safe, what joys to tell Of all the dan-gers that be - fell; Then is heard no more By the
ad lib.
Andante.
pp
watch on the shore, Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

What are the Wild Waves Saying

S. Glover. J. E. Carpenter.

PAUL.
An lante con espressione.
1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
2. Yes; but the waves seem ev - er Sing-ing the same sad thing, And
agitato cres.
ev - er a-mid our play - ing I hear but their low, lone song? Not by the sea - side
vain is my weak en - deav - or To guess what the sur - ges sing! What is that voice re
dolce
on - ly— There it sounds wild and free,—But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
peating, Ev - er by night and day? Is it a friend-ly greeting, Or a
dreams it is still with me, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
warn - ing that calls a - way? Is it a friend - ly greet-ing, Or a
FLORENCE.
piu animato.
dreams it is still with me. Brother, I hear no sing - ing: 'Tis but the roll-ing
warn - ing that calls a - way? Brother, the in - land mountain, Hath it not voice and
dolce.
wave, Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean
sound? Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain As it be - dews the

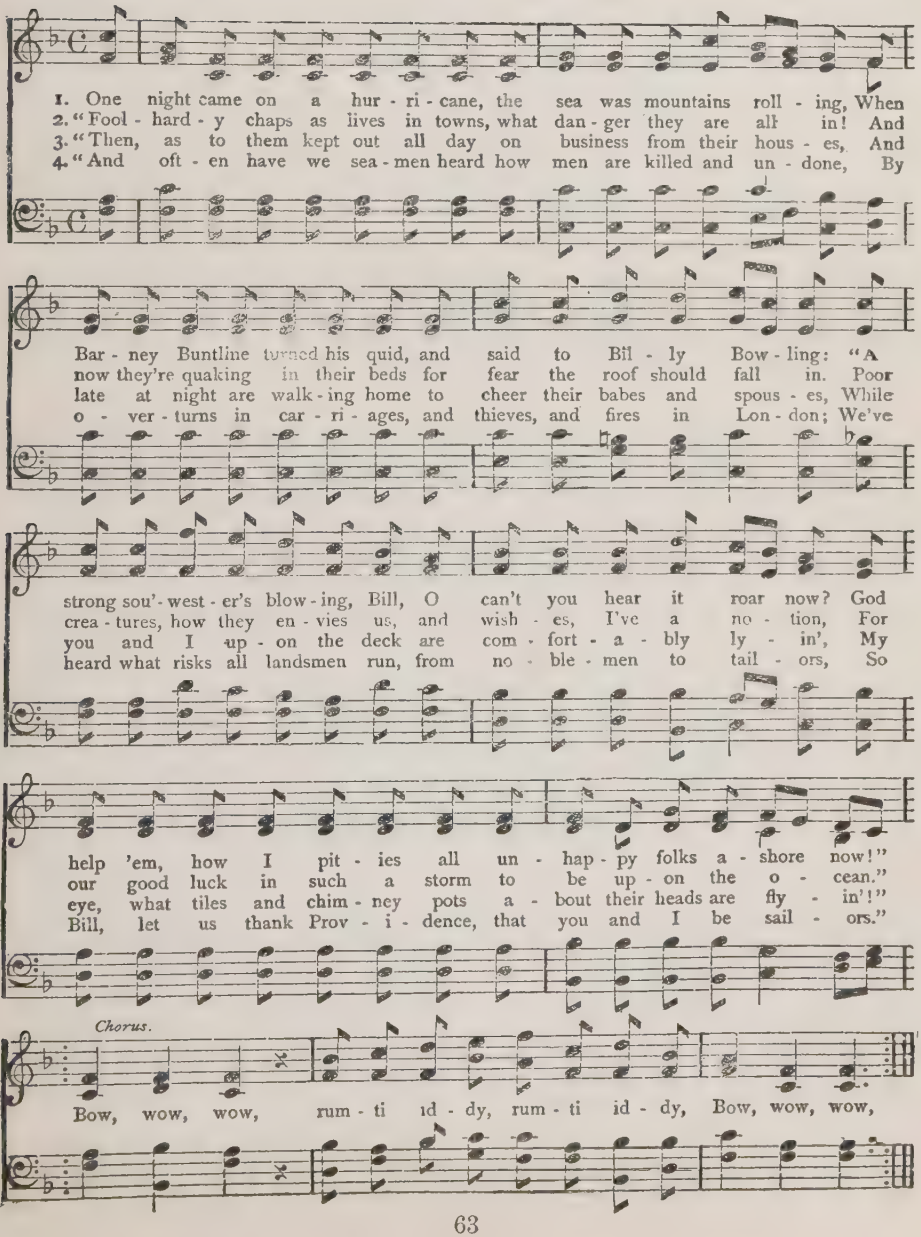

agitato.
cave. 'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dashing a - gainst the
ground? E'en by the house-hold in - gle, Curtain'd and closed and
shore, And the wind from some bleaker quar - ter Ming-ling with its roar, And the
warm, Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?
wind from some bleaker quar - ter Ming-ling, ming - ling with its roar.
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?
Both.
rall.
a tempo.
Lento.
No! no, no! it is something great - er That speaks to the heart a -
Yes! yes, yes! but there's something great - er That speaks to the heart a -
lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty
rall.
tone! The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty tone!

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

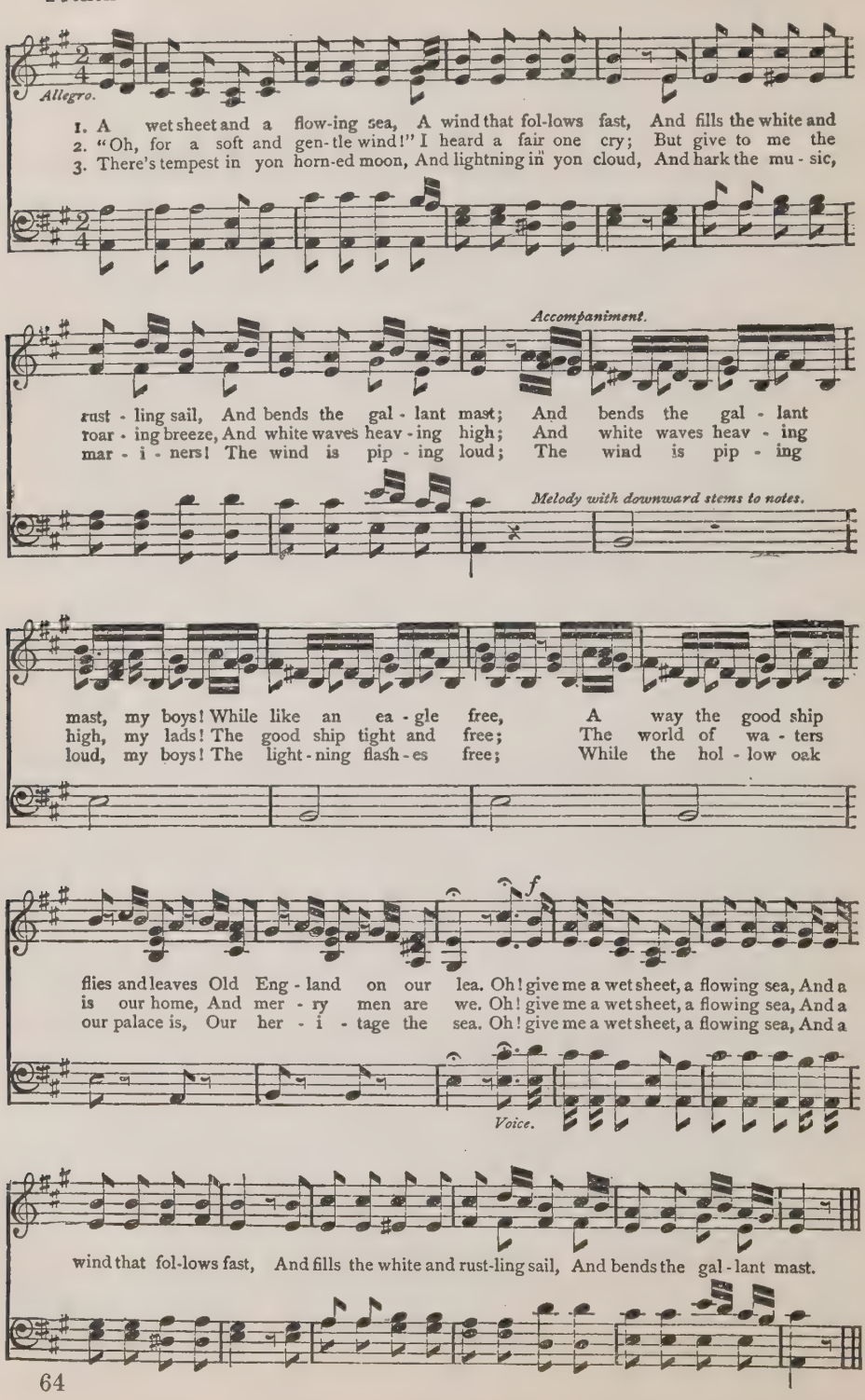
J. P. Knight **Emma Willard, 1832**

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep. Se
2. And such the trust that still were mine tho' stor-my winds swept o'er the brine, Or
cure I rest up-on the wave, For thou, Oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
tho' the tempest's fie-ry breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death. In
know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty; And
pp
calm and peaceful is my sleep . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, And
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

Barney Buntline.

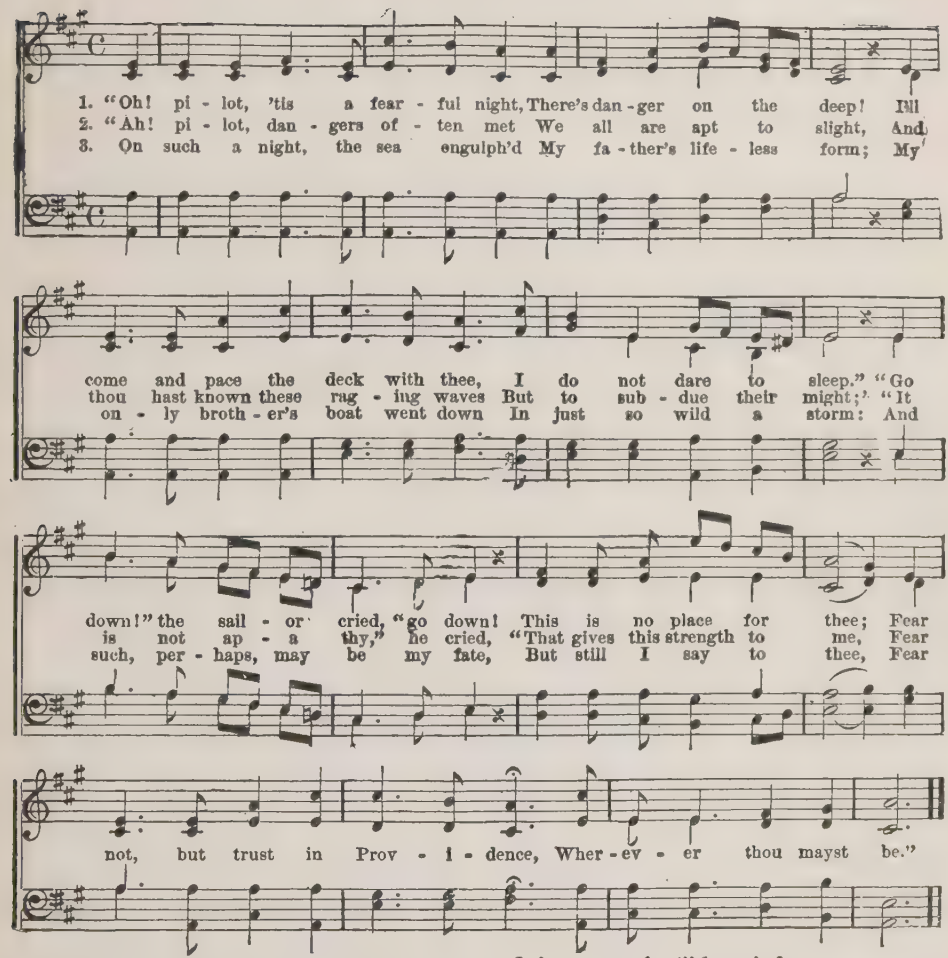
William Pitt. Old English Song.


1. One night came on a hur - ri - cane, the sea was mountains roll - ing, When
2. "Fool - hard - y chaps as lives in towns, what dan - ger they are all in! And
3. "Then, as to them kept out all day on business from their hous - es, And
4. "And oft - en have we sea - men heard how men are killed and un - done, By
Bar - ney Buntline turned his quid, and said to Bil - ly Bow - ling: "A
now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall in. Poor
late at night are walk - ing home to cheer their babes and spous - es, While
o - ver - turns in car - ri - ages, and thieves, and fires in Lon - don; We've
strong sou' - west - er's blow - ing, Bill, O can't you hear it roar now? God
crea - tures, how they en - vies us, and wish - es, I've a no - tion, For
you and I up - on the deck are com - fort - a - bly ly - in', My
heard what risks all landsmen run, from no - ble - men to tail - ors, So
help 'em, how I pit - ies all un - hap - py folks a - shore now!"
our good luck in such a storm to be up - on the o - cean."
eye, what tiles and chim - ney pots a - bout their heads are fly - in'!"
Bill, let us thank Prov - i - dence, that you and I be sail - ors."
Chorus.
Bow, wow, wow, rum - ti id - dy, rum - ti id - dy, Bow, wow, wow,

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

French Air. Allan Cunningham.

Allegro.
1. A wet sheet and a flow-ing sea, A wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and
2. "Oh, for a soft and gen-tle wind!" I heard a fair one cry; But give to me the
3. There's tempest in yon horn-ed moon, And lightning in yon cloud, And hark the mu-sic,
Accompaniment.
rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast; And bends the gal-lant
roar-ing breeze, And white waves heav-ing high; And white waves heav-ing
mar-i-ners! The wind is pip-ing loud; The wind is pip-ing
Melody with downward stems to notes.
mast, my boys! While like an ea-gle free, A way the good ship
high, my lads! The good ship tight and free; The world of wa-ters
loud, my boys! The light-ning flash-es free; While the hol-low oak
f
flies and leaves Old Eng-land on our lea. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
is our home, And mer-ry men are we. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
our palace is, Our her-i-tage the sea. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
Voice.
wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast.

The Pilot.


1. "Oh! pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep! I'll
2. "Ah! pi - lot, dan - gers of - ten met We all are apt to slight, And
3. On such a night, the sea engulph'd My fa - ther's life - less form; My
come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep." "Go
thou hast known these rag - ing waves But to sub - due their might;" "It
on - ly broth - er's boat went down In just so wild a storm: And
down!" the sail - or cried, "go down! This is no place for thee; Fear
is not ap - a thy," he cried, "That gives this strength to me, Fear
such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, Fear
not, but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou mayst be."

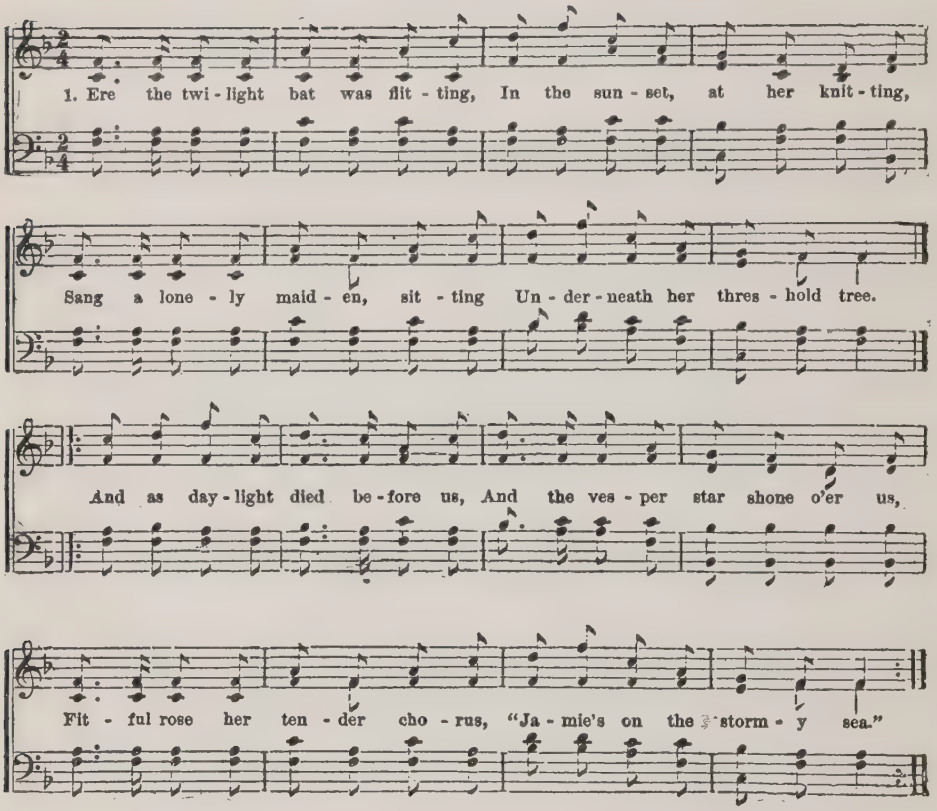
"Oh! pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."
Go down!" the sailor cried, "Go down!
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be."

Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might;"

"It is not apathy!" he cried,
"That gives this strength to me,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.

On such a night the sea engulp'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be."

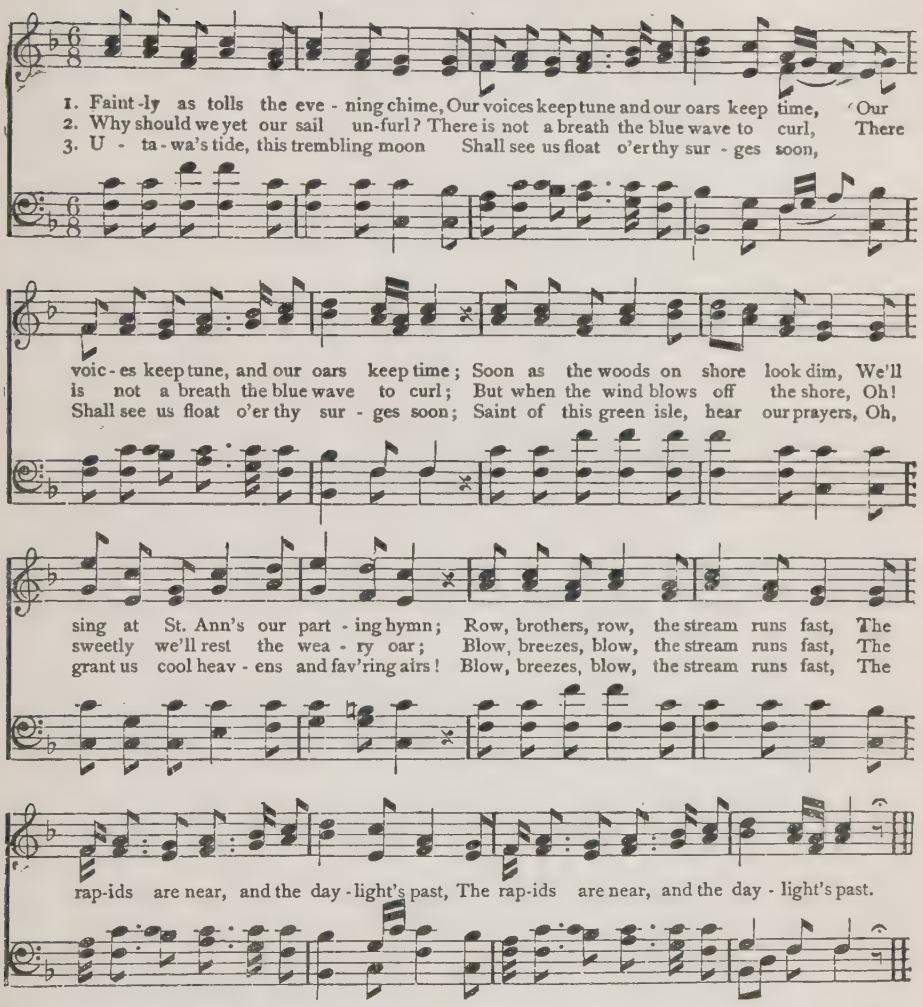
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea


1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set, at her knit - ting,
Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - neath her thres - hold tree.
And as day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per star shone o'er us,
Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree.
And as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitful rose her tender chorus,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

The Canadian Boat Song.

Thomas Moore.


1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
3. U - ta-wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon,
voic - es keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,
sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweetly we'll rest the wea - ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
grant us cool heav - ens and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past.

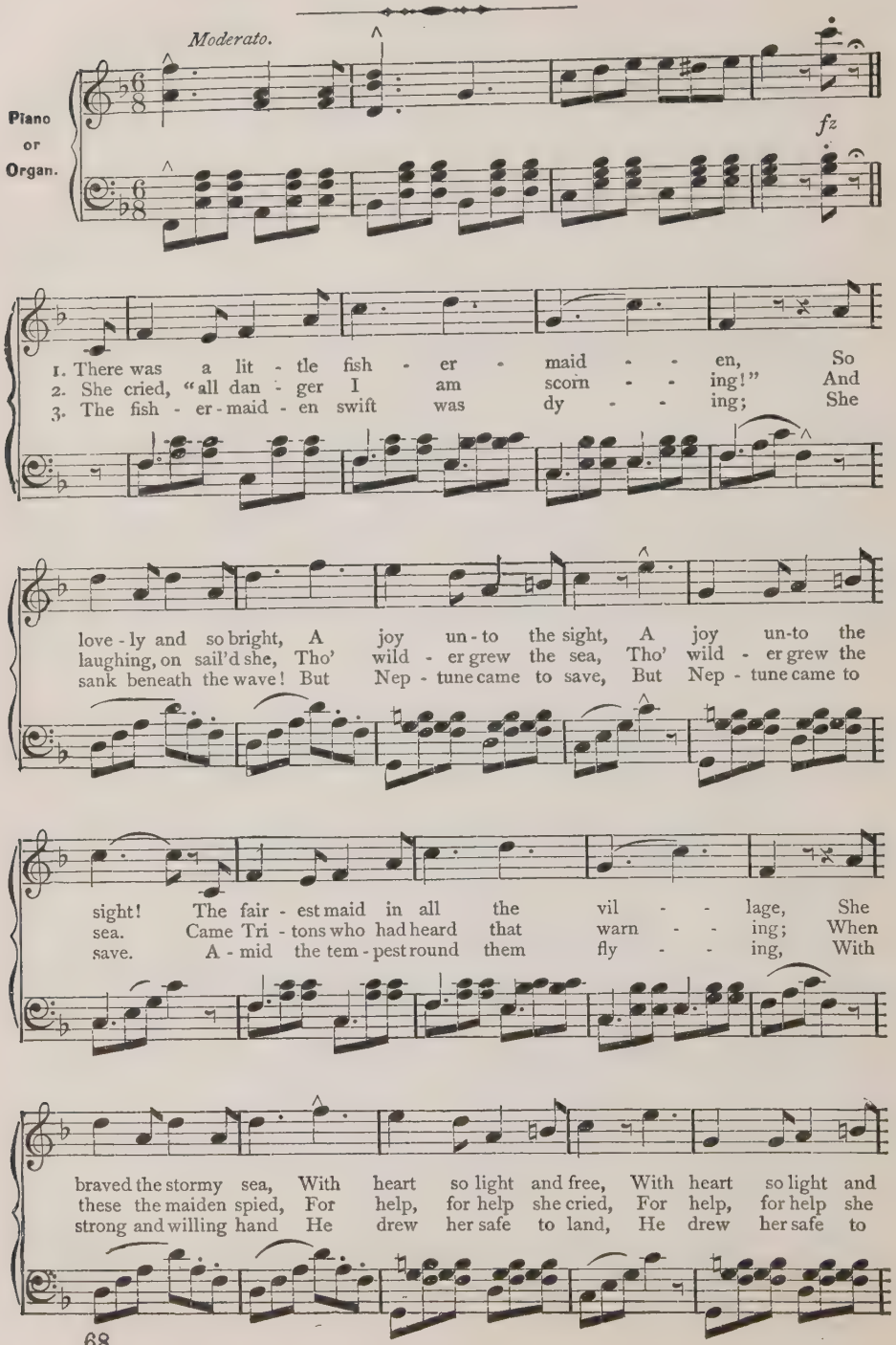
Faintly tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

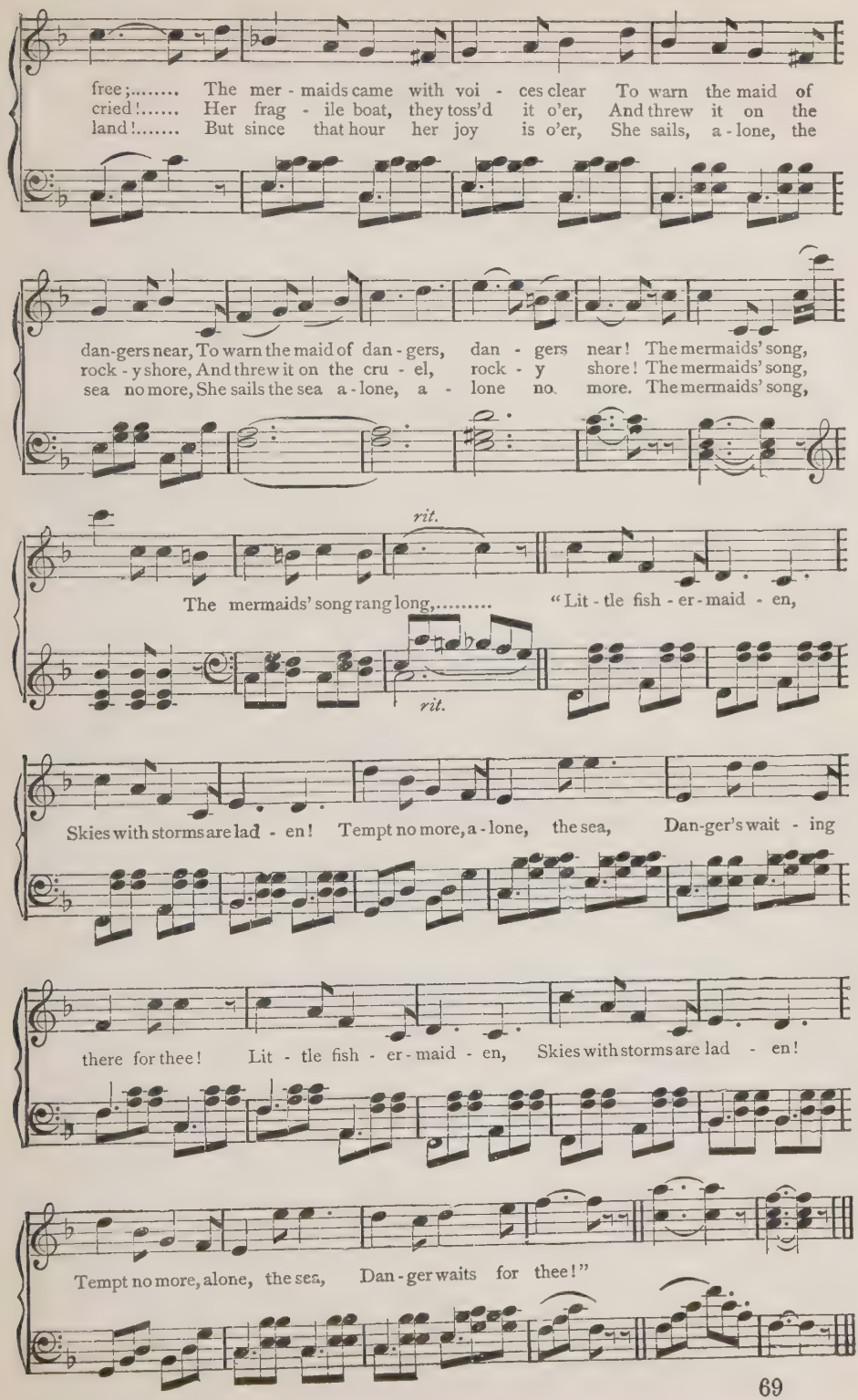
Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon,
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon,
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon;
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and fav'ring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

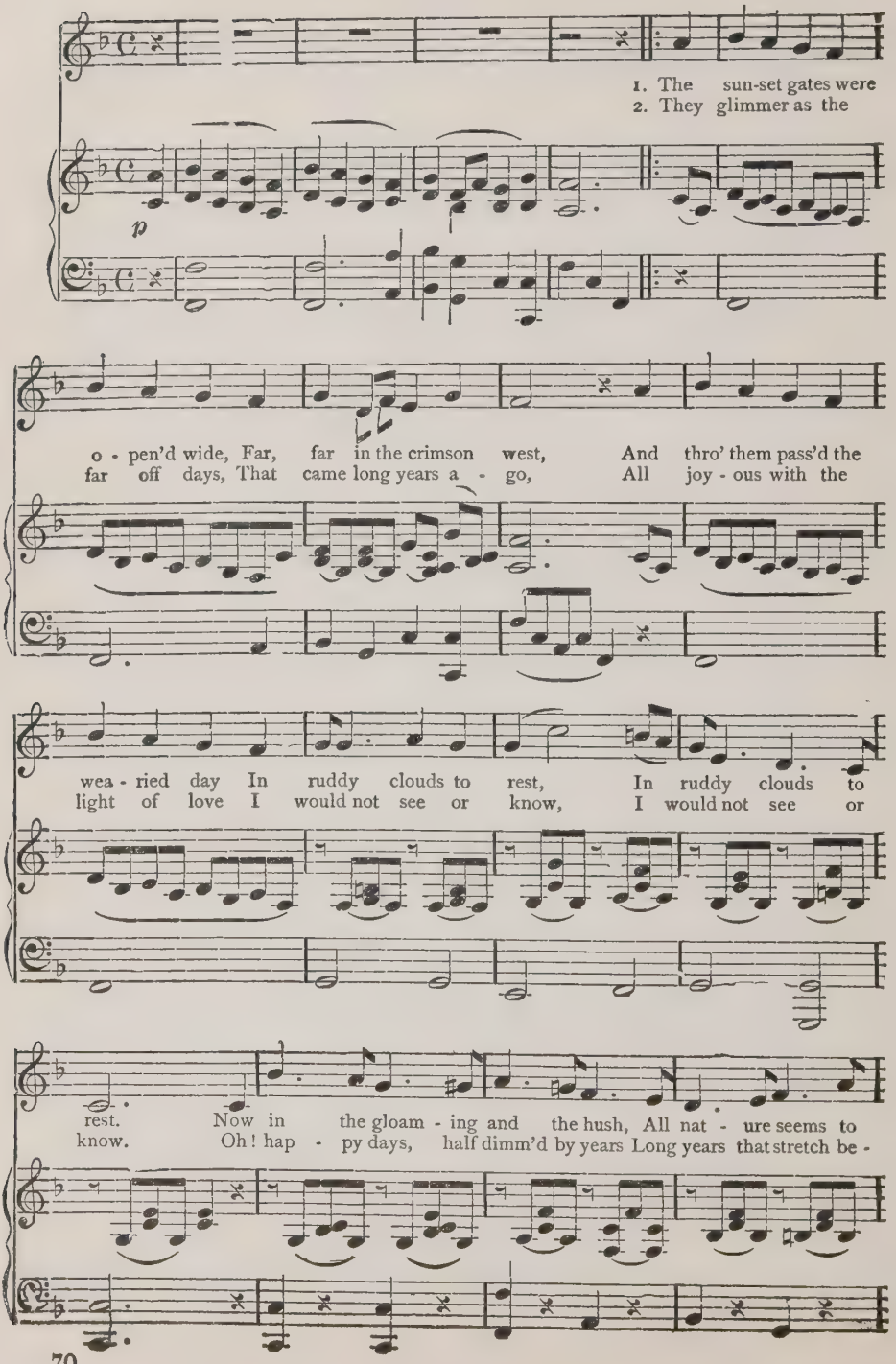
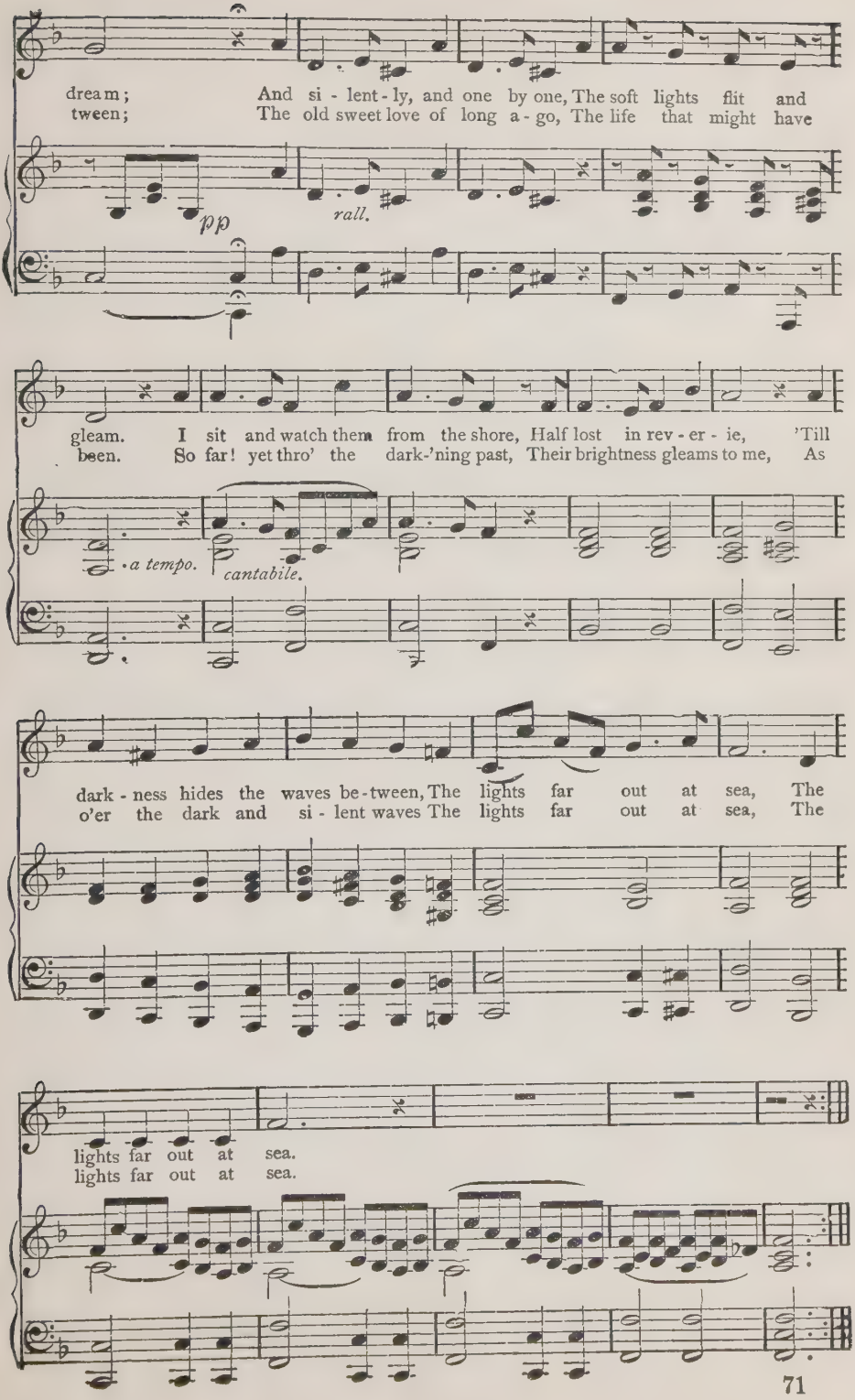
The Little Fishermaiden.

By Ludolph Waldmann.

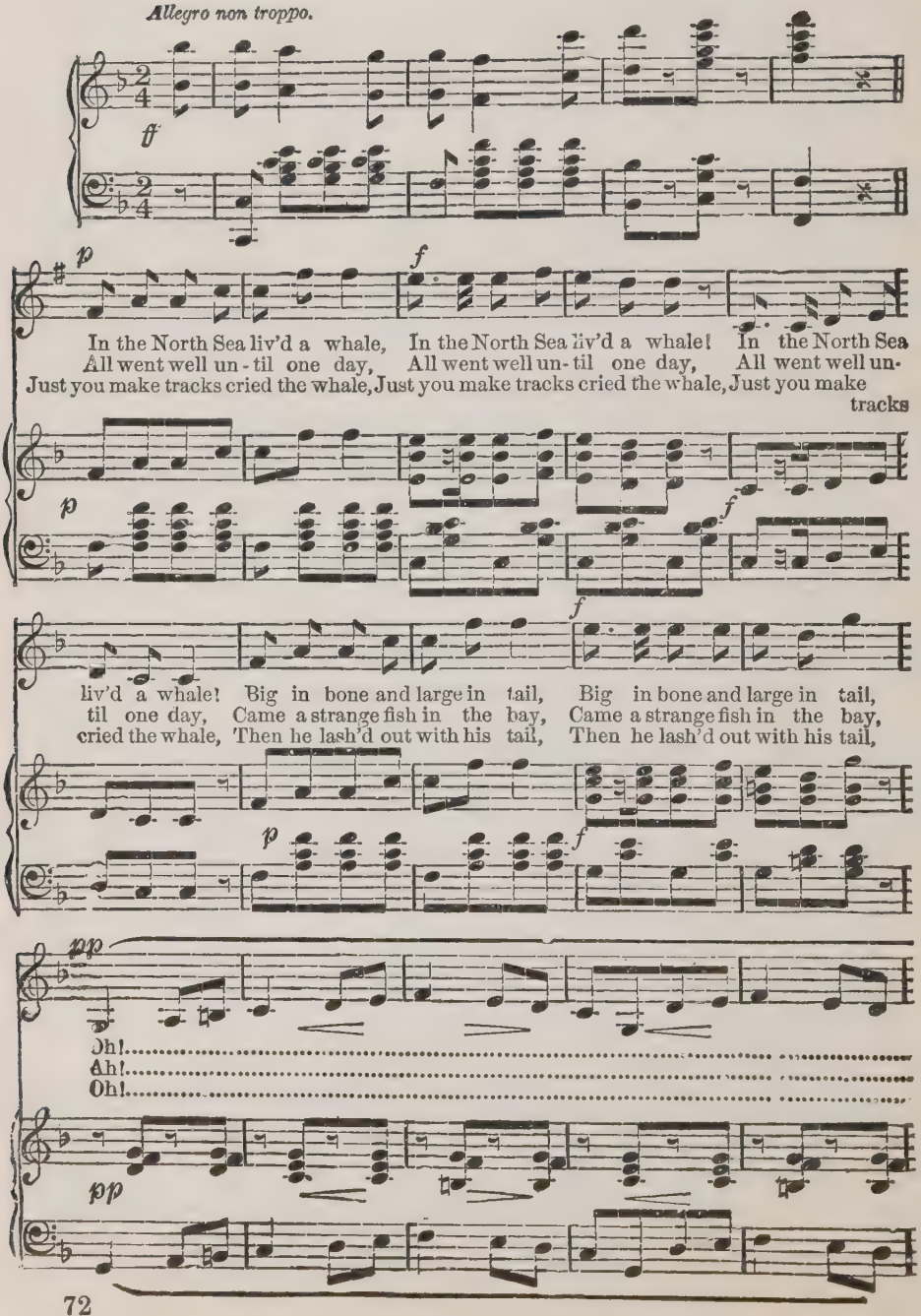
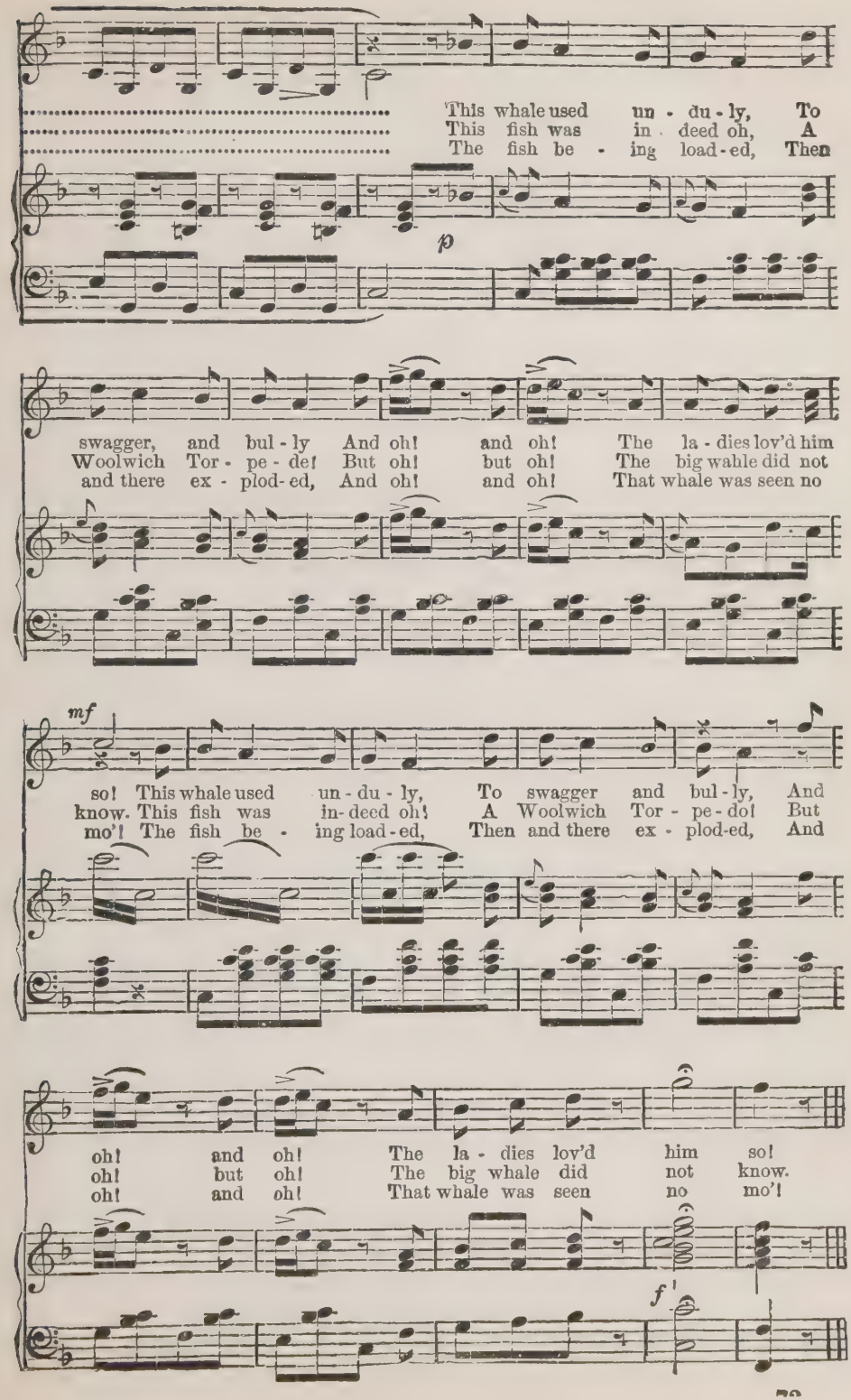

Moderato.
Piano or Organ.
fz
1. There was a lit - tle fish - er - maid - - en, So
2. She cried, "all dan - ger I am scorn - - ing!" And
3. The fish - er - maid - en swift was dy - - ing; She
love - ly and so bright, A joy un - to the sight, A joy un-to the
laughing, on sail'd she, Tho' wild - er grew the sea, Tho' wild - er grew the
sank beneath the wave! But Nep - tune came to save, But Nep - tune came to
sight! The fair - est maid in all the vil - - lage, She
sea. Came Tri - tons who had heard that warn - - ing; When
save. A - mid the tem - pest round them fly - - ing, With
braved the stormy sea, With heart so light and free, With heart so light and
these the maiden spied, For help, for help she cried, For help, for help she
strong and willing hand He drew her safe to land, He drew her safe to


free;..... The mer - maids came with voi - ces clear To warn the maid of
cried!..... Her frag - ile boat, they toss'd it o'er, And threw it on the
land!..... But since that hour her joy is o'er, She sails, a - lone, the
dan-gers near, To warn the maid of dan - gers, dan - gers near! The mermaids' song,
rock - y shore, And threw it on the cru - el, rock - y shore! The mermaids' song,
sea no more, She sails the sea a - lone, a - lone no more. The mermaids' song,
rit.
The mermaids' song rang long,..... "Lit - tle fish - er - maid - en,
rit.
Skies with storms are lad - en! Tempt no more, a - lone, the sea, Dan-ger's wait - ing
there for thee! Lit - tle fish - er - maid - en, Skies with storms are lad - en!
Tempt no more, alone, the sea, Dan - ger waits for thee!"

Lights Far Out at Sea.

A. S. Gatty.

1. The sun-set gates were
2. They glimmer as the
p
o - pen'd wide, Far, far in the crimson west, And thro' them pass'd the
far off days, That came long years a - go, All joy - ous with the
wea - ried day In ruddy clouds to rest, In ruddy clouds to
light of love I would not see or know, I would not see or
rest. Now in the gloam - ing and the hush, All nat - ure seems to
know. Oh! hap - py days, half dimm'd by years Long years that stretch be -

dream; And si - lent - ly, and one by one, The soft lights flit and
tween; The old sweet love of long a - go, The life that might have
pp
rall.
gleam. I sit and watch them from the shore, Half lost in rev - er - ie, 'Till
been. So far! yet thro' the dark-'ning past, Their brightness gleams to me, As
a tempo.
cantabile.
dark - ness hides the waves be - tween, The lights far out at sea, The
o'er the dark and si - lent waves The lights far out at sea, The
lights far out at sea.
lights far out at sea.

The Torpedo and the Whale.

A "SHELL" OF OCEAN.

Allegro non troppo.
ff
p
f
In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale! In the North Sea
All went well un-til one day, All went well un-til one day, All went well un-
Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make
tracks
liv'd a whale! Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
cried the whale, Then he lash'd out with his tail, Then he lash'd out with his tail,
pp
Oh!
Ah!
Oh!

This whale used un - du - ly, To
This fish was in - deed oh, A
The fish be - ing load - ed, Then
p
swagger, and bul - ly And oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him
Woolwich Tor - pe - do! But oh! but oh! The big wahle did not
and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! and oh! That whale was seen no
mf
so! This whale used un - du - ly, To swagger and bul - ly, And
know. This fish was in - deed oh! A Woolwich Tor - pe - do! But
mo'! The fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed, And
oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him so!
oh! but oh! The big whale did not know.
oh! and oh! That whale was seen no mo'!
f

Part II.

Historic and Patriotic Songs.

ROMANTIC REALITIES.

ALL history reveals the fact that music, wedded to stirring and patriotic words, has in every age had a powerful influence on the course of public events. Nor is this true alone of civilized peoples. Among almost all savage races, the warriors excite themselves to martial ardor by songs which thrill their souls. The war dances, alike of our North American Indians, of the African negroes, and of the semi-civilized races which dwell in Asia, are accompanied by songs which, though wild, and incoherent to European ears, have an inspiring influence upon themselves. The powerful effect of songs and ballads is quite as clearly seen in the history of more civilized people, and even in recent times.

The old Scotchman, Fletcher, of Saltoun, once wrote, "I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." By this he seems to have meant that the bard really has more influence over the minds of a people, and is more powerful in directing their action, than the legislator. Carlyle wisely said, "The meaning of song goes deep;" and a more recent writer has declared that "it goes as deep as the heart of man, the throbbings which it controls more readily and widely than do the speeches of statesmen, the sermons of preachers, or the writings of journalists." It was clearly because the influence of legend and of patriotic appeal, joined with familiar tunes, so strongly roused the emotions of the people, that the ancient bards of Ireland, Scotland and Wales were held in such high honor in the old royal courts and princely castles of these lands, and were regarded with veneration by the people everywhere.

About two centuries ago, Lord Wharton wrote a political ballad, which was set to music, the title of which was "Lilliburlero." It was very poor poetry; but somehow the rude verses struck a chord in the popular heart, and were sung everywhere. It was written in opposition to King James II., and so wide was its influence that Lord Wharton boasted, it is said, that it "sang James II. out of three kingdoms." The songs sung by English Jacobites, when in the middle of the last century, they tried to restore the Stuart Pretender to the throne, did much to arouse enthusiasm and inspire hope in his cause.

Nor can it be doubted that the fire of Scottish patriotism has long been fed by Burns's clarion song "Scots wha hae," or

that the Briton feels his love of country swelling in his heart as he hears the familiar strains of "Rule Britannia" or "Ye Mariners of England," or that American souls are kindled to the same emotion when their ears are greeted with the "Star Spangled Banner." The sound of "John Brown's Body" and Mrs. Howe's noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic" echoed on every hilltop and in every valley where our soldiers marched and battled in the civil war; while "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, my Maryland," resounded back defiant strains from the southern camps. Thus music and song, appealing as they do strongly to the deep emotions of strong men, as well as of gentle women and little children, have a serious use in the most momentous struggles, and sometimes produce grave changes in the destinies of nations and continents.

If the United States has no purely indigenous national anthem, she is rich in political songs that in every great crisis have borne no slight part in "firing the popular heart." The Revolution gave birth to "Yankee Doodle." The impending war with France, in 1798, brough forth "Hail Columbia;" the war of 1812 evoked the "Star Spangled Banner;" the late civil war was the cause of more stirring words and music than had ever before appeared in the history of a single republic. As, for want of a better, the "Star Spangled Banner" seems to be regarded as the national anthem of the United States, that will be noticed under national songs. Here we proceed to give some account of other historic and political American lyrics.

The origin of the American national air, "Yankee Doodle," is enveloped in almost as great obscurity as that which surrounds the authorship of "God Save the King." Though the song is but little more than a century old, the number of different accounts of its origin which are given is extremely bewildering.

In *Littell's Living Age* (1861) a story is told, on the authority of a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, to the effect that the song is sung in Holland by German harvesters, whence it may have come to America. Unfortunately for the credibility of this account, its inventor has fitted some words to the tune which are in no known language, conclusively proving the story to be a hoax, though the Duyckinks have thought it worth reproducing in their Cyclopædia.

It is stated that in Burgh's "Anecdotes of Music," (1814) the air of "Yankee Doodle" is said to occur in J. C. Smith's "Ulysses"—a statement we have been unable to verify as no copy of that opera is accessible.

A writer in *All the Year Round*, (1870) alleges that T. Moncrieff had traced the air to a Fife-Major of the Grenadier Guards, who composed it as a march in the last century. It is most probable that the air was originally a military quickstep, but this account of its authorship is too vague to be accepted implicitly.

In Admiral Preble's "History of the Flag of the United States" it is stated that the tune occurs in an opera of Arne's to the words, "Did little Dickey ever trick ye?" This is an error; the song in question is in Arnold's "Two to One," (1784) and there the tune is called "Yankee Doodle."

Passing by the fanciful opinions that "Yankee Doodle" is of Spanish or Hungarian origin, we come to the traditional account of its origin, which agrees with what may be gathered from the above accounts, viz: that the tune is of English origin and not older than the middle of the last century. The Boston *Journal of the Times* for September, 1768, is said to contain the earliest mention of it, in the fol-

lowing paragraph: "The British fleet was brought to anchor near Castle William; that night * * * those passing in boats observed great rejoicings, and that the 'Yankee Doodle' song was the capital piece in the band of music." It is only a few years before this that the traditional account places the origin of the song.

In 1755, during the French and Indian war, General Amherst had under his command an army of regular and provincial troops. Among the former was a Dr. Schuckburgh (whose commission as surgeon is dated June 25, 1737) to whom the tune is traditionally ascribed, though it seems more probable that he was only the author of the words. It is said that "the fantastic appearance of the colonial contingent, with their variegated, ill-fitting, and incomplete uniforms," was a continual butt for the humor of the regular troops, and that Dr. Schuckburgh recommended the tune to the colonial officers "as one of the most celebrated airs of martial musick." The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British corps. Brother Jonathan exclaimed that it was "nation fine," and in a few days nothing was heard in the provincial camp but the air of "Yankee Doodle."

This account is said to have appeared in the Albany *Statesman* early in the present century; it is also to be found in Vol. III. of the "New Hampshire Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous," (1824). The words evidently date from about the year 1765. The original name of the song is "The Yankee's Return from Camp," and it begins:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
There we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding."

The author of the account of the song in the "New Hampshire Collections," quotes a version printed about 1790, and there are several others extant, though even in 1829 it is said that the burlesque song was passing into oblivion. It is noticeable that in the later versions of the song the early notices of "Captain Washington" are replaced by the following:

"And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em."

The tune itself seems to have suffered several changes. As a melody it has little beyond simplicity in its favor, but there is a quaint, direct and incisive character about it which redeems it from vulgarity, beside which the historical associations of the tune, connected as it is with the establishment of American Independence, should have saved it from some of the criticisms to which it has been subjected. In the words of the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, "Yankee Doodle" is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned and it will not be disused. In its own words:

"It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting."

A recent writer quotes the following anecdote related by John Quincy Adams: "After the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city resolved to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired to have the national airs of the two treaty-making powers performed as a part of the programme. So the musical director was requested to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States. No one knew exactly what to give, and a consultation en-

sued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored 'Hail Columbia,' while Clay, Russell and Adams were decidedly in favor of 'Yankee Doodle.'

"The director then inquired if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air. 'I can't,' said Mr. Clay, 'I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can.' 'Neither can I,' replied Mr. Bayard. 'Perhaps Mr. Russell can.' Each confessed his lack of musical ability. 'I have it,' exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his colored body-servant. 'John,' said Mr. Clay, 'whistle "Yankee Doodle" for this gentleman.' John did so, the chief musician took down the notes, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burgh[illegible]s' Band played the national air of the United States, with variations, in grand style."

"Hail Columbia" was written in 1798 by Judge Hopkinson. At that period a war with France was thought inevitable. Party spirit ran high among all classes. A theatre was open in Philadelphia and a young man who had some talent as a singer announced his benefit on its boards. He was acquainted with Judge Hopkinson, and, discouraged at his prospect of success, called on him on Saturday afternoon and stated that he feared a loss instead of a benefit; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," then quite popular, he might depend on a full house. The Judge replied that he would try to furnish one. The next afternoon the young man came again, and the song was handed him. It was announced on Monday morning. In the evening the theatre was crowded to excess, and continued to be night after night through the entire season—the song being loudly encored and repeated many times during each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress, and found favor with both parties, as neither could disavow its sentiments.

The enthusiasm became general, and the song was heard in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit which should be above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents and look and feel exclusively for our honor and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England or to which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course, the song found favor with both parties throughout the entire country; it was truly American in sentiment, and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. It has endured beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiment and spirit. The music was composed in 1789, by Professor Phylo, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton, when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the "President's March."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is set to the music of the "Red, White and Blue," which dates from the Crimean War, when it was played alike by the English and their French allies.

Though written many years after the event which it commemorates, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," another historic song in America, has enjoyed a lasting popularity, and may safely be classed among the deathless songs—not because of any very inherent beauty in words or music, but owing to the fact that it sings of a crucial event in our annals.

The famous election lyric, "Tippecanoe,"

was written by Alexander Coffman Ross. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, 1812, and died there in 1883. In the Zanesville *Daily Courier*, of June 7, 1873, Judge Sherwood, of Zanesville, gives the following particulars of the origin of the song. "The great political storm that swept over the country in 1840, was one of the most remarkable events ever known in the history of our government. The Whig campaign, which carried Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler into the presidential chairs, began as early as February. Business generally was at a standstill; the currency was in such a confused state that specie to pay postage was almost beyond reach; banks had been in a state of suspension for a long time; mechanics and laboring men were out of employment or working for 62½, 75, or 87½ cents a day, payable in 'orders on the store;' money could be obtained with difficulty, and things generally had reached so low an ebb as to make any change seem desirable.

"As the Whigs promised 'two dollars a day and roast beef' to laborers, working men were inclined to trust them. On the twenty-second of February, Columbus, Ohio, was filled with a mighty throng of people. The rain came down in torrents, the streets were one vast sheet of mud, but the crowds paid no heed to the elements. A full-rigged ship on wheels, canoes, log-cabins, with inmates feasting on corn-pone and hard cider, miniature forts, flags, banners, drums and fifes, bands of music, live coons, roosters crowing, and shouting men by the ten thousand, made a scene of attraction, confusion, and excitement such as has never been equalled. Stands were erected, and orators went to work; but the staid party-leaders failed to hit the keykote. Itinerant speakers mounted store-boxes, and blazed away. It was made known that the Cleveland delegation, on their route to the city, had had the wheels stolen from some of their wagons by Loco-focos, and were compelled to continue their journey on foot. One of these enforced foot-passengers was something of a poet, and wrote a song description of 'Up Salt River,' and was encored over and over again.

"On the spur of the moment, many songs were written and sung, through which the pent-up enthusiasm found vent; but the song of the campaign was to be written. On the return of our delegation, a Tippecanoe Club was formed, and a glee club organized, of whom Ross was one. The club meetings were opened and closed with singing by the glee club. Billy McKibbon wrote 'Amos peddling yokes,' to be sung to the tune of 'Yip, fal, lal,' which proved very popular; he also composed 'Hard times come again no more' and 'Martin's Lament,' sung to the tune of 'O, dear, what can the matter be?' Those who figured in that day will remember the chorus:

> "Oh, dear! what will become of me?
> Oh, dear! what shall I do?
> I am certainly doomed to be beaten
> By the heroes of Tippecanoe."

"This song was well received, but there seemed something lacking. The wild outburst of feeling demanded by the meetings had not yet been provided for. Tom Launder suggested to Ross that the tune of 'Little Pigs' would furnish a chorus just adapted for the meetings. Ross seized upon the suggestion, and on the succeeding Sunday, while he was in his church choir, his head was full of 'Little Pigs.' Oblivious to all else he had, before the sermon was finished, blocked out the song of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.' The line referring to Martin Van Buren, as originally composed by him of

> 'Van, Van, you're a nice little man,'

did not suit him, and when Saturday night

came round he was cudgelling his brains to amend it. He was absent from the meeting, and was sent for. He came, and informed the glee club that he had a new song to sing, but that there was one line in it he did not like, and that his delay was occasioned by the desire to correct it.

"'Let me hear the line,' said Culbertson. Ross repeated it to him. 'Thunder!' said he, 'make it—Van's a used-up man!'—and there and then the song was completed. The meeting in the Court House was an immense one, the old Senate Chamber was crowded full to hear McKibbon's song 'Martin's Lament,' which was loudly applauded and encored. When the first speech was over, Ross led off with 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' having furnished each member of the glee club with the chorus. That was the song at last. Cheers, yells and encores greeted it. The next day, men and boys were singing the chorus in the street, in the work-shops, and at the table. Olcot White came near starting a hymn to the tune in the radical church on South Street. What the Marseillaise Hymn was to Frenchmen, 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too' was to the Whigs of 1840.

"In September, Mr. Ross went to New York to purchase goods. He attended a meeting in Lafayette Hall. Prentiss of Mississippi, Tallmadge of New York, and Otis of Boston, were to speak. Ross found the hall full of enthusiastic people, and was compelled to stand near the entrance. The speakers had not arrived, and several songs were sung to keep the crowd together. The stock of songs was soon exhausted, and the chairman arose and requested any one present who could sing to come forward and do so.

"Ross said, 'If I could get on the stand, I would sing a song,' and hardly had the words out, before he found himself passing rapidly over the heads of the crowd, to be landed at length on the platform. Questions of 'Who are you?' 'What is your name?' came from every hand. 'I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State,' was the answer. 'Three cheers for the Buckeye State!' cried the president, and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet until he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm welled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus, with a vim and vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind, and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers Otis and Tallmadge arrived, and Ross improvised:

'We'll now stop singing, for Tallmadge is here,
here, here,
And Otis too,
We'll have a speech from each of them,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, etc.'

"He took his seat amid thundering applause, and three times three for the Buckeye State. After the meeting was over, the crowds in the streets, in the saloons, everywhere, were singing 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.' It traversed the Union, and was the most popular song of that song-singing campaign.' This famous American political song has done valiant service in two Presidential campaigns, and after electing a grandsire elected his grandson.

Scottish history abounds in stirring song. The varying fortunes of the Stuart family formed the theme of a whole literature of songs and ballads, often set to music, the influence of which in sustaining the enthusiasm of the Jacobites, especially among the lower orders and in the remoter parts of the kingdom, was considerable. In estimating the amount of this influence it would be easy, of course, to fall into the error of at-

tributing to the tune alone an effect which was in reality due, partly or wholly, to the words. The tune is no doubt originally merely the vehicle of the words; it gives them, however, vitality and greatly intensifies their effect; the multitude will not, as a rule, take the trouble to learn or even understand a political ballad, and for one who appreciates the words a dozen will probably pick up the tune. It is noticeable, too, that when a tune has once acquired a political significance it is frequently adapted to several sets of words, a fact which appears to show that it is the tune rather than the words which obtain the strongest hold upon the popular fancy.

The well-known martial air of "The Campbells are Coming" is very old. The "Great Argyle" is supposed to have been John Campbell of Argyle, who commanded the royal forces in Scotland during the rebellion of 1715. Sir Walter Scott refers to him in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," as follows: "Few names deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland during the memorable year of 1715. Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised for those measures which were at once just and lenient." The author of the song is unknown.

The words of "Bonnie Dundee" are by Sir Walter Scott. Miss Mitford, writing of it, says: "Nothing seems stranger, among the strange fluctuations of popularity, than the way in which the songs and shorter poems of the most eminent writers occasionally pass from the highest vogue into the most complete oblivion, and are at once forgotten as though they had never been. Scott's ballad, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee' is a case in point. Several persons complained, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it elsewhere. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have known, has the keenest scent for literary game, he threw himself upon the track, and failing to obtain a printed copy, succeeded in procuring one in manuscript, taken down from the lips of a veteran vocalist, not, as I should judge, from his recitation, but from his singing. At all events, the transcript is a curiosity.

"The whole ballad is written as if it were prose. I endeavored to restore the natural division of the verses; and having since discovered a printed copy, buried in the 'Doom of Devorgoil,' where, of course, nobody looked for it, I am delighted to transfer to my pages one of the most stirring and characteristic ballads ever written." The air of "Bonnie Dundee," under that title, dates from 1628, and the song seems of late years to have recovered its former vogue.

The exquisite air known as "The Coolin" is all that has descended to us of this song to which Thomas Moore has adapted beautiful and appropriate words in his "Irish Melodies." The hostility of the Ancient Irish to the English sway was shown by the long locks of the "coolin," and the disaffection of the modern Irish, in the rebellion of 1798, was exhibited in the close-cut hair of the rebels, from which circumstance was derived the contemptuous epithet of "Croppies." This close cropping of the hair was a result of republican sentiment, and first came into fashion in Ireland at the period of the French Revolution.

Another famous Irish song, though devoid of political significance, is "The Groves of Blarney," composed by Richard Alfred Milliken, the poet and barrister, in whose memoirs is found the following account of the origin of the song:

"An itinerant poet, with a view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song (in

praise as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater, but instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as mockery: and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could hardly escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied with its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional stanza against the owner, and sang it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice.

"As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favorite with the lower orders, then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentleman. It was in one of these that Milliken undertook, in the gaiety of the moment, to produce a song that, if not superior, should be at least equal in absurdity to 'Castle Hyde,' and accordingly, taking Blarney for his subject, he soon made good his promise." Francis Mahoney ("Father Prout") afterward added the two concluding stanzas.

The words of the English anthem "Rule Britannia" have been accredited to Thomson, author of "The Seasons;" but it is not certain that they are his. The song first appeared in the masque of "Alfred," in 1740, which was written by David Mallet and Thomson. An editor of Thomson's works ascribes the original ode to Mallet. For a long time the song was not included in the collected works of either. David Mallet was born in Scotland in 1700

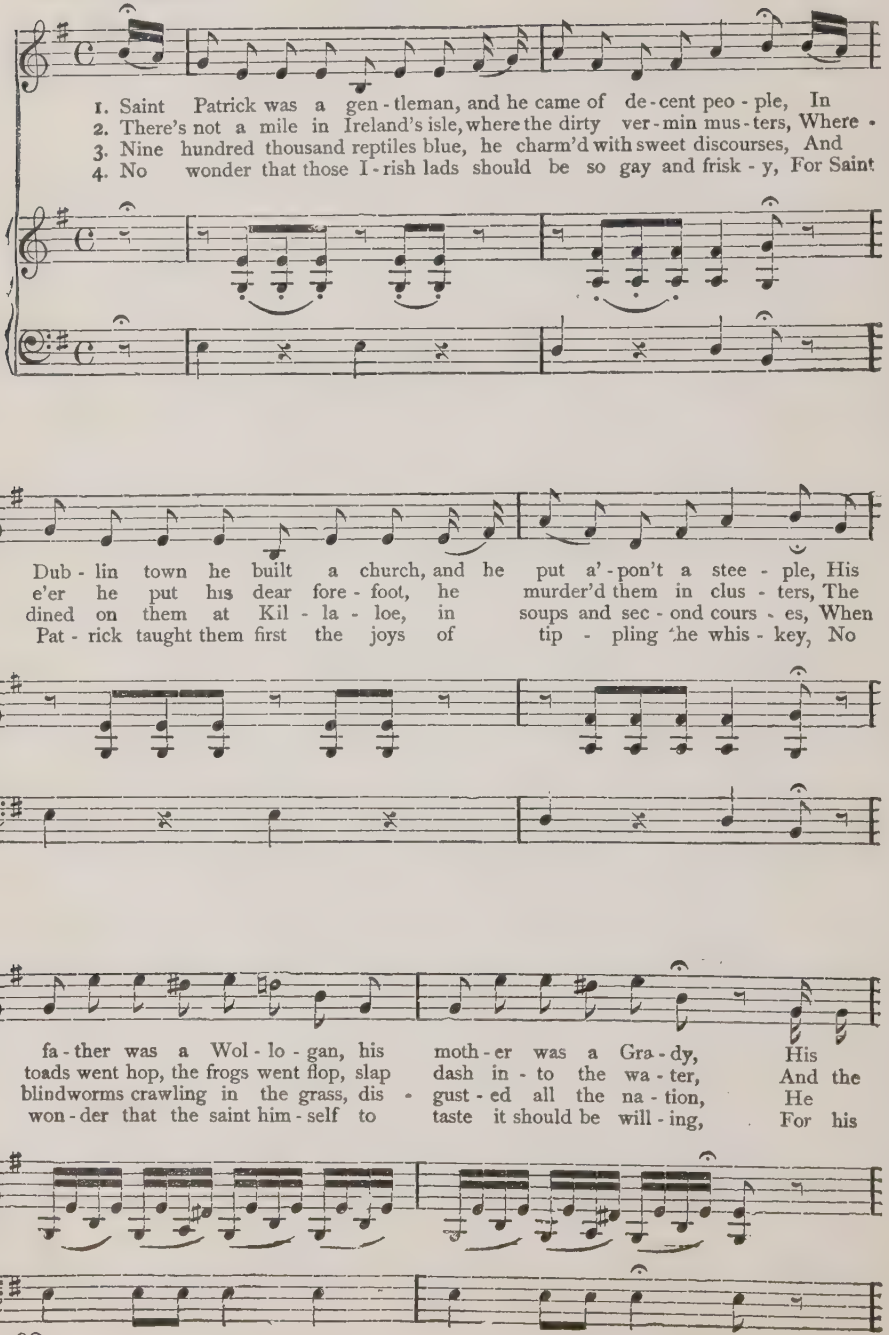
The air of "Rule Britannia" was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, who was born in London in 1704, being the son of a wealthy upholsterer. He was educated at Eton, and his father designed him for the law, but while pursuing his studies, the boy satisfied his craving for music by learning to play with the strings of a spinet muffled in a handkerchief. One day his father was shown into a gentleman's house where a musical party was in full blast, and to his amazement his own son occupied the post of first fiddler. From that time he was allowed to play at home, and soon the family became exceedingly proud of his achievements. He taught his sister, the famous Mrs. Cibber, to sing. She had a charming voice, and he wrote an opera for her which had a run of ten nights. Arne wrote the first English music that rivaled Italian in compass and difficulty. His greatest work was the music to "Comus." He died in 1778. It is said that while attempting to illustrate a musical idea, he sang an air in faltering tones; the sound grew fainter, until song and breath ceased together.

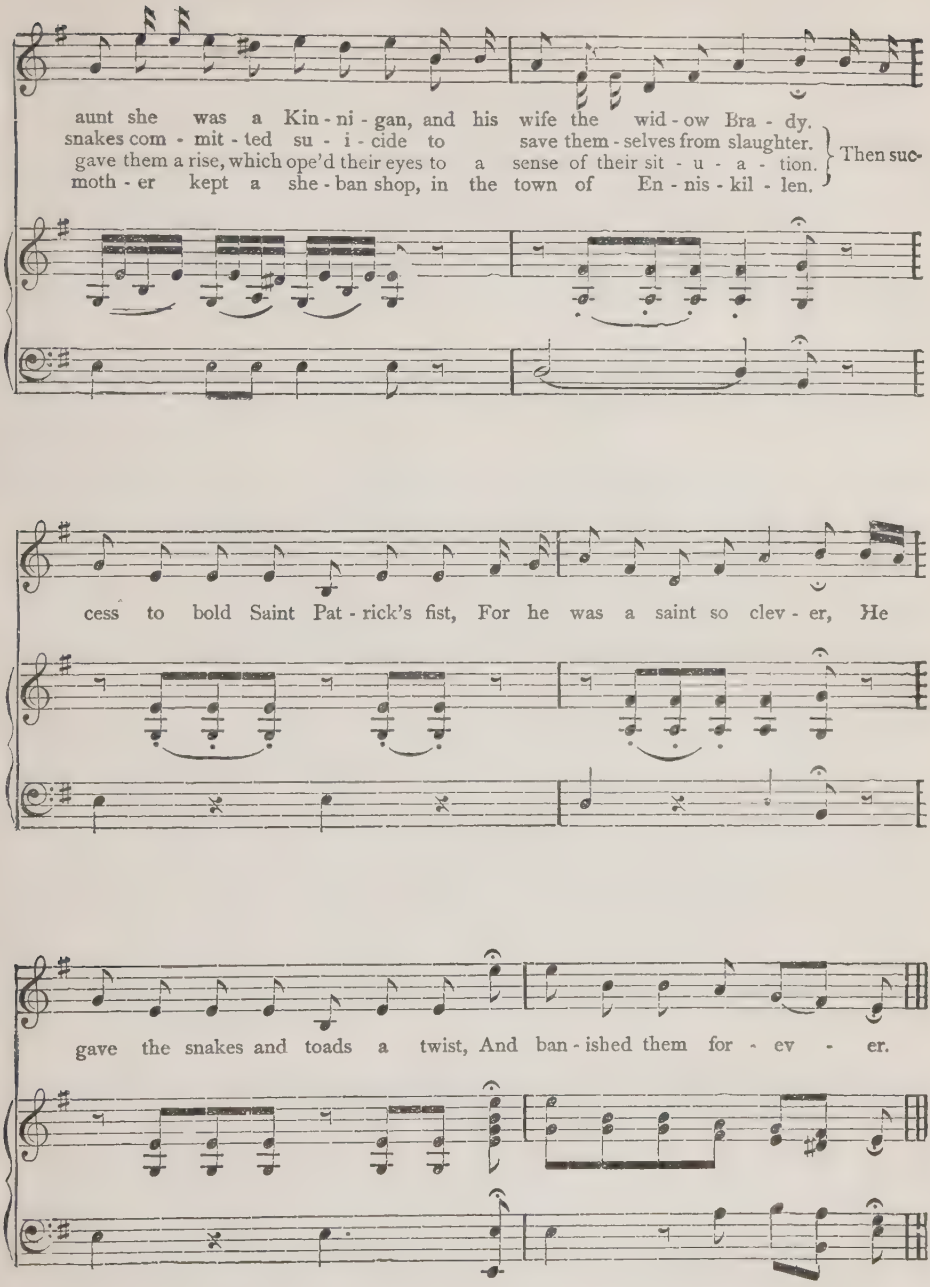
"The girl I left behind me" is no doubt of Irish origin. It has been found in a manuscript dated about 1770. "The air was also taken down," says Bunting, "from A. O'Neil, harper, A.D. 1800—author and date unknown. The air was written for a march, and the English version of the words, called 'Brighton Camp,' differs considerably from these." Chappel, while he puts in an English claim to the air, admits that it may be Irish. He thinks it was probably written in 1758, when there were encampments along the coast—at Brighton, among the rest—where many tunes of this sort originated. Wherever it was first played, it is now almost a century since it became the soldier's and sailor's loath-to-leave, and it has so long been played on every man-of-war as she weighed anchor, and for every regiment as it quitted a town where it had been stationed, that an omission to insert it in this collection would be thought a slight upon the ladies.

Saint Patrick Was a Gentleman.

HENRY BENNETT.
JOHN TOLEKIN.

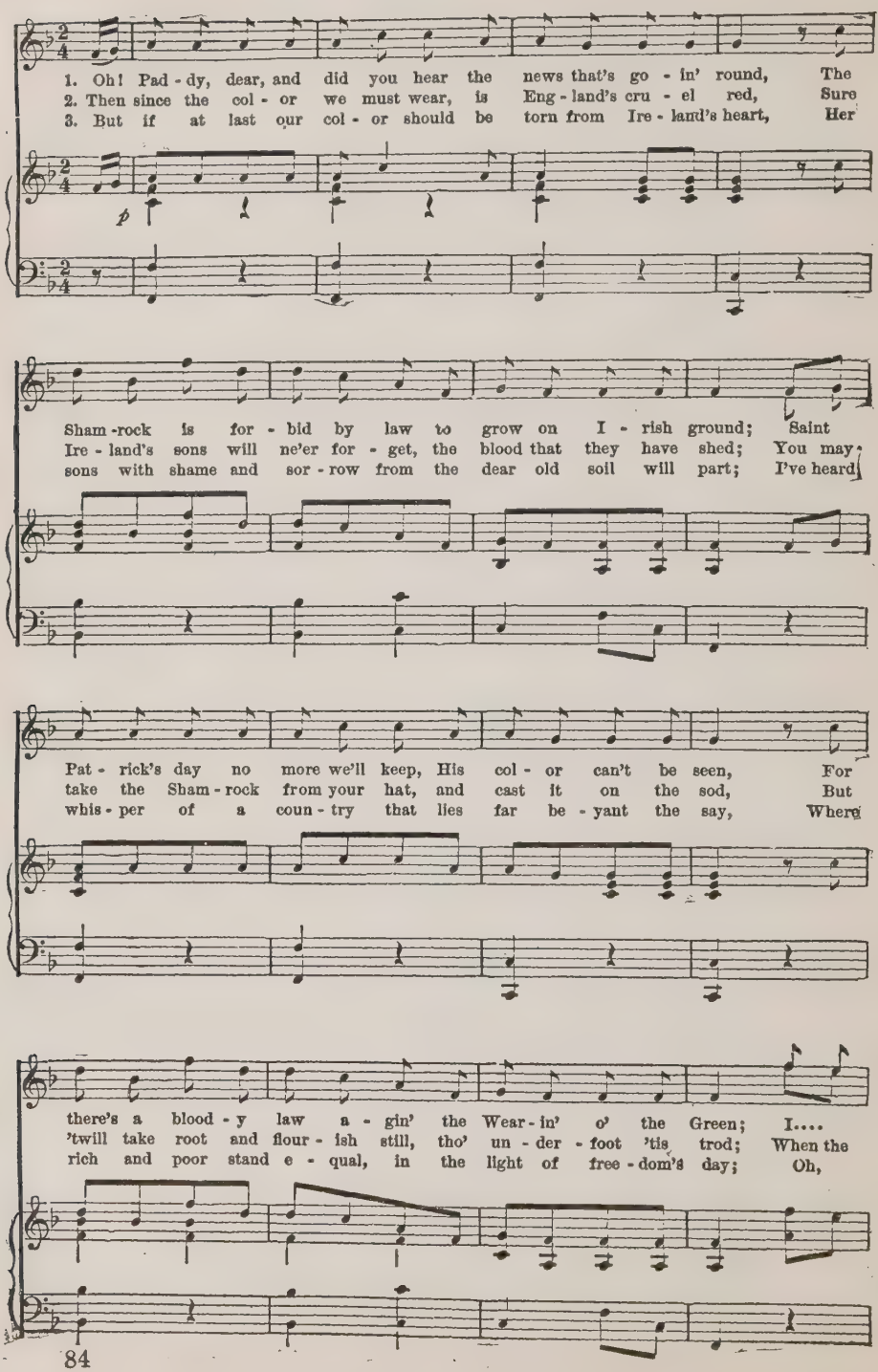
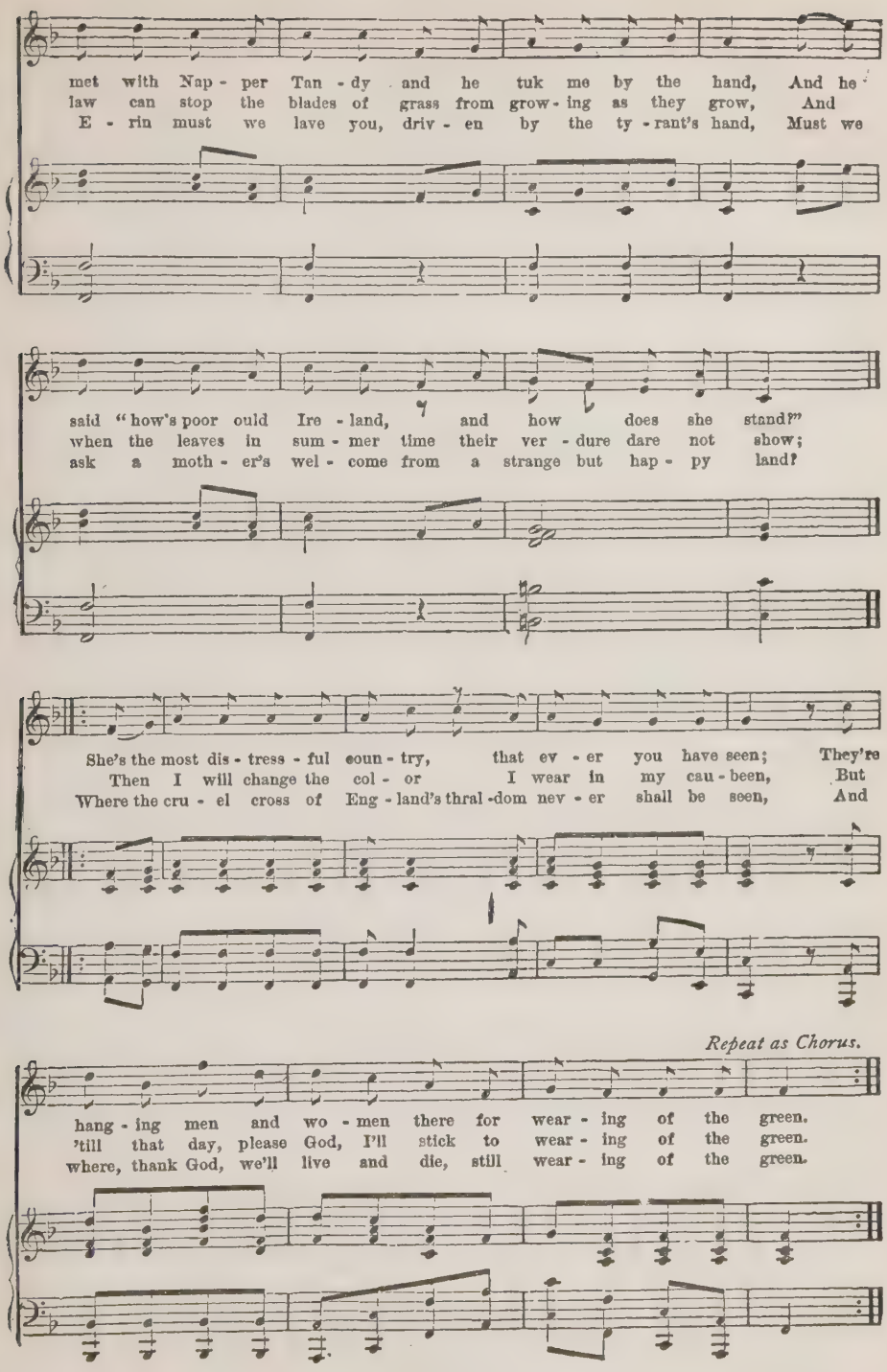
AN OLD IRISH AIR.


1. Saint Patrick was a gen - tleman, and he came of de - cent peo - ple, In
2. There's not a mile in Ireland's isle, where the dirty ver - min mus - ters, Where -
3. Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue, he charm'd with sweet discourses, And
4. No wonder that those I - rish lads should be so gay and frisk - y, For Saint
Dub - lin town he built a church, and he put a' - pon't a stee - ple, His
e'er he put his dear fore - foot, he murder'd them in clus - ters, The
dined on them at Kil - la - loe, in soups and sec - ond cours - es, When
Pat - rick taught them first the joys of tip - pling the whis - key, No
fa - ther was a Wol - lo - gan, his moth - er was a Gra - dy, His
toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash in - to the wa - ter, And the
blindworms crawling in the grass, dis - gust - ed all the na - tion, He
won - der that the saint him - self to taste it should be will - ing, For his

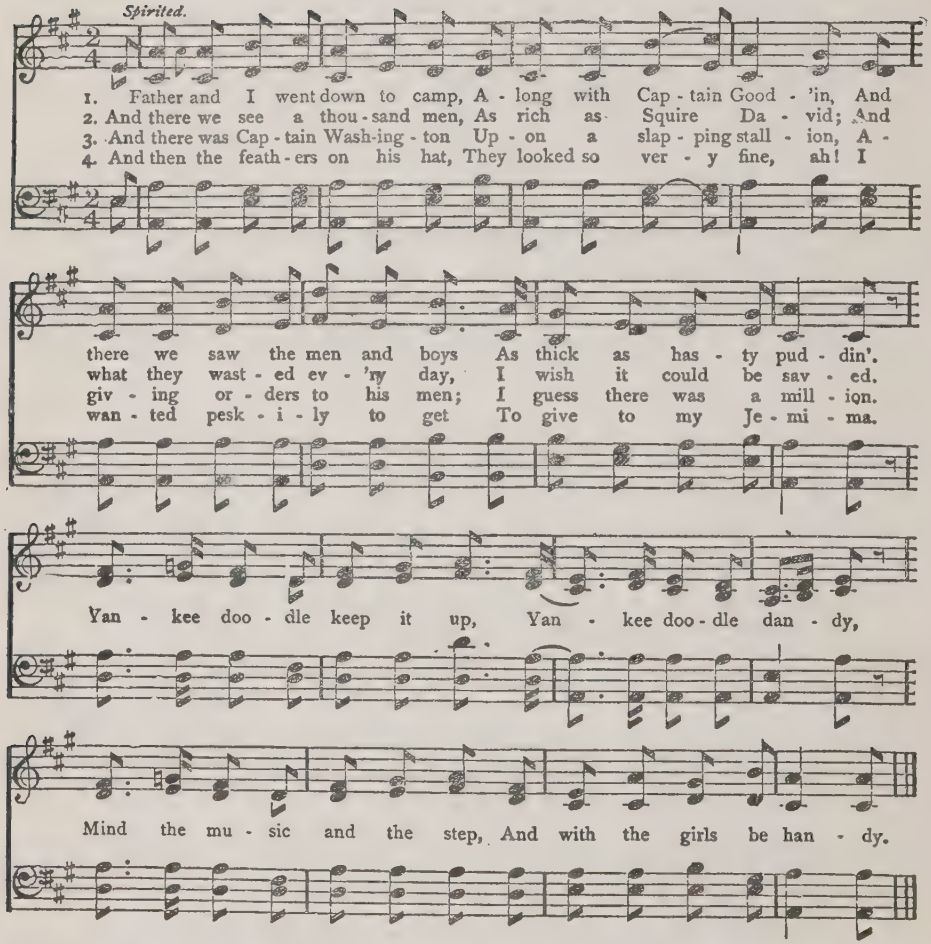

aunt she was a Kin - ni - gan, and his wife the wid - ow Bra - dy.
snakes com - mit - ted su - i - cide to save them - selves from slaughter.
gave them a rise, which ope'd their eyes to a sense of their sit - u - a - tion.
moth - er kept a she - ban shop, in the town of En - nis - kil - len.
Then suc-
cess to bold Saint Pat - rick's fist, For he was a saint so clev - er, He
gave the snakes and toads a twist, And ban - ished them for - ev - er.

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of Howth, sir,
But there's a hill much higher still, ay, higher than them both, sir;
'Twas on the top of this high hill Saint Patrick preached the sarment,
He drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all the varments,
Then success, *etc.*

Oh! was I but so fortunate as to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'll be bound that from that ground I never more would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf, and plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma store, and cabbages—and ladies
Then succees, *etc.*

The Wearing of the Green.

1. Oh! Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - in' round, The
2. Then since the col - or we must wear, is Eng - land's cru - el red, Sure
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her
Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint
Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get, the blood that they have shed; You may
sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part; I've heard
Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For
take the Sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But
whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say, Where
there's a blood - y law a - gin' the Wear - in' o' the Green; I....
'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod; When the
rich and poor stand e - qual, in the light of free - dom's day; Oh,

met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And
E - rin must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we
said "how's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?"
when the leaves in sum - mer time their ver - dure dare not show;
ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - py land?
She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try, that ev - er you have seen; They're
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been, But
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen, And
Repeat as Chorus.
hang - ing men and wo - men there for wear - ing of the green.
'till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear - ing of the green.
where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wear - ing of the green.

Yankee Doodle

National Air.

Spirited.
1. Father and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in, And
2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
3. And there was Cap - tain Wash-ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stall - ion, A -
4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I
there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mill - ion.
wan - ted pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.
Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

And there I see a little keg,
Its heads all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

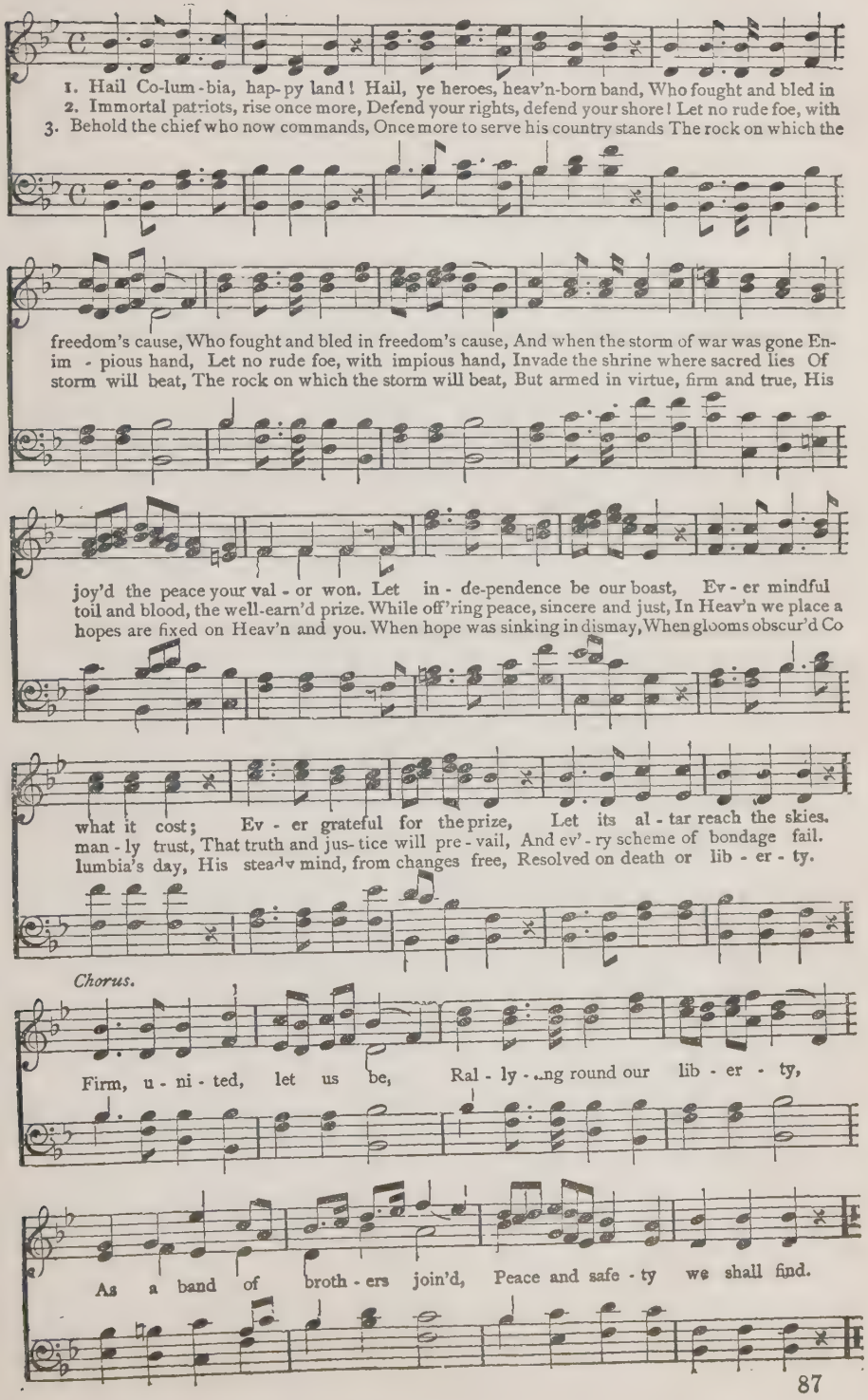
And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on 't.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

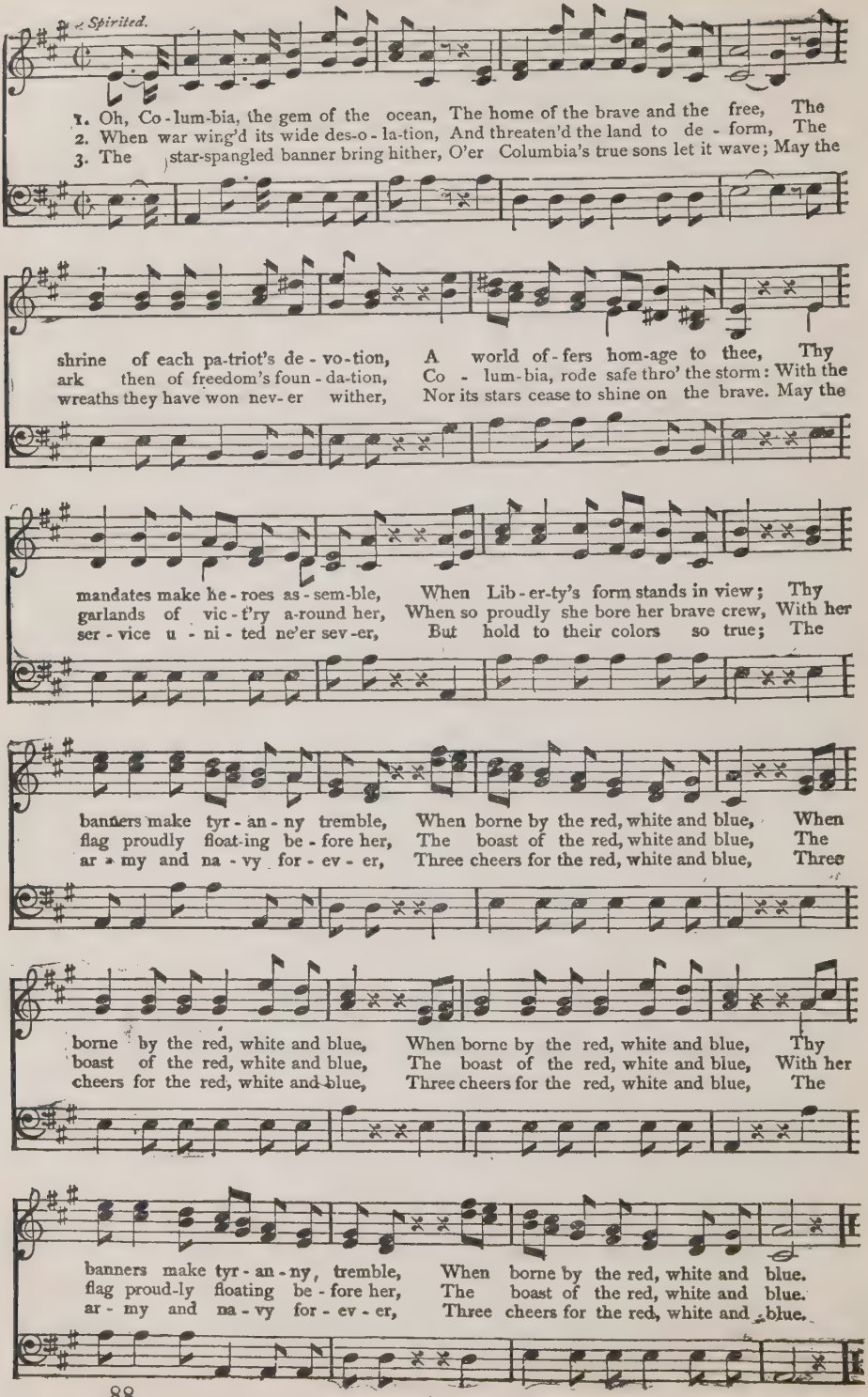
It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber

Hail Columbia.

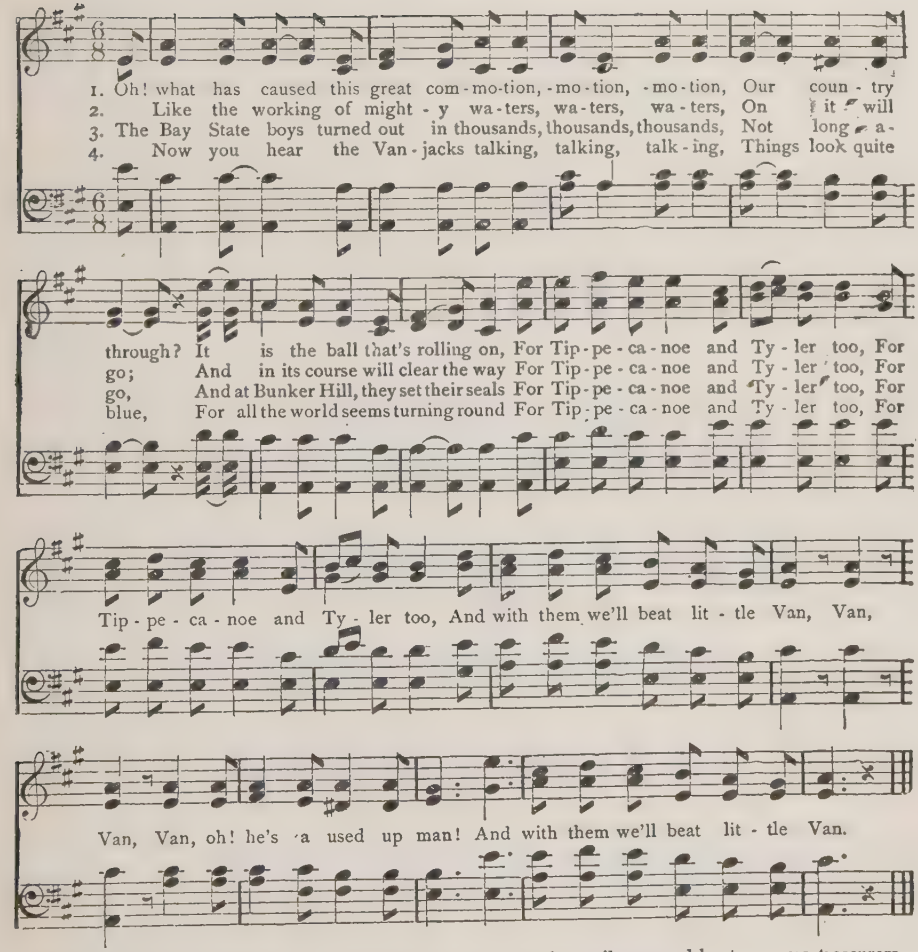
F. Hopkinson, 1798.


1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with
3. Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands The rock on which the
freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En-
im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in virtue, firm and true, His
joy'd the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-pendence be our boast, Ev - er mindful
toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a
hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When glooms obscur'd Co
what it cost; Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev' - ry scheme of bondage fail.
lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.
Chorus.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - ly - ..ng round our lib - er - ty,
As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

D. T. Shaw.

Spirited.
1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the
shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
wreaths they have won nev-er wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the
mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But hold to their colors so true; The
banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three
borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The
banners make tyr-an-ny, tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud-ly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.

A. C. Ross.

1. Oh! what has caused this great com-mo-tion, -mo-tion, -mo-tion, Our coun-try
2. Like the working of might-y wa-ters, wa-ters, wa-ters, On it will
3. The Bay State boys turned out in thousands, thousands, thousands, Not long a-
4. Now you hear the Van-jacks talking, talking, talk-ing, Things look quite
through? It is the ball that's rolling on, For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
go; And in its course will clear the way For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
go, And at Bunker Hill, they set their seals For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
blue, For all the world seems turning round For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van, Van,
Van, Van, oh! he's a used up man! And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van.

5. Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And Log Cabins too,
It will only help to speed the ball,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

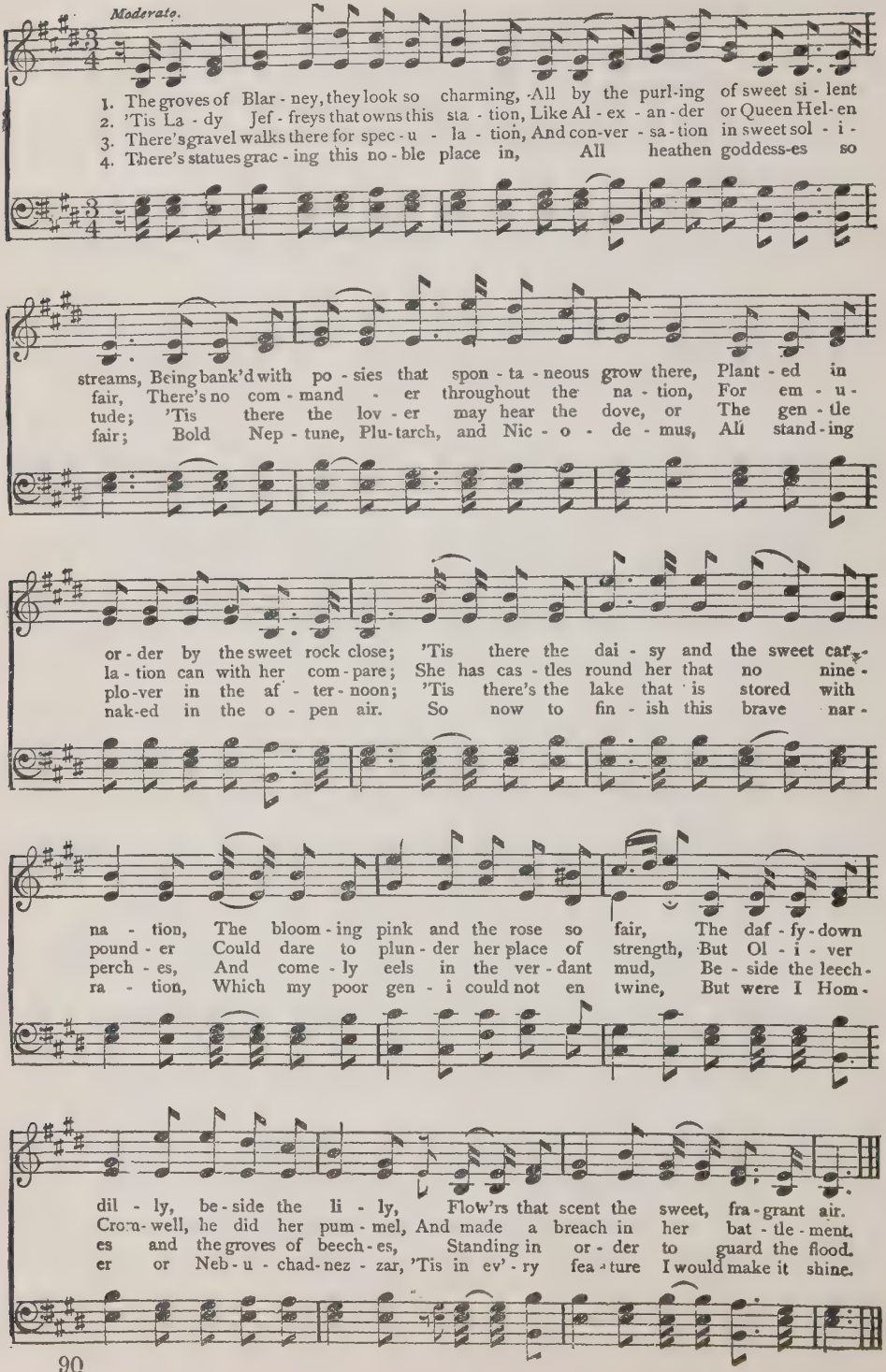
6. His latch-string hangs outside the door, door,
And never is pulled in, [door,
For it always was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

7. See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treasurers,
All in a stew, [treasurers,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

8. Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered,
And out he must go, [numbered,
For in his place we'll put the good
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

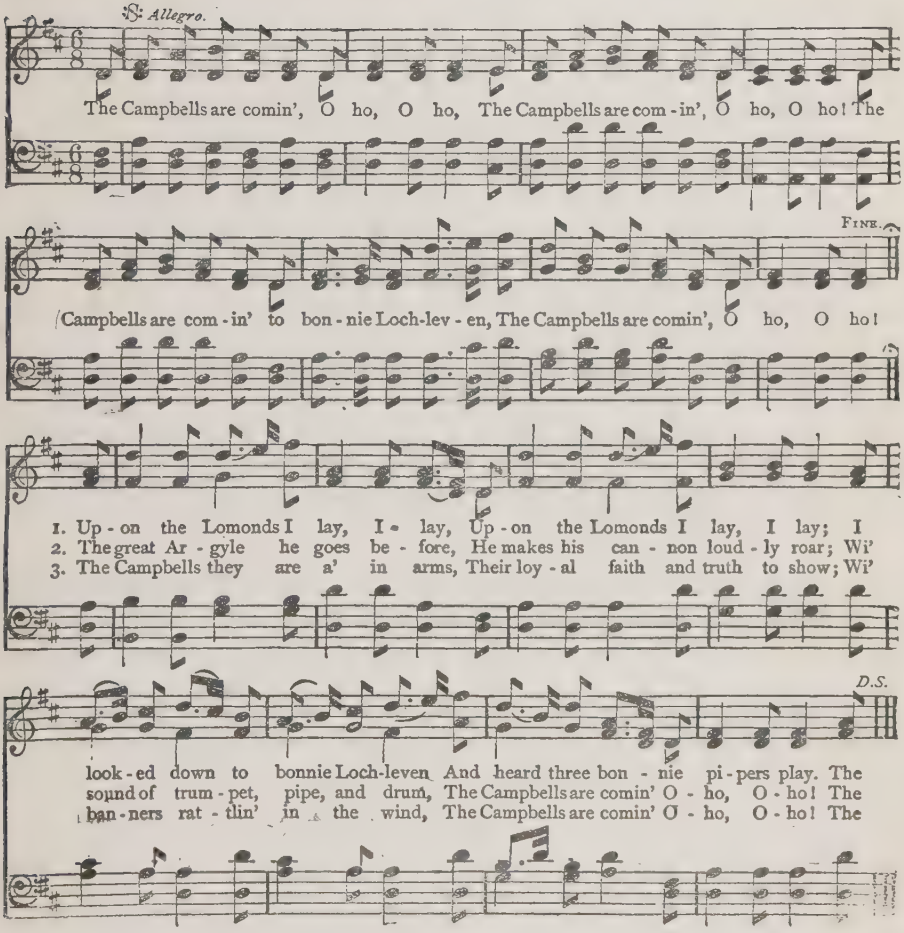
The Groves of Blarney.

R. A. Millikin, 1799.


Moderato.
1. The groves of Blar - ney, they look so charming, All by the purl-ing of sweet si - lent
2. 'Tis La - dy Jef - freys that owns this sta - tion, Like Al - ex - an - der or Queen Hel - en
3. There's gravel walks there for spec - u - la - tion, And con-ver - sa - tion in sweet sol - i -
4. There's statues grac - ing this no - ble place in, All heathen goddess-es so
streams, Being bank'd with po - sies that spon - ta - neous grow there, Plant - ed in
fair, There's no com - mand - er throughout the na - tion, For em - u -
tude; 'Tis there the lov - er may hear the dove, or The gen - tle
fair; Bold Nep - tune, Plu-tarch, and Nic - o - de - mus, All stand - ing
or - der by the sweet rock close; 'Tis there the dai - sy and the sweet car -
la - tion can with her com - pare; She has cas - tles round her that no nine -
plo-ver in the af - ter - noon; 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with
nak-ed in the o - pen air. So now to fin - ish this brave nar -
na - tion, The bloom - ing pink and the rose so fair, The daf - fy - down
pound - er Could dare to plun - der her place of strength, But Ol - i - ver
perch - es, And come - ly eels in the ver - dant mud, Be - side the leech -
ra - tion, Which my poor gen - i could not en twine, But were I Hom -
dil - ly, be - side the li - ly, Flow'rs that scent the sweet, fra - grant air.
Crom-well, he did her pum - mel, And made a breach in her bat - tle - ment.
es and the groves of beech - es, Standing in or - der to guard the flood.
er or Neb - u - chad - nez - zar, 'Tis in ev' - ry fea - ture I would make it shine.

The Campbells are Coming.

Old Scotch Air.


Allegro.
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! The
FINE.
Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!
1. Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
2. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes his can-non loud-ly roar; Wi'
3. The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy-al faith and truth to show; Wi'
D.S.
look-ed down to bonnie Loch-leven And heard three bon-nie pi-pers play. The
sound of trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin' O-ho, O-ho! The
ban-ners rat-tlin' in the wind, The Campbells are comin' O-ho, O-ho! The

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch-leven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!

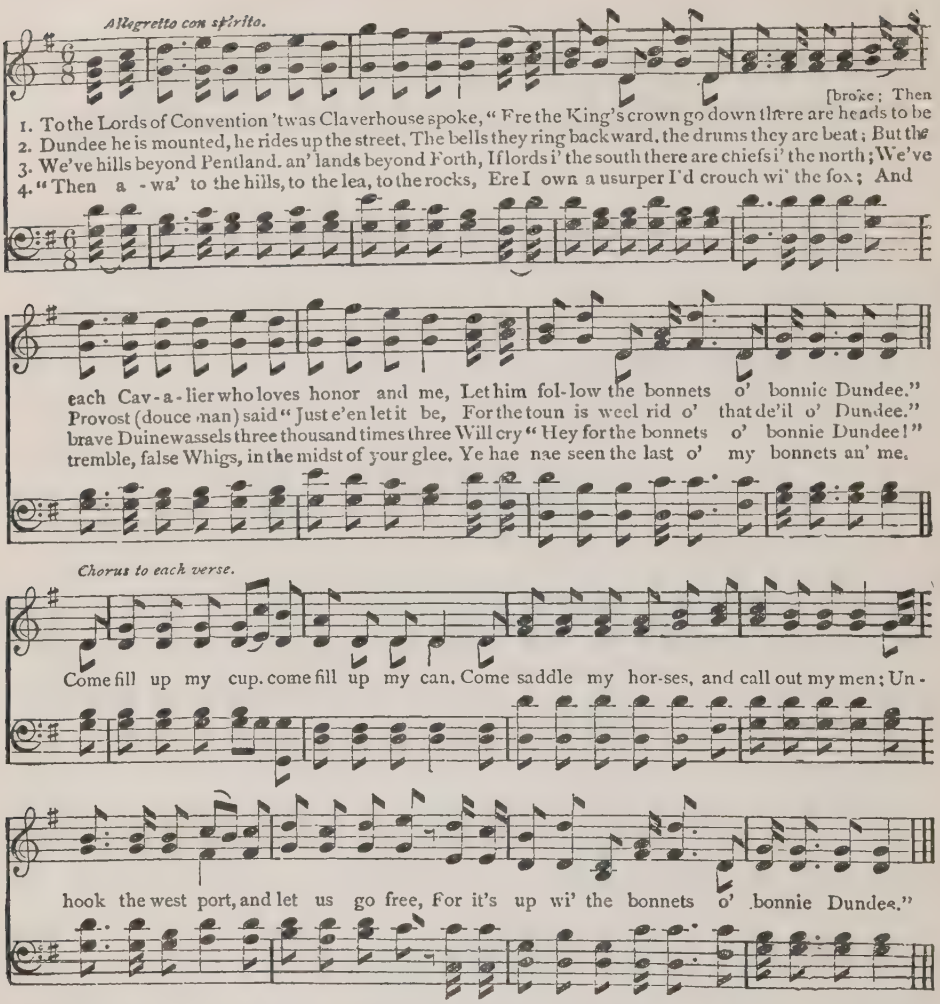
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
And heard three bonnie pipers play.
The Campbells are comin', etc.

The great Argyle he goes before,
He makes his cannon loudly roar;
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are comin', etc.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are comin', etc.

Bonnie Dundee.

Sir Walter Scott.


Allegretto con spirito.
[broke; Then
1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke, "Ere the King's crown go down there are heads to be
2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat; But the
3. We've hills beyond Pentland, an' lands beyond Forth, If lords i' the south there are chiefs i' the north; We've
4. "Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a usurper I'd crouch wi' the fox; And
each Cav-a-lier who loves honor and me, Let him fol-low the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."
Provost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
brave Duinewassels three thousand times three Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee!"
tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets an' me.
Chorus to each verse.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-
hook the west port, and let us go free, For it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

To the Lords of convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the King's crown goes down there are heads to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men;
Unhook the west port and let us go free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be.
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' mun-[dee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

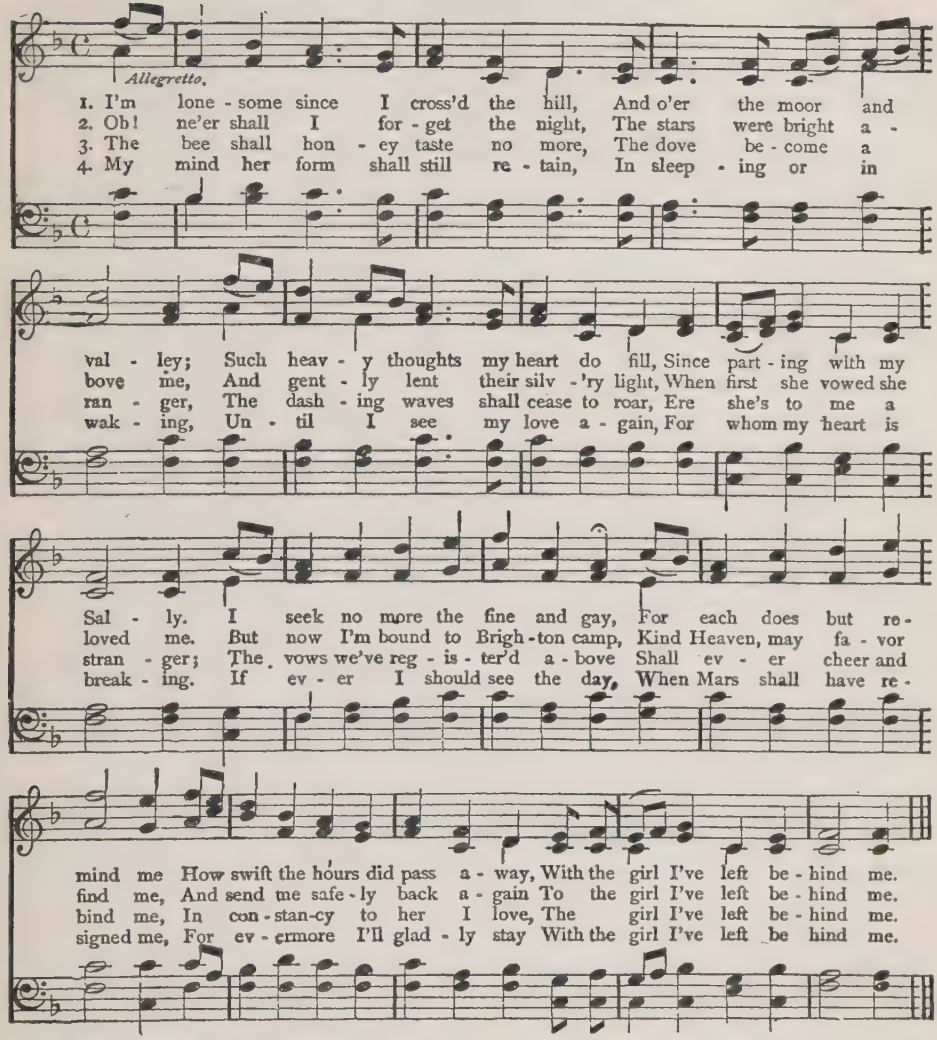
We've hills beyond Pentland, an' lands beyond Forth,
If lords i' the south there are chiefs i' the north,
We've brave Duinewassels, three thousand times three
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
'Ere I own a usurper I'd crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets an' me.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

"Brighton Camp," 1760?

Allegretto.
1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and
2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a -
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a
4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in
val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my
bove me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she
ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a
wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is
Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re -
loved me. But now I'm bound to Brigh - ton camp, Kind Heaven, may fa - vor
stran - ger; The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and
break - ing. If ev - er I should see the day, When Mars shall have re -
mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way, With the girl I've left be - hind me.
find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
bind me, In con - stan - cy to her I love, The girl I've left be - hind me.
signed me, For ev - ermore I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be hind me.

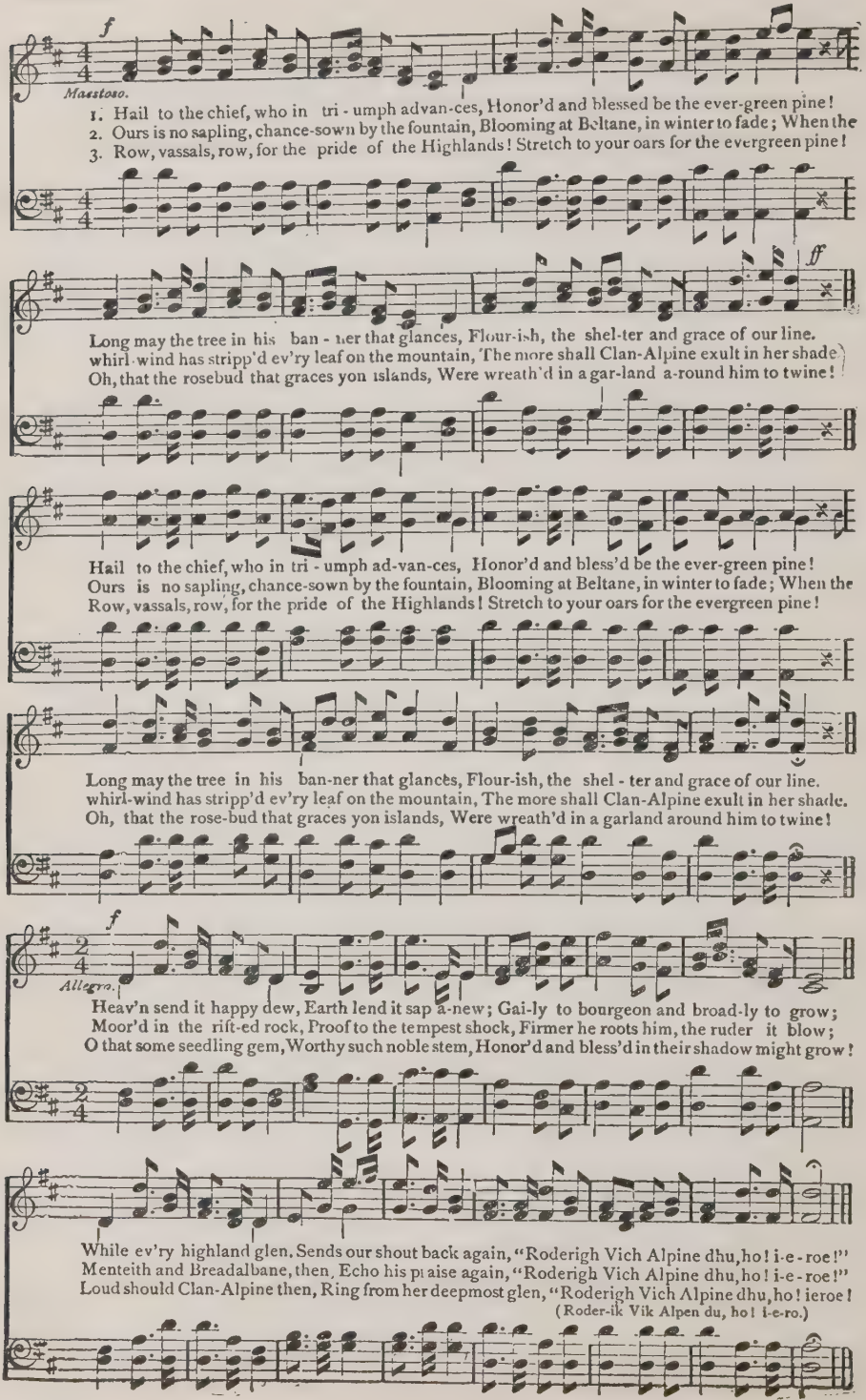
I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light,
When first she vowed she loved me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven, may favor find me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The dashing waves shall cease to roar,
Ere she's to me a stranger;
The vows we've register'd above,
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I should see the day,
When Mars shall have resigned me,
For evermore I'll gladly stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

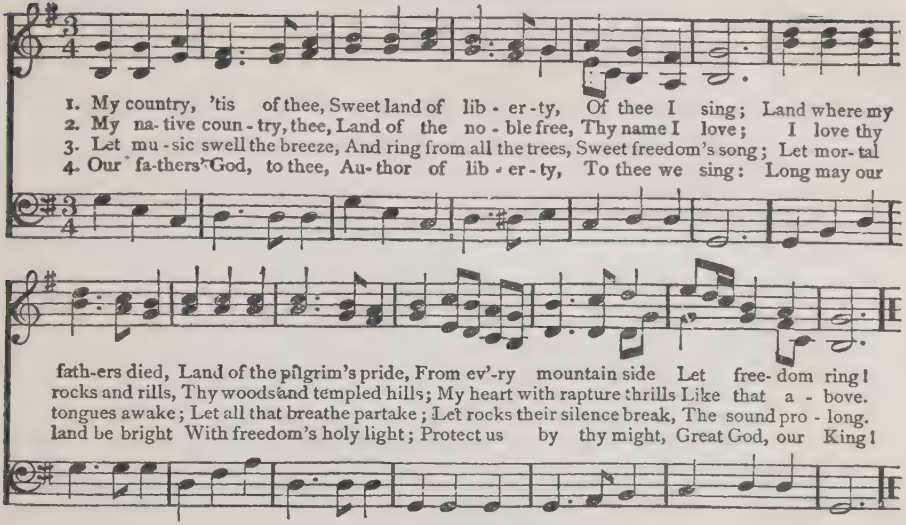
Hail to the Chief.

Sanderson.

f
Maestoso.
1. Hail to the chief, who in tri - umph advan-ces, Honor'd and blessed be the ever-green pine!
2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
3. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
ff
Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glances, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine!
Hail to the chief, who in tri - umph ad-van-ces, Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine!
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glances, Flour-ish, the shel - ter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!
f
Allegro.
Heav'n send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bourgeon and broad-ly to grow;
Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
O that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem, Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
While ev'ry highland glen, Sends our shout back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Loud should Clan-Alpine then, Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!
(Roder-ik Vik Alpen du, ho! i-e-ro.)

National Hymn.

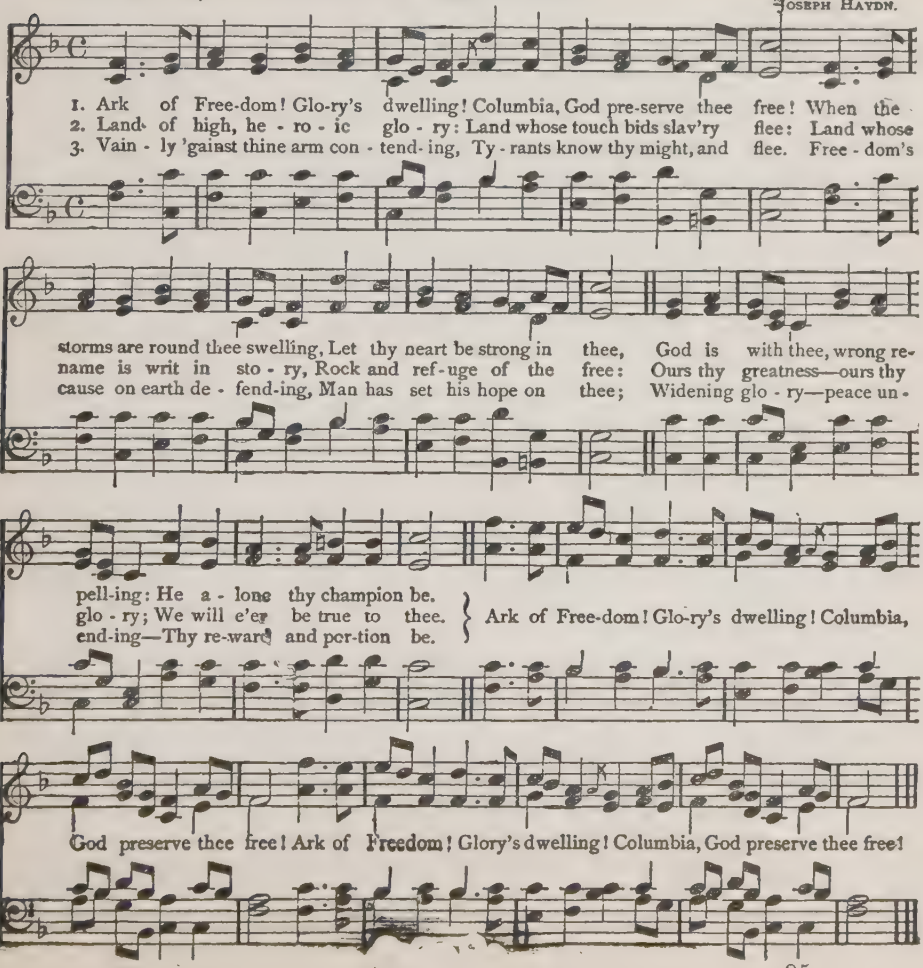
Rev. S. F. Smith, 1832.

"America."—"God Save the King."

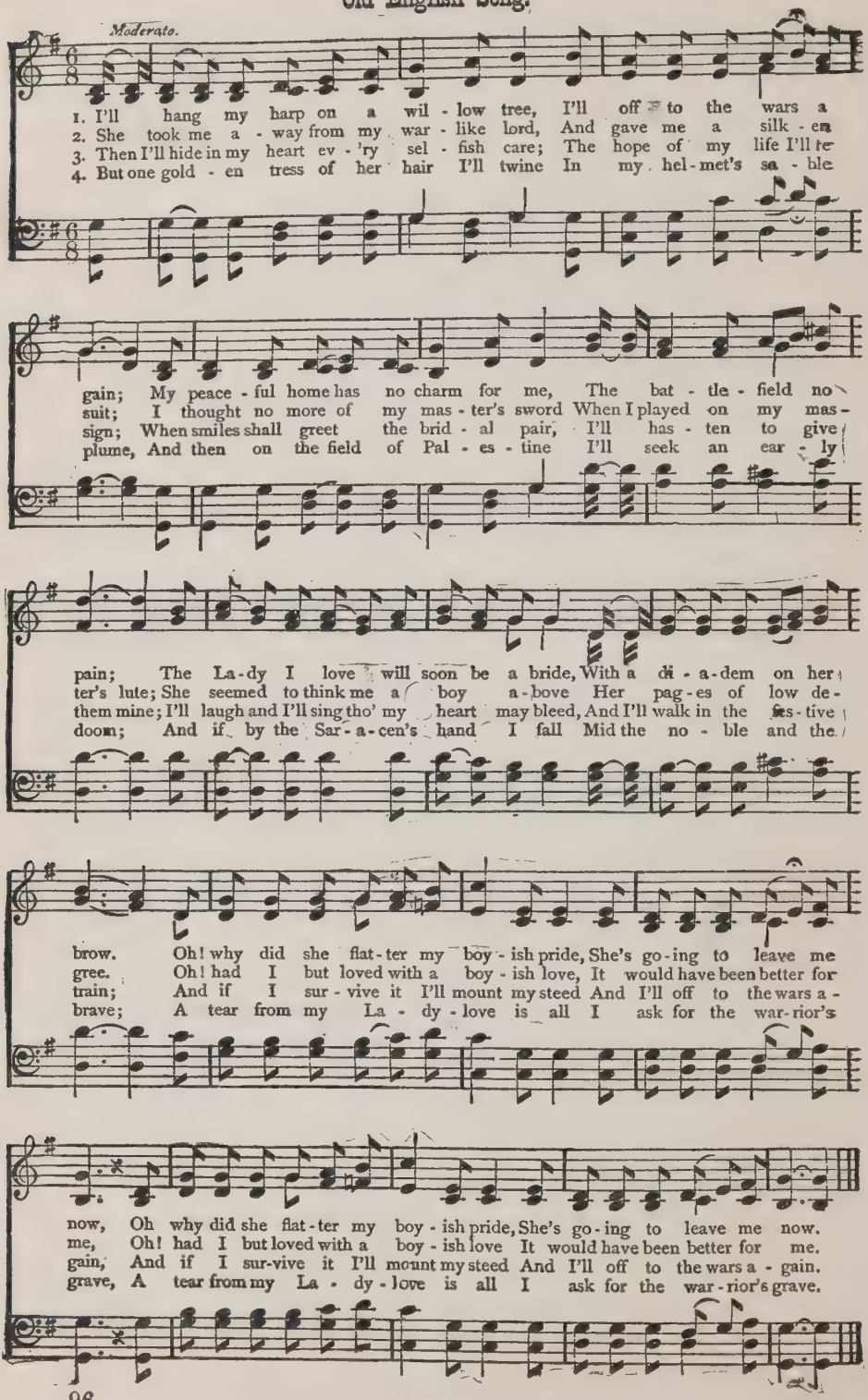

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our
fath-ers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry mountain side Let free- dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

COLUMBIA, GOD PRESERVE THEE FREE!

JOSEPH HAYDN.

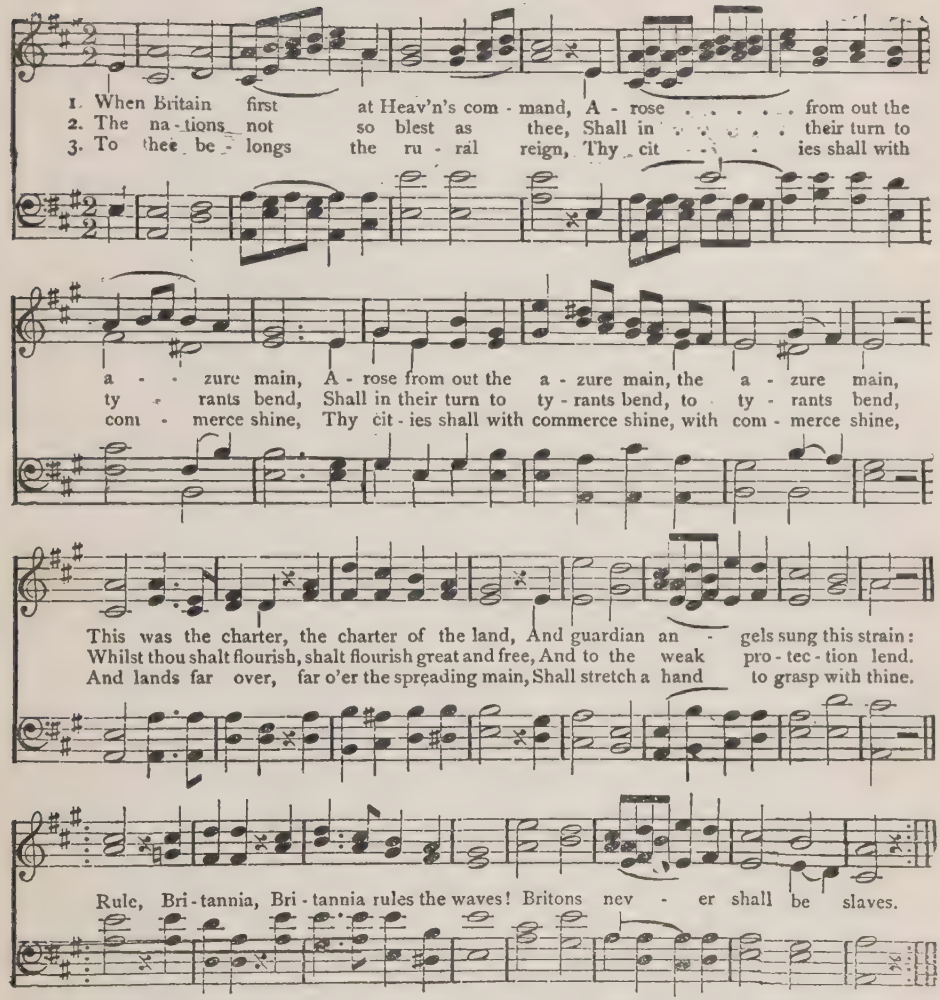

1. Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwelling! Columbia, God pre-serve thee free! When the
2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids slav'ry flee: Land whose
3. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty - rants know thy might, and flee. Free - dom's
storms are round thee swelling, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is with thee, wrong re-
name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free: Ours thy greatness—ours thy
cause on earth de - fend-ing, Man has set his hope on thee; Widening glo - ry—peace un -
pell-ing: He a - lone thy champion be.
glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee.
end-ing—Thy re-ward and por-tion be.
Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwelling! Columbia,
God preserve thee free! Ark of Freedom! Glory's dwelling! Columbia, God preserve thee free!

I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree.

Old English Song.

Moderato.
1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en
3. Then I'll hide in my heart ev - 'ry sel - fish care; The hope of my life I'll te
4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine In my hel - met's sa - ble
gain; My peace - ful home has no charm for me, The bat - tle - field no
suit; I thought no more of my mas - ter's sword When I played on my mas -
sign; When smiles shall greet the brid - al pair, I'll has - ten to give
plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly
pain; The La - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her
ter's lute; She seemed to think me a boy a - bove Her pag - es of low de -
them mine; I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive
doom; And if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall Mid the no - ble and the
brow. Oh! why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me
gree. Oh! had I but loved with a boy - ish love, It would have been better for
train; And if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a -
brave; A tear from my La - dy - love is all I ask for the war - rior's
now, Oh why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now.
me, Oh! had I but loved with a boy - ish love It would have been better for me.
gain, And if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a - gain.
grave, A tear from my La - dy - love is all I ask for the war - rior's grave.

Rule, Britannia.

Thomas Arne.


1. When Britain first at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose . . . . . from out the
2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Shall in . . . . . their turn to
3. To thee be - longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - - - - ies shall with
a - - zure main, A - rose from out the a - zure main, the a - zure main,
ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn to ty - rants bend, to ty - rants bend,
com - merce shine, Thy cit - ies shall with commerce shine, with com - merce shine,
This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - gels sung this strain:
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.
And lands far over, far o'er the spreading main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.
Rule, Bri - tannia, Bri - tannia rules the waves! Britons nev - er shall be slaves.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out the azure main, the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

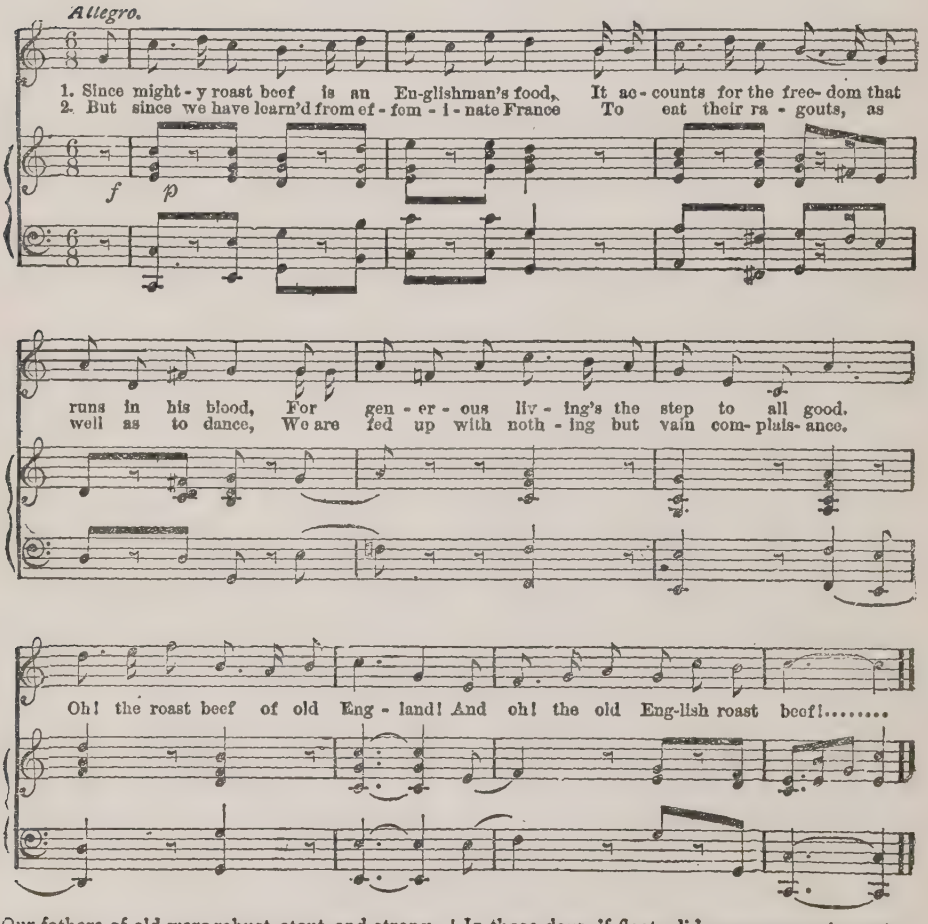
The nations not so blest as thee,
Shall in their turn to tyrants bend,
Shall in their turn to tyrants bend, to tyrants bend,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
And to the weak protection lend.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
Thy cities shall with commerce shine, with commerce shine,
And lands far over, far o'er the spreading main,
Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules, etc.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

Richard Leveridge, d. 1758.

Allegro.
1. Since might - y roast beef is an En-glishman's food, It ac - counts for the free - dom that
2. But since we have learn'd from ef - fem - i - nate France To eat their ra - gouts, as
f
p
runs in his blood, For gen - er - ous liv - ing's the step to all good.
well as to dance, We are fed up with noth - ing but vain com- plais- ance.
Oh! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And oh! the old Eng-lish roast beef!.....

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea and such slipslops were known,
The world was in terror if e'en she did frown.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

Oh, then we had the stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right,
But now we're a—hum!—I could, but—good night!

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

Part III.

SONGS OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

ELSEWHERE we have seen that songs of the sea are usually composed by landsmen. It has been pointed out that according to the same rule of authorship the war songs of a people have nearly all been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the feudal lords and sang of their exploits and deeds of valor wore no armor and carried no swords.

When the late civil war broke out the generally recognized poets of America were William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, John G. Whittier, and perhaps we might add Walt Whitman. From them, if from any one, surely great poems might have been expected, but not one of them produced anything great.

At the date in question, too, the poets of to-day who have a national reputation, were just beginning to put forth their first productions. The great theme of the war was at once a source of inspiration for their pens. The country was flooded with patriotic poems and songs. A few only, in point of execution, were worthy of their authors. One of the best of the pieces published at the time was "All Quiet Along the Potomac," written by a lady then altogether unknown to fame.

Those poets who had acquired a reputation, like Longfellow, certainly did not shine when they took up the theme of the war. "Yankee Doodle" we got during the Revolution, says Brander Matthews, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was the gift of the war of 1812. From the civil war we received at least two war songs which, as war songs simply, are finer than either of these—"John Brown's Body" and "Marching Through Georgia." Of the purely lyrical outburst which the war called forth but little trace is now to be discovered. In most cases neither words nor music had vitality enough to survive a quarter of a century. Really, indeed, two only survive—one Southern and the other Northern; one a war-cry in verse, the other a martial tune; one is the lyric, "My Maryland," and the other is the marching song, "John Brown's Body."

The origin and development of the latter, the rude chant to which a million of the soldier of the Union kept time, is uncertain and involved in dispute. The history of the former may be declared exactly; and by the

courtesy of those who did the deed—for the making of a war-song is of a truth a deed at arms—we are enabled to state fully the circumstances under which it was written, set to music and first sung before the soldiers of the South.

The famous lyric, "John Brown's Body," was almost the first born of the songs of the civil war. In fact, it has been called a spontaneous generation of the uprising of the North. John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, in December, 1859. The feeling which that execution called forth in Massachusetts found relief in a meeting in Faneuil Hall. That evening a crowd of boys and youths is said to have paraded the streets of Boston singing to a familiar air a monotonous lament of which the burden was, "Tell John Andrew John Brown's dead!"

A little more than a year later came the news of the shot against the flag at Sumter. Some memory of this street song seems to have survived and to have combined chemically with the tune of "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" a melody which Thane Miller heard in a colored church at Charleston, South Carolina, about 1859, and which he soon after introduced at a convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Albany, New York. James E. Greenleaf, organist of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, it is said, fitted this air to the first stanza of the present song, which became so great a favorite with the Boston Light Infantry in 1861 that additional verses were written for it by Charles S. Hall.

Charles Godfrey Leland calls it the "Marseillaise of Emancipation," and says that though adapted to a Methodist hymn, it appears in the beginning to have been some kind of a voodoo song and may be possibly of a purely negro origin. Lieutenant Chandler, in an article on Sherman's march to the sea says that during a halt at Shady Dale in Georgia, the (Federal) band struck up "John Brown's Body lies Mouldering in the Grave." Great was the amazement of the soldiers to see a number of negro girls come out one by one from the deserted houses, and forming a circle round the band, dance in a grave and dignified manner without smiling, as if in some kind of a magical or religious ceremony.

The dance over, they disappeared. The band played other airs, but the girls did not reappear; and their modest and earnest deportment on this occasion made an impression on the spectator. Inquiry of an old negro woman elicited the fact that the air was known as "the wedding tune," that it had no connection with hymns or songs, and that the colored girls all believed that they must dance whenever they heard it played or that they would never be married. The words and name of "John Brown's Body" were as yet unknown to every one in that obscure corner of the South. "I was convinced," says the writer, "that the tune was older where the words were unknown than where they are familiar." "I can only add," says Mr. Leland, "that there are yet in existence in the United States several voodoo airs and dances, and that one of the most accomplished ladies whom I ever met had learned something of them. It is very probable, as I have already suggested, that in its origin 'John Brown' belongs to this 'mysterious music.'"

The tune of the original air was modified to a march, and it became the song of the hour. There was a special taunt to the South in the use of the name of the martyr of abolition, while to the North that name was as a slogan. It was the regiment of Colonel Fletcher Webster (the Twelfth Massachusetts), which first adopted "John Brown's Body" as a marching song The soldiers

of his regiment sang it as they marched down Broadway in New York, July 24, 1861, on their way from Boston to the front. They sang it incessantly until August, 1862, when Colonel Webster died, and when the tune had been taken up by the nation at large, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers were marching forward to the fight with the name of John Brown on their lips. There was a majestic simplicity in the rhythm, like the beating of mighty hammers. In the beginning the words were bare to the verge of bareness; but the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 14, 1865, says: "The street boys of London have decided in favor of 'John Brown's Body' against 'My Maryland' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

A writer in the Boston *Herald* says: "The song 'John Brown's Body' is of especial interest to the Grand Army men living in this State, for the reason that Martland's Band of Brockton was the first organized corps of musicians that ever played this tune in public, and can, therefore, claim the honor of bringing it before the American people." Regarding the tune the same writer says: "The air of 'John Brown's Body' was a recognized camp-meeting tune before the war, and was sung to an almost numberless series of words. The manner in which it was first taken to Fort Warren was simple. Two members of the Tigers were present at a camp-meeting service in a small town in New Hampshire during the fall preceding the occupancy of the fort. One of these men was named Purington, and the other John Brown. They heard the song at the camp-meeting, and as the air was one of those catching tunes and easy to remember they learned it before leaving.

"When the Tigers went to Fort Warren to remain with and join the Twelfth Regiment, which was to be stationed there, these two men went with the company. Then Purington, Brown, C. B. F. Edgerly, and James W. Greenleaf, the latter two also belonging to the company, formed a quartet and used to sing to words of their own getting up. It was not long before three of the members of the quartet began using the name of the fourth member, John Brown, in the song. Brown was a good-natured Scotchman, full of fun, and a general favorite of the regiment. They would sing John Brown this, and John Brown that, until Brown himself got tired even of his own name. The words were too firmly fixed in the minds of the singers to warrant their changing them very easily, however, and so, instead of fitting the words so that they would prove applicable to John Brown of the Tigers, they changed them over to suit John Brown of Harper's Ferry.

"It was about this time that the musicians in the band caught the air and thought it would be a good scheme to play it at dress parade. This was the real beginning of the popularity of this widely-known tune. The air took so well that the band had to play it every day, as well as on dress parade. When Edward Everett formally presented the set of colors to the Twelfth Regiment on Boston Common, the speech of acceptance being made by Colonel Fletcher Webster of the regiment, the tune was played, and the assembled multitude fairly went wild over it.

"The verses now so familiar, 'John Brown's Body lies Moldering in the Grave' were written by Frank E. Jerome, quite a young man at that time, afterward residing at Russell, Kansas, where he was employed upon the *Russell Record*. The song then spread with great rapidity. Gilmore's band took it up, and from that it went to others, and was soon sung and played wherever the American flag could be found. When Martland's band played the air going up State

Street in June, 1861, the members also sang it as they marched along. The crowds which lined the sidewalks took up the air until their voices joined in one mighty chorus.

"The Twelfth Regiment went through New York, en route for Baltimore, soon after the above occurrence, and played and sang the song while marching down Broadway. It there received the same great welcome that it did in Boston, and the multitudes at once joined in the chorus. A reporter of one of the New York dailies then secured a copy of the music and printed it. The copies sold like wildfire, and the tune was on everybody's lips. It was carried throughout the war, and regiment after regiment would sing it at the dusk of evening, and its popularity increased as day after day sped on.

"The words, however, proved insufficient for the popularity of this tune. Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' was written to the air in December, 1861, soon after the beginning of the war, and the words proved fully as catching as those in relation to John Brown of Ossawatomie. This song also spread rapidly over the country and became immensely popular in the regiments at camp. Such words as 'Hang Jeff Davis' and 'Glory, glory, hallelujah' were also originated and spread, until the different songs adapted to this tune became numerous. But all of the different sets of words which are known so well to-day had their origin from 'John Brown's Body.' These songs were among those that served to make camp-life in the civil war less tedious, and these songs became a part and parcel of the soldier's daily existence."

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was the incarnation of the patriotism and martial feeling pent up in "John Brown's Body." Mrs. Howe, a few years ago, narrated in *The Century* an account of the circumstances under which the lyric was written. Mrs. Howe was in Washington, D. C., in December, 1861, when the city was full of soldiers and patriotic spirit was everywhere astir. She says:

"It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops at a distance of several miles from the city. The manœuvres were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and instead of the spectacle promised us we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded.

"Our return to the city was impeded by the homeward marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow, and to beguile the time we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some one remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the intervals crying to us: 'Good for you.'

"I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines, which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remem-

bered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. (I was always careful to decipher these lines within twenty-four hours, as I had found them perfectly illegible after a longer period.) On the occasion now spoken of, I completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

"A day or two later, I repeated my verses to Mr. Clarke, who was much pleased with them. Soon after my return to Boston I carried the lines to James T. Fields, at that time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title, 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine, and did not at first receive any special attention. We were all too much absorbed in watching the progress of the war to give much heed to a copy of verses more or less. I think it may have been a year later that my lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison, in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington soon after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was often sung in the course of the war and under a great variety of circumstances. Among other anecdotes I have heard of its having once led a 'forlorn hope' through a desperate encounter to a successful issue.

"The wild echoes of the fearful struggle have long since died away, and with them all memories of unkindness between ourselves and our Southern brethren. But those who once loved my hymn still sing it. In many a distant Northern town where I have stood to speak, the song has been sung by the choir of some one of the churches before or after my lecture. I could hardly believe my ears when, at an entertainment at Baton Rouge, which I shared with other officers of the New Orleans Exposition, the band broke bravely into the John Brown tune. It was scarcely less surprising for me to hear my verses sung at the Exposition by the colored people who had invited me to speak to them in their own department. A printed copy of the words and music was once sent me from Constantinople, by whom I never knew. But when I visited Robert College, in the neighborhood of that city, the good professors and their ladies at parting asked me to listen well to what I might hear on my way down the steep declivity. I did so, and heard, in sweet, full cadence, the lines which scarcely seem mine, so much are they the breath of that heroic time and of the feeling with which it was filled."

Charles Carroll Sawyer, long a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., was, without doubt, one of the most popular and most successful song-writers of the war. He gives this as the origin of his famous song "When this Cruel War is Over": "During the year 1861–2, many songs were published, but they were all filled with the love of the soldier for those whom he had left at home, and, thinking it would cheer and comfort our brave boys, I composed and published the song 'When this Cruel War is Over,' which seemed to reach the hearts of both armies, so that in a few months I found it almost impossible to supply the demand. The song reached the unprecedented sale of nearly one million copies."

Turn we now to the war-songs of the South, for the Confederacy felt the flush

and glow of patriotism and martial ardor as intensely as the North. First, then, we glance at "Maryland, my Maryland." It was written by Mr. James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, and since residing in Augusta, Georgia. The author was a professor of English literature and the classics in Poydras College, Louisiana, where, in April, 1861, he read in the *New Orleans Delta* the news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore.

"This account excited me greatly," Mr. Randall writes. "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I arose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.' I remember that the idea appeared to take shape first as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem of nine stanzas, as originally written, was dashed off rapidly, when once begun."

There is often a feeling afloat in the minds of men, undefined and vague for want of one to give it form, and held in solution, as it were, until a chance word dropped in the ear of a poet suddenly crystallizes this feeling into song, in which all may see clearly and sharply reflected what in their own thought was shapeless and hazy It was Mr. Randall's fortune to be the instrument through which the South spoke. By a natural reaction his burning lines helped "to fire the Southern heart." To do their work well his words needed to be wedded to music. It was left for a lady of Baltimore, Miss Hattie Cary, afterward the wife of Prof. H. N. Martin, of Johns Hopkins University, to lend the lyric the musical wings it needed to enable it to reach every camp-fire of the Southern armies.

"The glee club was to hold its meeting in our parlors one evening early in June," she writes, "and my sister Jennie, being the only musical member of the family, had charge of the programme on the occasion. With a school-girl's eagerness to score a success, she resolved to secure some new and ardent expression of feelings that were by this time wrought up to the point of explosion. In vain she searched through her stock of songs and airs. Nothing seemed intense enough to suit her. Aroused by her tone of despair, I came to the rescue with the suggestion that she should adapt the words of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' which had been constantly on my lips since the appearance of the lyric a few days before in the South. I produced the paper and began declaiming the verses. 'Lauriger Horatius!' she exclaimed, and in a flash the immortal song found voice in the stirring air so perfectly adapted to it. That night when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas the refrain rolled forth from every throat present without pause or preparation; and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as to endanger seriously the liberties of the party." "Lauriger Horatius" has long been a favorite college song, and it had been introduced into the Cary household by Mr. Burton N. Harrison, then a Yale student. The air to which it is sung is used also for a lovely German lyric, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," which Longfellow has translated "O, Hemlock Tree."

Unquestionably the greater part of its popularity was due to the fact that it lent itself readily to the vocal uses of large bodies of men. In this respect it resembles that old piece "Rule Britannia," which gave every

one an opportunity to come in with a thundering chorus, whether he could sing or not. Like "God Save the Queen" it has a limited compass—one note more than an octave—a feature essential to a common use. "My Maryland" might be shouted by a company or a regiment or even an army, and so it became the song of the Southern people.

Curiously enough the history of "Dixie" is not at all unlike the history of "John Brown's Body." "Dixie" was composed in 1859, by Mr. Dan. D. Emmett, as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels, then performing in Mechanics' Hall in New York. Mr. Emmett had traveled with circuses, and had heard the performers refer to the States south of Mason and Dixon's line as "Dixie's land," wishing themselves there as soon as the Northern climate began to be too severe for those who live in tents like the Arabs. It was on this expression of Northern circus performers,

"I wish I was in Dixie,"

that Mr. Emmett constructed his song.

The "walk-around" hit the taste of the New York play-going public, and it was adopted at once by various bands of wandering minstrels, who sang and danced it in all parts of the Union. In the fall of 1860, Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in John Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas" and in New Orleans it took root. Without any authority from the composer, a New Orleans publisher had the air harmonized and arranged, and he issued it with words embodying the strong Southern feeling of the chief city of Louisiana. As to the music it may be from the Scotch.

In 1861 the *Charleston Courier* published an account of the song beginning: "So common has become the error that this is a Southern song. The real truth is that 'Dixie' is an indigenous Northern refrain, as common to the writer hereof as the lamp-posts of New York city. It originated in New York and assumed the proportions of a song here. In its travels it has been enlarged and has 'gathered moss;' it has picked up a note here and there; a 'chorus' has been added to it, and from an indistinct 'chant' of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody."

Albert Pike published in the Natchez *Courier* of May 30, 1861, a song "Dixie, Southrons, hear your country call you," in which are the familiar words, "For Dixie's land we take our stand, and live and die for Dixie. To arms! and conquer peace for Dixie." As from Boston "John Brown's Body" spread through the North, as from New Orleans "Dixie" spread through the South; and as Northern poets strove to find fit words for the one, so Southern poets wrote fiery lines to fill the measures of the other. Of the sets of verses written to "Dixie," the best, perhaps, is that by General Albert Pike, of Arkansas, who happens to have been a native of Vermont.

With Republican words "Dixie" was used as a campaign song in 1860; and it was perhaps some vague remembrance of this which prompted Lincoln to have the air played by a band in Washington in 1865, a short time after the surrender at Appomattox.

From New Orleans also came another of the songs of the South, the "Bonnie Blue Flag." "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" were the most popular of Southern songs. Like "Dixie" the "Bonnie Blue Flag" came from the theatre. The tune is an old Hibernian melody, the "Irish Jaunting Car." The words were written by an Irish comedian, Harry McCarthy, and the song was first sung by his sister, Miss Marion McCarthy, at the Varieties Theatre, in 1861. General Butler fined every man, woman or child, who sang, whistled or played it on any instrument, twenty-five dollars, besides

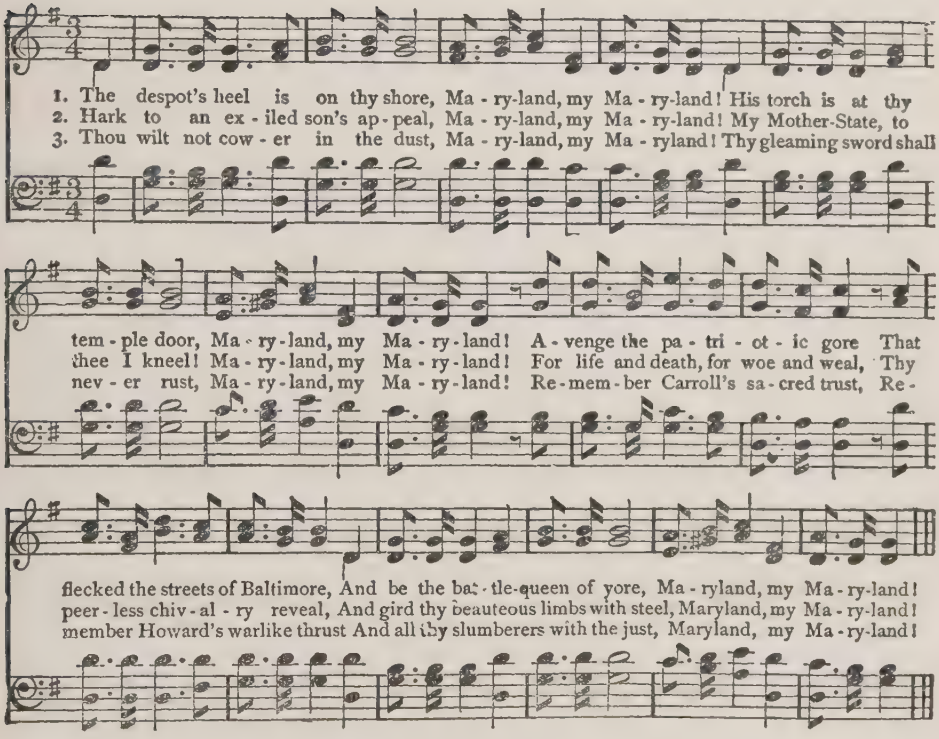
arresting the publisher, destroying the sheet music, and fining the publisher five hundred dollars.

But the South did not sing as much as the North. True, she had her share of gifted and impassioned poets—Ticknor, Randall, Timrod, Thompson, Ryan, Flash and Cooke—whose productions gleam star-like through the luminous artistic haze of the period. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was once very popular; it was one of the prettiest of Southern airs. Then there was another song known as "Stonewall Jackson's Way." But with the exception of these and perhaps a few other pieces, "My Maryland" and "Dixie" were eminently the war-songs of the South.

A very considerable proportion of the Southern war-songs were written by ladies. It must be confessed that most of the pieces were echoes and imitations of poems that have been written in other lands. For instance, we have Scott's "March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale" parodied or imitated in the poem "March, March On, Brave Palmetto Boys." So we find Moore's "Minstrel Boy" imitated on Colonel Hamilton Washington's verses, "Our Boys are Gone," and Campbell's "Mariners of England," in Benjamin F. Porter's "Cavaliers of Dixie." Instances of such imitations might be multiplied, but these will suffice.

My Maryland.

Jas. R. Randall, 1861.


1. The despot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy
2. Hark to an ex - iled son's ap - peal, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Mother-State, to
3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ryland! Thy gleaming sword shall
tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That
thee I kneel! Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Re - mem - ber Carroll's sa - cred trust, Re -
flecked the streets of Baltimore, And be the bat - tle-queen of yore, Ma - ryland, my Ma - ry-land!
peer - less chiv - al - ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Ma - ry-land!
member Howard's warlike thrust And all thy slumberers with the just, Maryland, my Ma - ry-land!

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriot gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

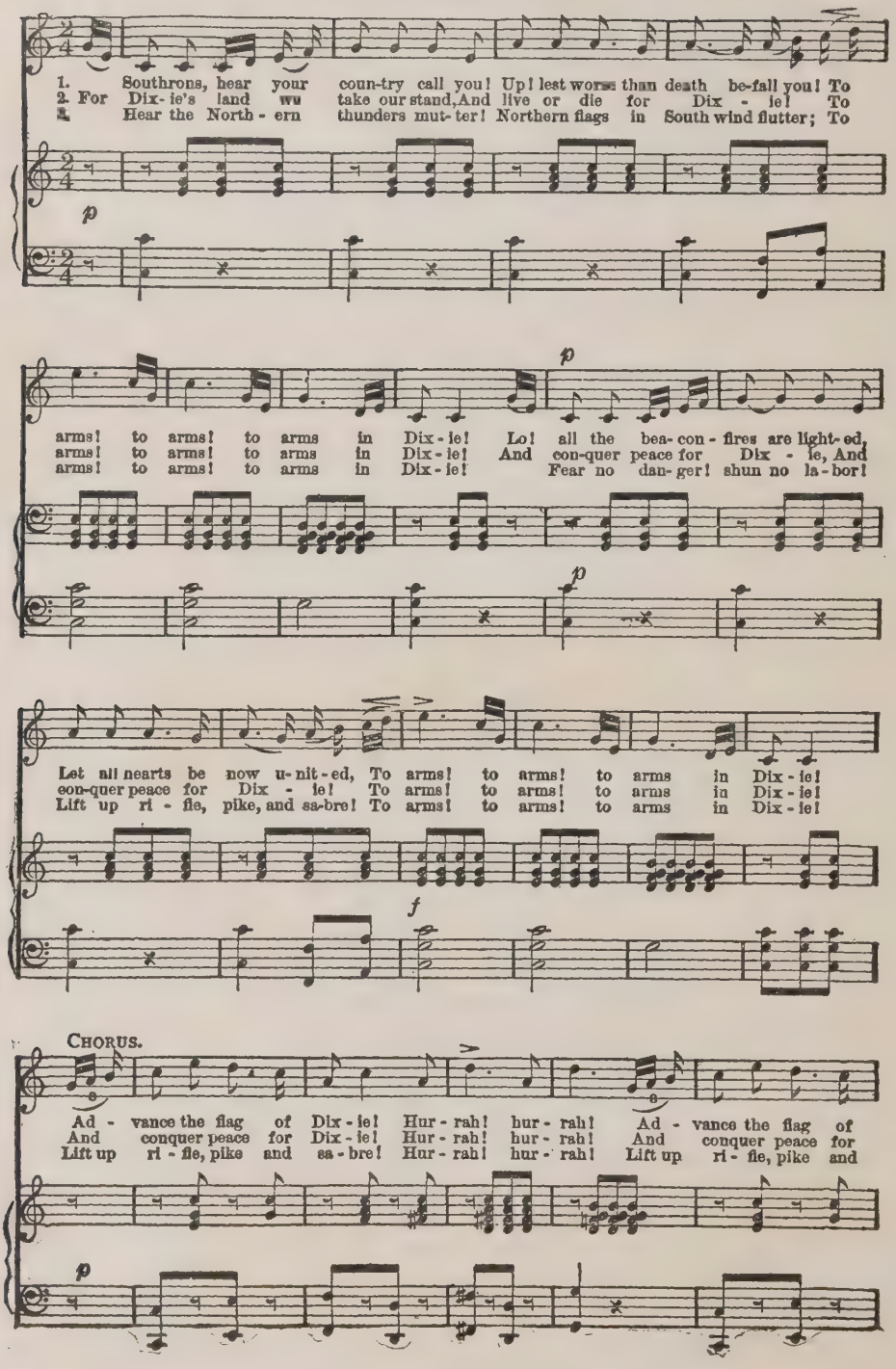
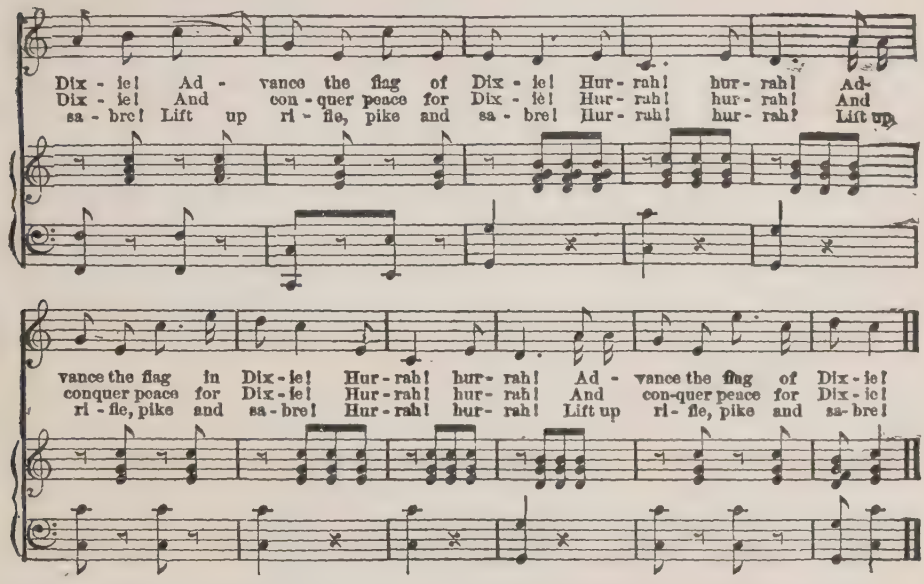
Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike trust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dixie.

Gen. Albert H. Pike. Dan. D. Emmett.


1. Southrons, hear your coun-try call you! Up! lest worse than death be-fall you! To
2. For Dix-ie's land we take our stand, And live or die for Dix - ie! To
3. Hear the North - ern thunders mut-ter! Northern flags in South wind flutter; To
p
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie! Lo! all the bea-con - fires are light-ed,
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie! And con-quer peace for Dix - ie, And
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie! Fear no dan-ger! shun no la-bor!
p
Let all hearts be now u-nit-ed, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie!
con-quer peace for Dix - ie! To arms! to arms in Dix-ie!
Lift up ri - fle, pike, and sa-bre! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie!
f
CHORUS.
Ad - vance the flag of Dix-ie! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Ad - vance the flag of
And conquer peace for Dix-ie! Hur-rah! hur-rah! And conquer peace for
Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa-bre! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Lift up ri - fle, pike and
p

Dix - ie! Ad - vance the flag of Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Ad-
Dix - ie! And con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! And
sa - bre! Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Lift up
vance the flag in Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Ad - vance the flag of Dix - ie!
conquer peace for Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! And con-quer peace for Dix - ie!
ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre!

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Lo! all beacon fires are lighted,
Let our hearts be now united:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in south wind flutter!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the cursed alliance!
To arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices,
At your cannon's ringing voices:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar,
Never to give up or falter;
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

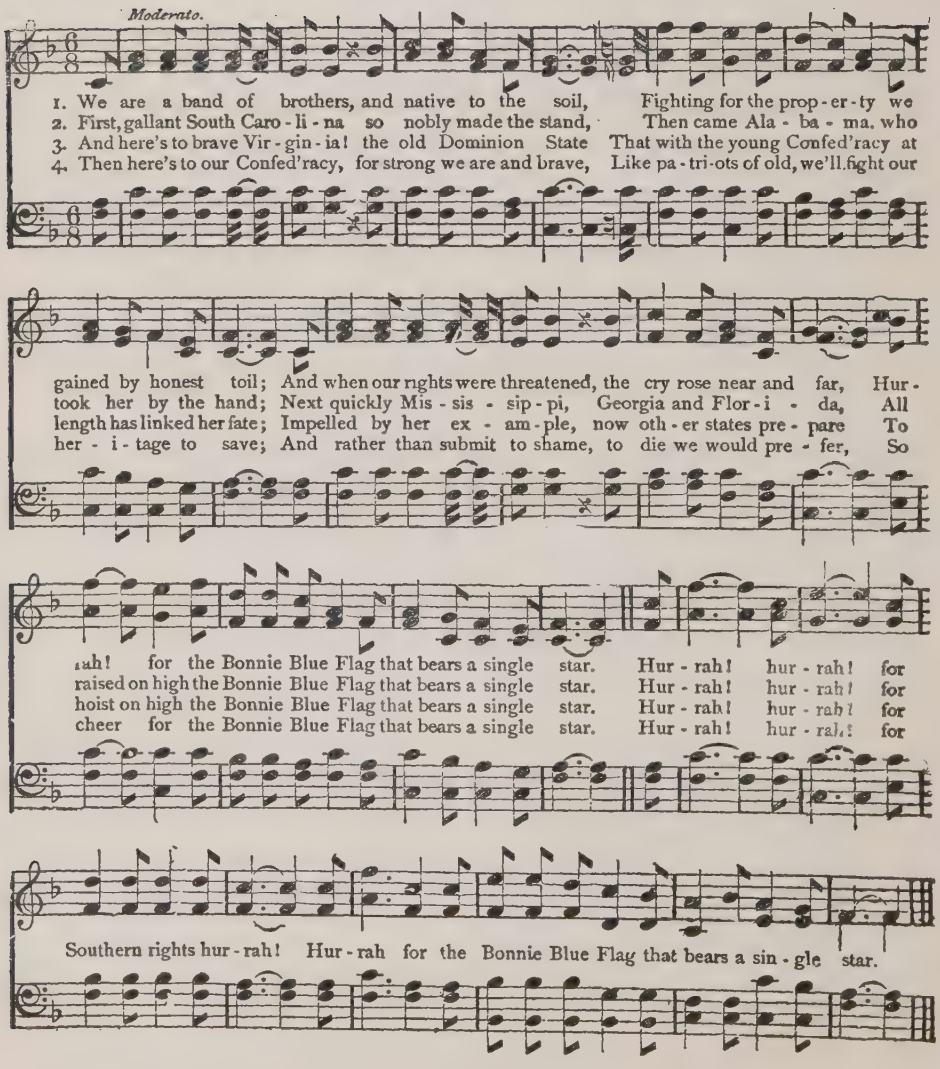
Halt not till our Federation,
Secures among earth's powers its station!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

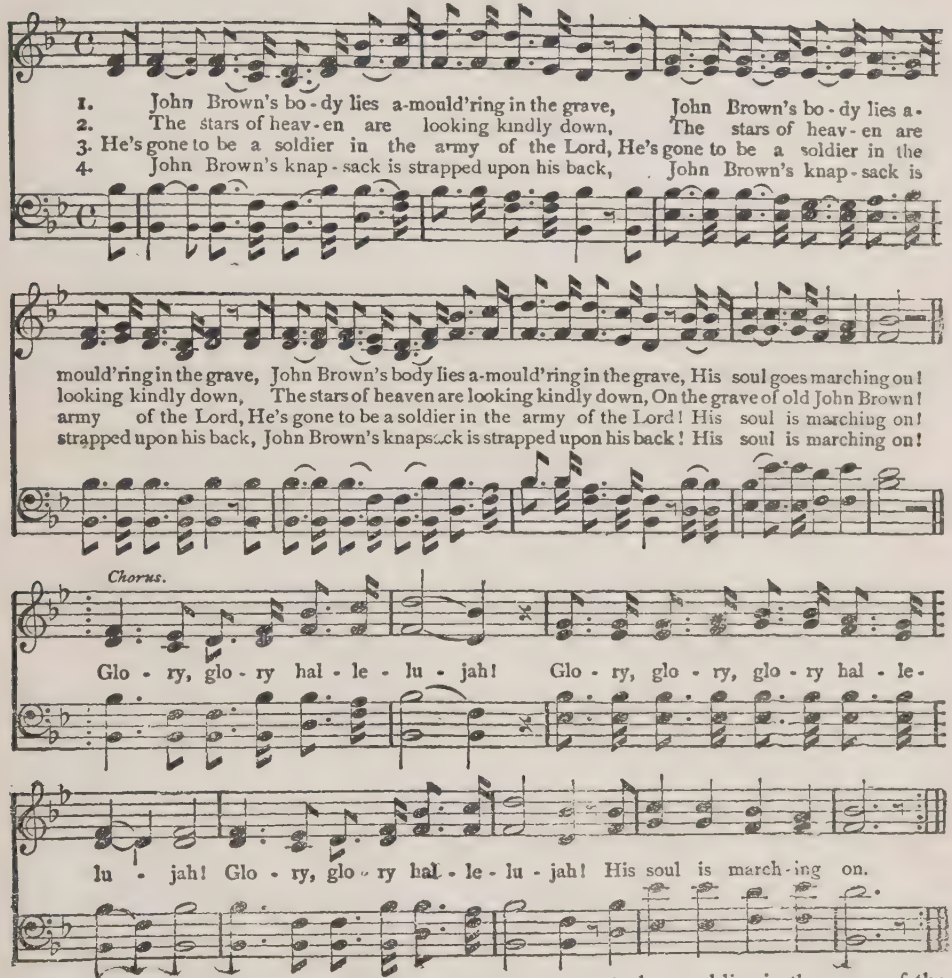
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Bonnie Blue Flag.

H. McCarthy.


Moderato.
1. We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil, Fighting for the prop-er-ty we
2. First, gallant South Caro-li-na so nobly made the stand, Then came Ala-ba-ma, who
3. And here's to brave Vir-gin-ia! the old Dominion State That with the young Confed'racy at
4. Then here's to our Confed'racy, for strong we are and brave, Like pa-tri-ots of old, we'll fight our
gained by honest toil; And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far, Hur-
took her by the hand; Next quickly Mis-sis-sip-pi, Georgia and Flor-i-da, All
length has linked her fate; Impelled by her ex-am-ple, now oth-er states pre-pare To
her-i-tage to save; And rather than submit to shame, to die we would pre-fer, So
rah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
Southern rights hur-rah! Hur-rah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star.

John Brown's Body.

Chas. S. Hall.

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a-
2. The stars of heav - en are looking kindly down, The stars of heav - en are
3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the
4. John Brown's knap - sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap - sack is
mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
looking kindly down, The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
army of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
strapped upon his back, John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!
Chorus.
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le-
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on.

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!
Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

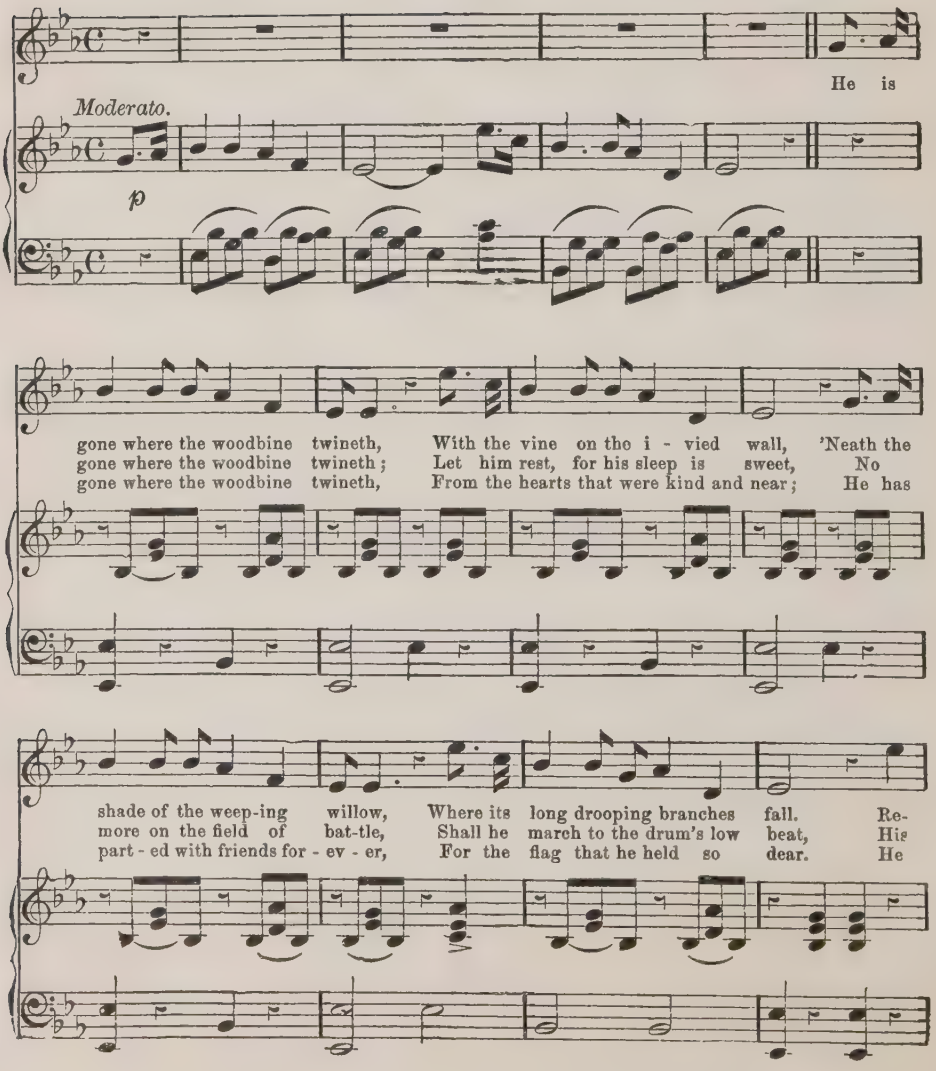
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul goes marching on!
Glory, glory hallelujah, etc

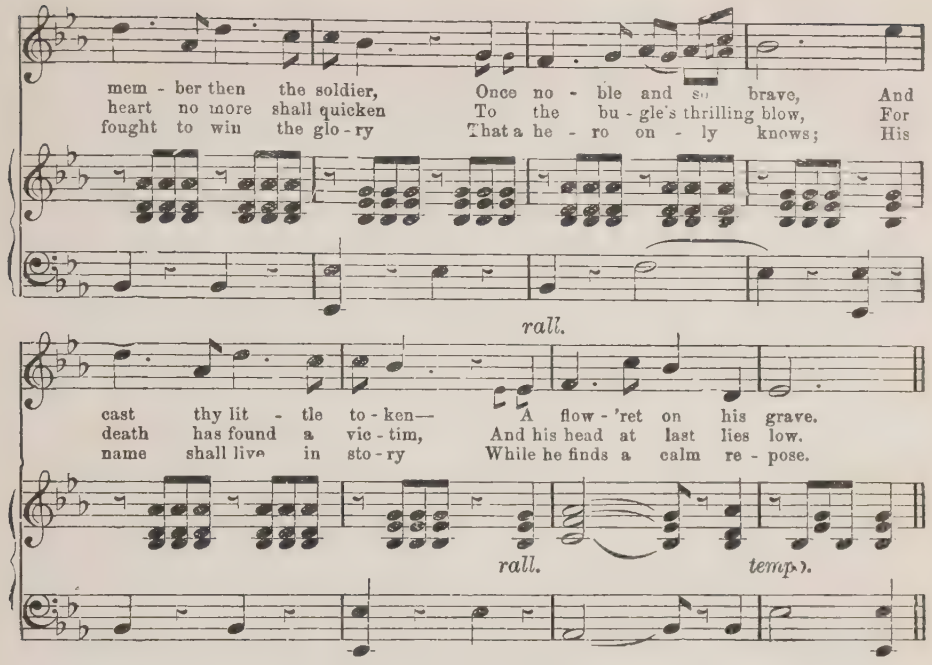
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul goes marching on!
Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.

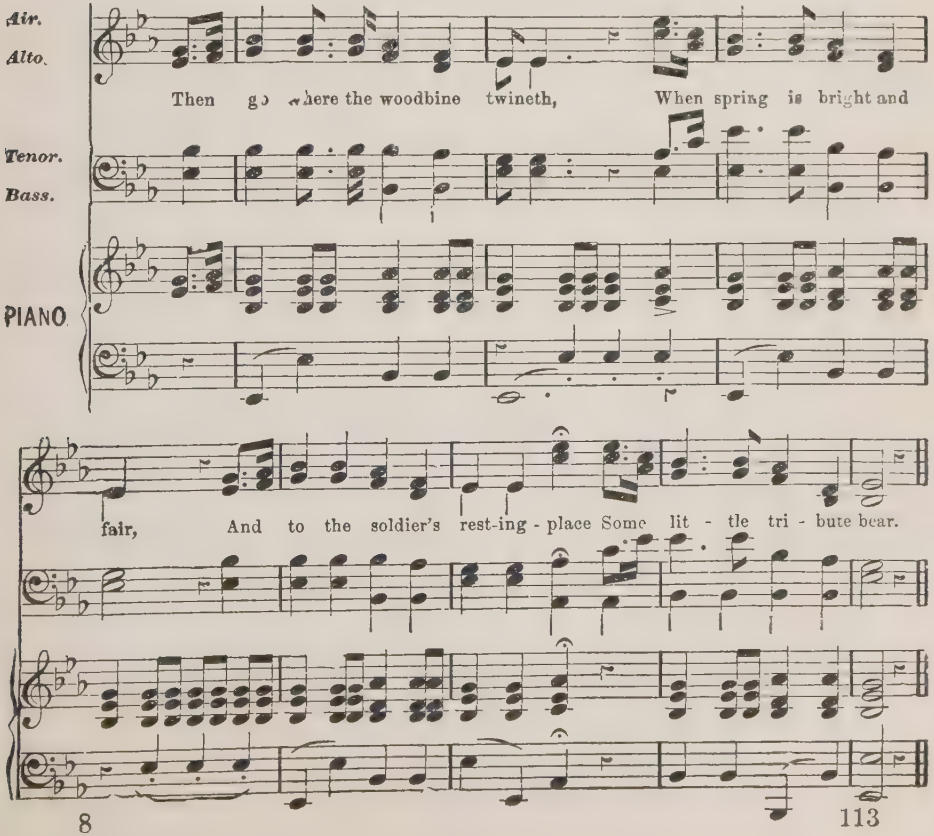
SONG AND CHORUS.

By APSLEY STREET.

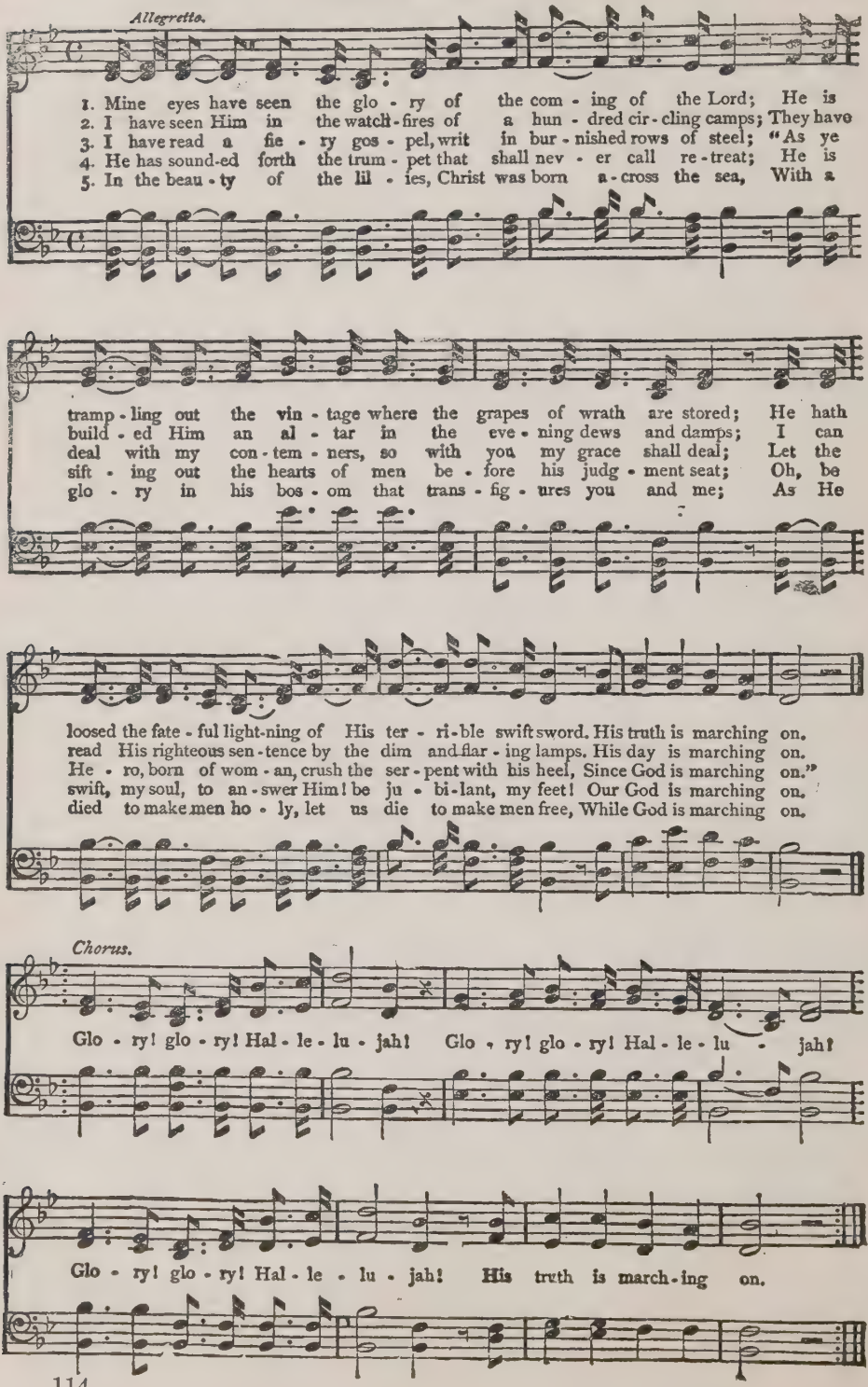

He is
Moderato.
p
gone where the woodbine twineth, With the vine on the i - vied wall, 'Neath the
gone where the woodbine twineth; Let him rest, for his sleep is sweet, No
gone where the woodbine twineth, From the hearts that were kind and near; He has
shade of the weep-ing willow, Where its long drooping branches fall. Re-
more on the field of bat-tle, Shall he march to the drum's low beat, His
part - ed with friends for - ev - er, For the flag that he held so dear. He


mem - ber then the soldier, Once no - ble and so brave, And
heart no more shall quicken To the bu - gle's thrilling blow, For
fought to win the glo - ry That a he - ro on - ly knows; His
rall.
cast thy lit - tle to - ken— A flow - 'ret on his grave.
death has found a vic - tim, And his head at last lies low.
name shall live in sto - ry While he finds a calm re - pose.
rall.
temp.

CHORUS.


Air.
Alto.
Then go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and
Tenor.
Bass.
PIANO.
fair, And to the soldier's rest-ing - place Some lit - tle tri - bute bear.

Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Allegretto.
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps. His day is marching on.
He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is marching on."
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
Chorus.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Part IV.

SCOTCH AND IRISH SONGS.

CHAT BY THE WAY.

TO Robert Burns, who has been named "the prince of song writers," is Scottish song indebted for many of its beautiful lyrics. Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland, and in all literature one of the most brilliant geniuses, was born at Alloway, in the neighborhood of Ayr, January 25, 1759. Says Andrew Lang in a recent sketch: "The history of most of his life is so well known, and what is not well known requires so much conjecture and research to elucidate it, while so much space were needed for the elucidation, that a meager sketch must here suffice. In his poems his story lives unconcealed and imperishable; his loves and hates, his mirth, his bitterness, his repentance; there is not a mood but has its verse.

"Even in boyhood the education and native genius of Burns soon made him friends among all classes of people. He went to a dancing school, and began to make a great deal of love for himself and for less confident swains. He read Allan Ramsay, and began to write. Acquaintance with sailors and smugglers very considerably widened his moral ideas. He became a kind of rural Don Juan, though he had too much heart for the role. Burns was a man of more attractions and stronger passions than his neighbors, and when that has been said, there is really no more to say. A worse man, or a man with a worse heart would easily have escaped from the entanglements with Jean Armour. A luckier man might have married Highland Mary, and been happy with his own true love, but such luck is given to few.

"In a letter of November, 1794, Burns says: There is an air, 'The Caledonian hunt's delight,' to which I wrote the song, 'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon.' This air, I think, might find a place in the Museum among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, was in company with a friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is that, in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke fashioned into the one in question."

Mr. Johnson set about publishing his *Scots Musical Museum*, to which we owe all that is briefest and brightest of Burns. He contributed an astonishing number of the most beautiful, tender, passionate, and vivacious songs in any language, chiefly adapted to old Scotch airs, and molded now and then on old Scotch words. An edition of Scotch songs, with the old words and the words of Burns, would be a valuable book, though not precisely a book for drawing-rooms. Many of the ancient ditties were of a singular license, though that does not make them less useful to the student of popular manners and of literary history. But very often, as in the deplorable case of Allan Ramsay's verses, the new songs have devoured and destroyed the old. Indeed, as Hogg's mother told Scott, printing popular songs generally kills their natural life, much more than the printing of substituted words.

His country has been much scorned for her treatment of Burns. How was she to treat him? He deserved what Socrates said *he* merited, "to be kept at the public expense in the Town Hall." But he would not have accepted the offer had Scotland possessed a Prytaneum, and had Scotland made the offer. He did not try to live (as others in his position and not without a share of his genius, have lived) by literature. He came too early. Such a poet now might actually exist on the proceeds of his poetry. What can the world do for such geniuses as Burns and Byron? They do not "plough a straight furrow," as the Greek proverb ran; their passions are part of their glory, their sorrow and their shame. Their reward is immortality.

Burns is so much the greatest of Scotch poets that no other comes into the reckoning. Scott is a genius more universal, more genial, and a character infinitely more amiable and delightful. But for the mere essence of poetry and spirit of song, there is not the equal of Burns, not only in Sotch verse, but in the literature of the world. Sappho and Catullus are his peers; perhaps, indeed, no other lyric poet can be named with Sappho. The Tenth Muse does not compete with mortals, as the Nine sang against Thamyris the Thracian. She has a legendary magic, and dwells alone. But Catullus, with much of the fire, affection and humor of Burns, has nothing like his range.

Burns is not only a lyric poet of unsurpassed energy, and of art usually unerring, but he is a satirist, and a descriptive poet second to few. He takes our hearts by storm; he rushes in with the fifes and pipes playing gloriously; he wins us at once by a natural intrepid gallantry of art. It is for this gay courage, or again for his brief natural sadness, that he is so esteemed, and for an art neither fairy-like, like Keat's; nor magical, like Virgil's; nor full of winning grace, like that of Horace; but simple, unaffected, completely appropriate, and classically clear. For loyal despair what can equal

> Now a' is done that men can do
> And a' is done in vain;

for loyal gallantry,

> Oh, Kenmare's on and awa Willie,

for fresh beauty of nature,

> When o'er the hill the eastern star;

for proud content,

> I hae a wife o' my ain;

for jollity (the rhyme Scott parodied in his last year),

> Blythe, Blythe and merry was she;

for pathos,

> John Anderson, my Jo, John,

and so on. Who can number all these watchwords of the Scotch people, to which a ready response is made by how many myriads of hearts all the world round? If he carried the famed theory of Aucassin rather far when he wrote

The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll go to my Anna,

his example was not so attractive as to tempt many readers after him. It is not the faults of Burns, on the whole, nor his shamefaced glorying in them that remain in the memory and the imagination. We cannot believe that he has really encouraged the faults of his countrymen, as some say. There is no encouragement in that shamefaced glorying of "The Daddy o't," not in his pitiful repentances. It is the good element in him, the tender heart, and proud courage and sound humor that survive, that inspire his verse and communicate themselves to his hearers. On the rest the righteousness of oblivion scatters pity, and leaves us only the memory of a great poet.

The last days of Robert Burns were, as everybody knows, so wretched that it is painful even to think of them. The pangs of mortal illness, the joint result of disappointment and dissipation, were aggravated by poverty which touched the verge of pauperism; and he and his large family were often indebted to the kindness of neighbors for the commonest comforts of life, as well as for the attention which the invalid required. Among these ministering angels was a young lady, Miss Jessie Lewars, who especially endeared herself to the poet, who smoothed the dying pillow vexed by a dunning demand for thirty-five dollars.

One day, when he was able to walk a short distance, he called at her house, and in course of conversation told her that if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, he would gratify her wish to the best of his ability. Miss Lewars sat down at the piano and played over several times the air of an old Scotch song. In a few moment Burns handed her these exquisite lines, which deserve the deathless fame they have won:

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw
Thy shield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a.'

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

A few weeks later Burns was in his grave. Many years later, when Jessie Lewars was a gray-haired widow, the verses attracted the attention of a young composer of rare genius, now world renowned—Felix Mendelssohn. Appreciating their tender beauty and simple pathos, and seeing that the air was unworthy of them, he wrote a new accompaniment; that to which they are now sung. So what may almost be called the dying song of the prince of song writers was married to immortal music, and Robert Burns, Jessie Lewars and Felix Mendelssohn are bound together in an indissoluble union of sad, yet sweet association.

Nor does the history stop here. Long after Mendelssohn had joined Burns and Jessie Lewars beyond the river, a Confederate officer, now deceased, who was at once a poet, artist and soldier, and whose fortune it was to erect the first and last fortifications on the soil of Virginia during the American civil war, wrote these other lines to Mendelssohn's music:

When shadows o'er our pathway fall
So dark and drear, so dark and drear,
We know it is the Father's hand—
That He is near, that He is near.

Misfortune's bitter, blighting storm
Around may lower, around may lower,
Protected by His mighty arm
We'll rest secure, we'll rest secure.

O Father, guide our faltering steps,
So prone to stray, so prone to stray;
And should they press the wildest waste,
O be our stay, O be our stay.

Should earth's alluring joys beguile,
To lead us on, to lead us on,
O Father, dim them with Thy smile—
Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

The exquisite ballad "Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. She was born on November 27, 1750, and at the early age of twenty-one produced the ballad which Sir Walter Scott says "is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phyllis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downward." In 1793, Lady A. Lindsay married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, with whom she went out to the Cape, on his appointment as Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney. Mr. Barnard dying at the Cape, his widow returned to London, where she enjoyed the friendship of Burke, Windham, and others, until her death, which occurred in the year 1825.

It was not until she was in her seventy-third year that Lady Barnard made known the secret of the authorship of this ballad. An amusing story is told in connection with its production. On Lord Balcarres's estate was a shepherd of the name of Robin Gray, and for some act of his Lady Anne resolved to immortalize his memory. Upon her little sister entering her room one day, Lady Anne said: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the last four lines. Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said her sister. Accordingly, we are told that the cow was "lifted."

The author of the song "Comin' Thro' the Rye," is unknown. In 1795, or 1796, it is claimed by certain English authorities, the song was sung in the production of an English pantomime, but previous to that time, it is stated on satisfactory authority, Burns had touched up an old Scottish song. The original version reads:

Comin' through the Rye, poor body
Comin' through the Rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Comin' through the Rye.
Oh, Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' through the Rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken?

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Comin' through the Rye.

This Burns beautified and refined into its present shape. Although most persons, after considerable mental difficulty, have been taught to believe that Burns referred to a little stream in the northwest of Ayrshire, called Rye, where the lads were given to lying in wait and kissing the lassies as they waded through the stream, their hands being employed in holding up their petticoats to keep them out of the water, Mr. A. B. Todd of the *Cumnock Express*, who is said to be an authority in Scottish literature, who was born a few miles from the Burn's

farm, and was intimate with some of Burns's cronies, says that the idea expressed above is pure nonsense; that Burns never saw and probably never heard of the Rye; that the description of how Jenny "draiglet a' her petticoatie" doesn't mean that she wet it in the water of a stream, but bedraggled it walking through dew or rain-laden grain.

The reader may adopt whichever version he prefers; for ourselves we must express our belief in the Rye of the river and not the rye of the field. The air is that of an old Scotch ballad—much older than the modern song.

Nearly everybody who sings has sung or certainly they have heard sung the beautiful ballad "Annie Laurie." It is doubly interesting to any one who has spent a few days in the region which the song has made immortal, and especially to one who has enjoyed the hospitality of the Laurie family at the Terregles farm, in Maxwelton, near Dumfries. Annie Laurie was no myth. About two hundred years ago, Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, on the opposite side of the River Nith, from Dumfries, Scotland, quaintly wrote in his family register these words: "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the sixteenth day of December, 1682, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, of Glencairne." Annie's mother was Jean Riddle, to whom Robert was married "Upon the twenty-seventh day of July, 1674, at the Tron Kirk, Edinburgh, by Mr. Annaine," as was also recorded by her father himself.

Posterity owes to Mr. William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kirkendbrightshire (who wooed, but did not win the capricious Annie), the song of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," wherein he celebrated the beauty and transcendent perfection of the maid of Maxwelton. Poetic justice would have required that Annie should have rewarded with her hand the poet lover, who was determined to make her name immortal; but she preferred another and a richer suitor, Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, and him she married. The William Douglas named is supposed to be the original of the song "Willie was a Wanton Wag," and it is related of him that, after having been refused by Annie Laurie he married a Miss Elizabeth Clerk, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had a family of four sons and two daughters.

Thus it is while the song of "Annie Laurie" lives from age to age the names of all concerned with the original of it survive in the recital of the romantic incidents connected with its composition. The air of "Annie Laurie" familiar to our ears in these days is the composition of Lady Jane Scott, authoress of both words and music of many songs which have become popular in Scotland. Her maiden name was Alicia Anne Spottiswoode. She married in 1836, Lord John Douglas Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

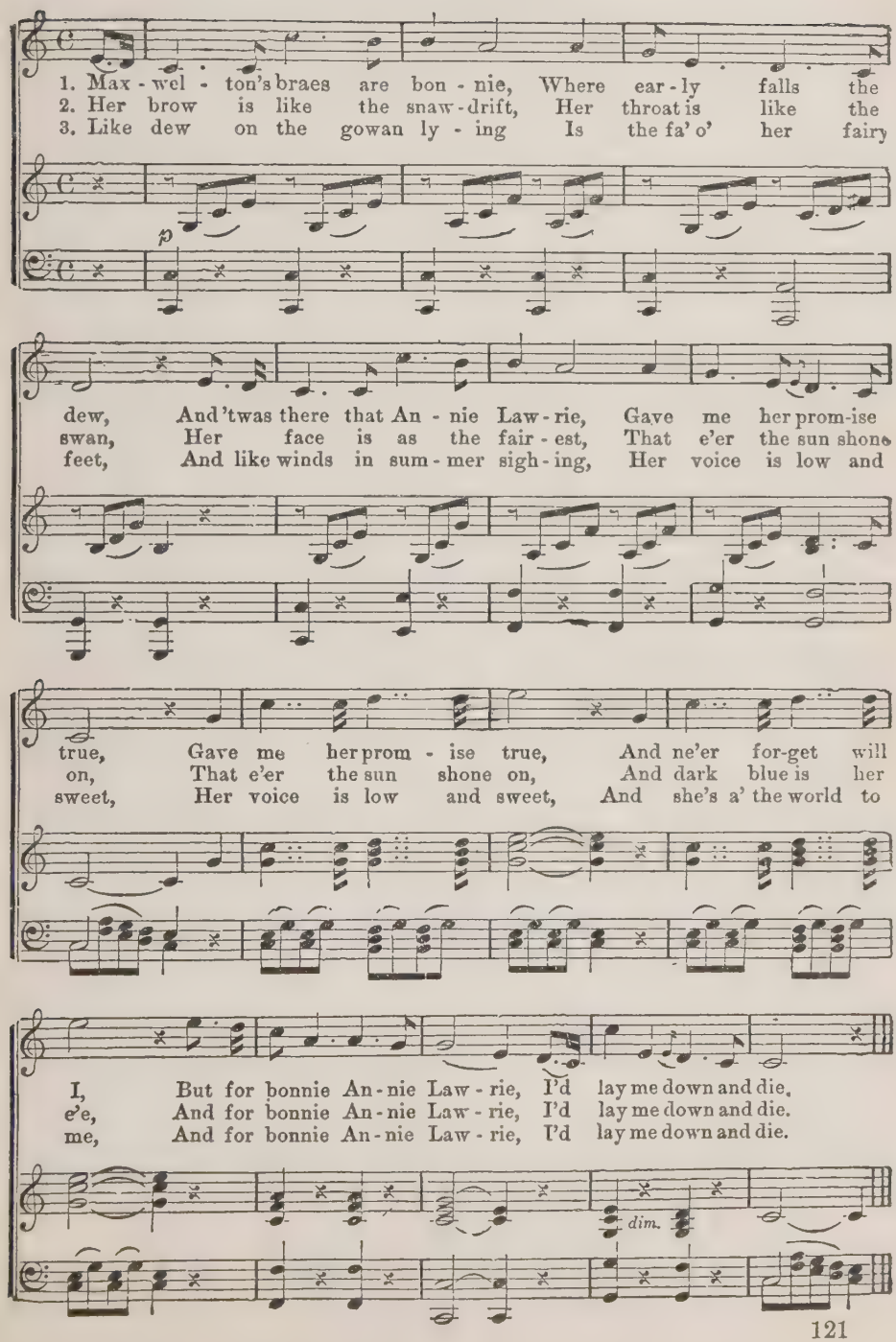
Annie McVicar, author of the words of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," was born in Glasgow, 1755. Miss McVicar married Rev. James Grant, minister at Laggan, in Invernesshire. Mr. Grant died, leaving his wife with eight children dependent upon her. In this emergency, an old knack at rhyming came into her mind, and she collected her poems and published them successfully by subscription. A few years later she published three volumes entitled "Letters from the Mountains," which passed through several editions. Other volumes of prose and verse followed, and, with a pension granted her by the government, she passed the rest of her days in comfort, surrounded

by warm friends, in the city of Edinburgh. She reached the age of eighty-four, with faculties almost unimpaired, and died in 1838. She wrote "O where, tell me where" on the occasion of the departure of the Marquis of Huntly for the continent with his regiment, in 1799, and the air in its present shape was arranged by Charles Mackay and Sir Henry Bishop from an old melody which was generally regarded as Scottish, though they were inclined to the belief that it might be of English origin.

"Robin Adair," one of the most touching love-songs in existence, has been called a Scotch song set to an Irish air. The air, that of "Eileen Aroon" which signifies "sweet pearl of my heart," was written by one Carroll O'Daly, an Irish knight. O'Daly loved the daughter of a neighboring chieftain, Ellen Cameron, who returned his love. Her parents were opposed to the match, and O'Daly having gone abroad, made her believe him untrue, and secured her consent to marriage with his rival. O'Daly returned on the day before the wedding. On learning what was about to take place he composed the song, and next day, disguised as a harrier, sang it to the bride. In response to the question: "Wilt thou go or stay with me, Eileen Aroon?" she contrived to whisper that she would go, and they fled together and were married.

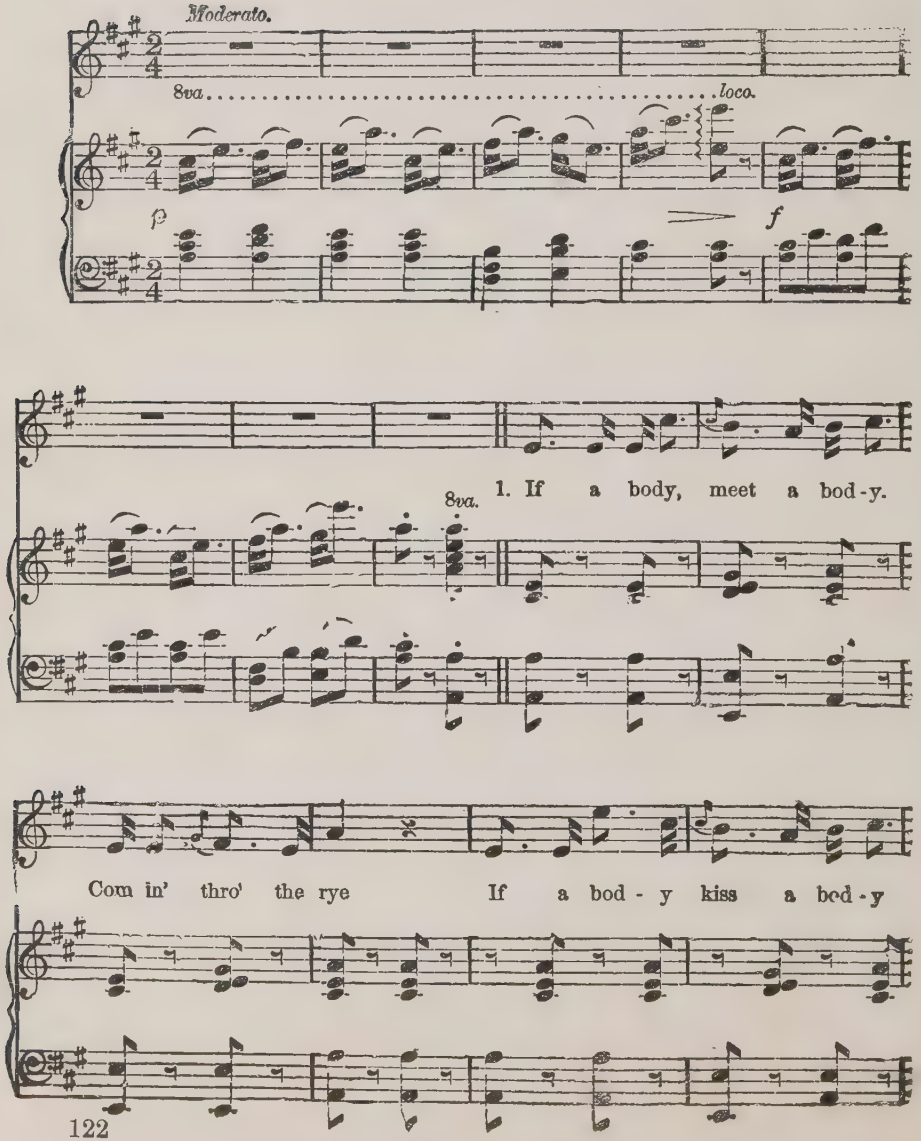
Robin Adair was a young Irishman of good family, who was graduated from the Dublin University as a surgeon, and set out on foot for London about 1760. On the way he had the good fortune to set the leg of an English Countess who had been thrown from her carriage. Through her offices he was introduced into English society, and eventually loved and was loved by the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, who learned the air from him and wrote the new words. The lovers being separated by their difference of station, the lady pined until the Earl was compelled to consent to her marriage with Adair to save her life. Her disease had gone too far, however, and she soon died. Adair became surgeon to George III. and was knighted, but to his death, at 70 years of age, he always wore mourning for his bride. A lady friend who had heard her sing "Robin Adair," wrote down the words and music and gave them to Braham, a celebrated English tenor of the period. No other song except "Home, Sweet home," ever had such popularity.

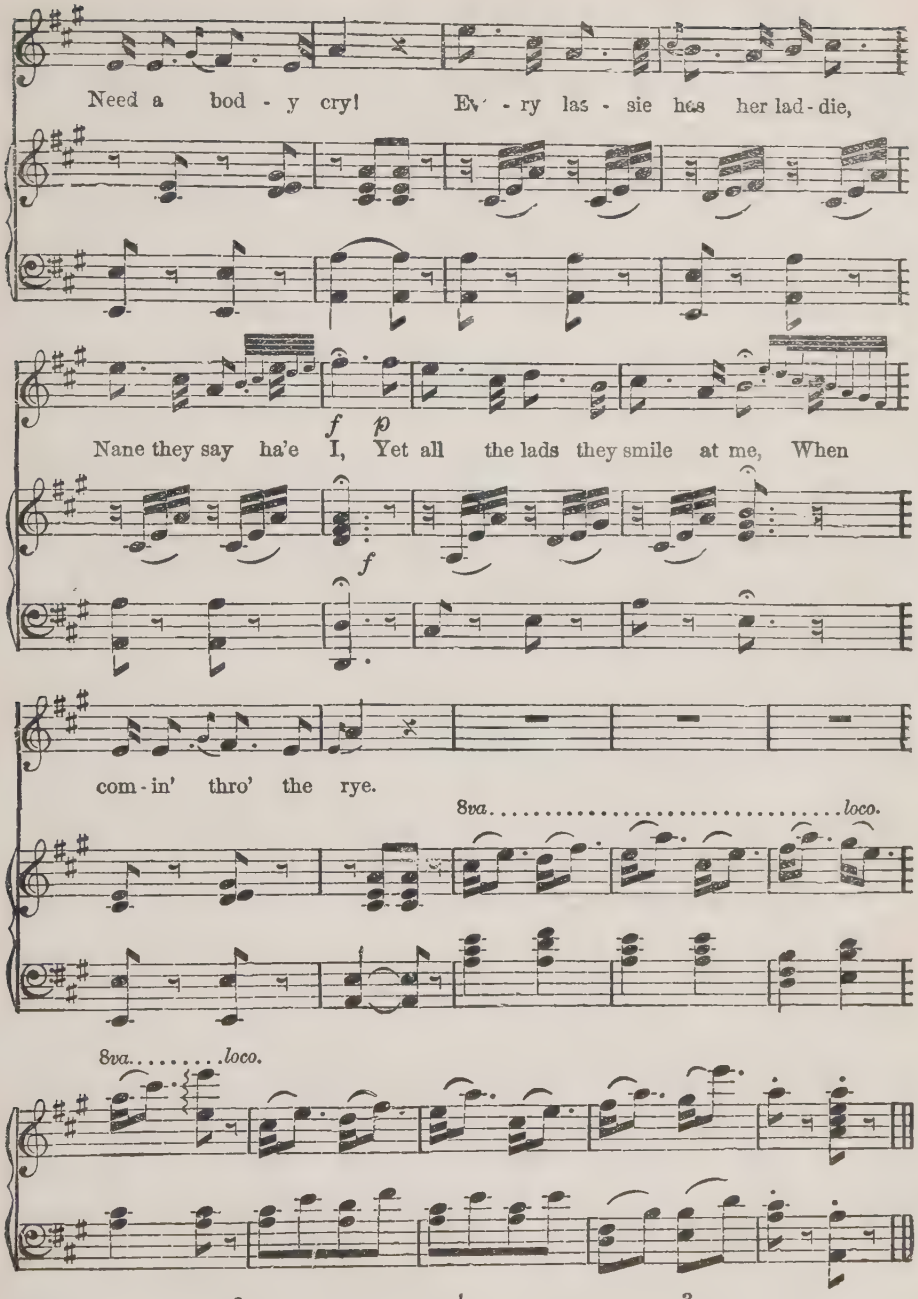
Annie Lawrie

SCOTCH SONG

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly falls the
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on the gowan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fairy
p
dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Law - rie, Gave me her prom - ise
swan, Her face is as the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone
feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and
true, Gave me her prom - ise true, And ne'er for - get will
on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to
I, But for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
e'e, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
me, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
dim.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Sung by JENNY LIND.




Need a bod - y cry! Ev' - ry las - sie has her lad - die,
f p
Nane they say ha'e I, Yet all the lads they smile at me, When
f
com - in' thro' the rye.
8va.....loco.
8va.....loco.

2.

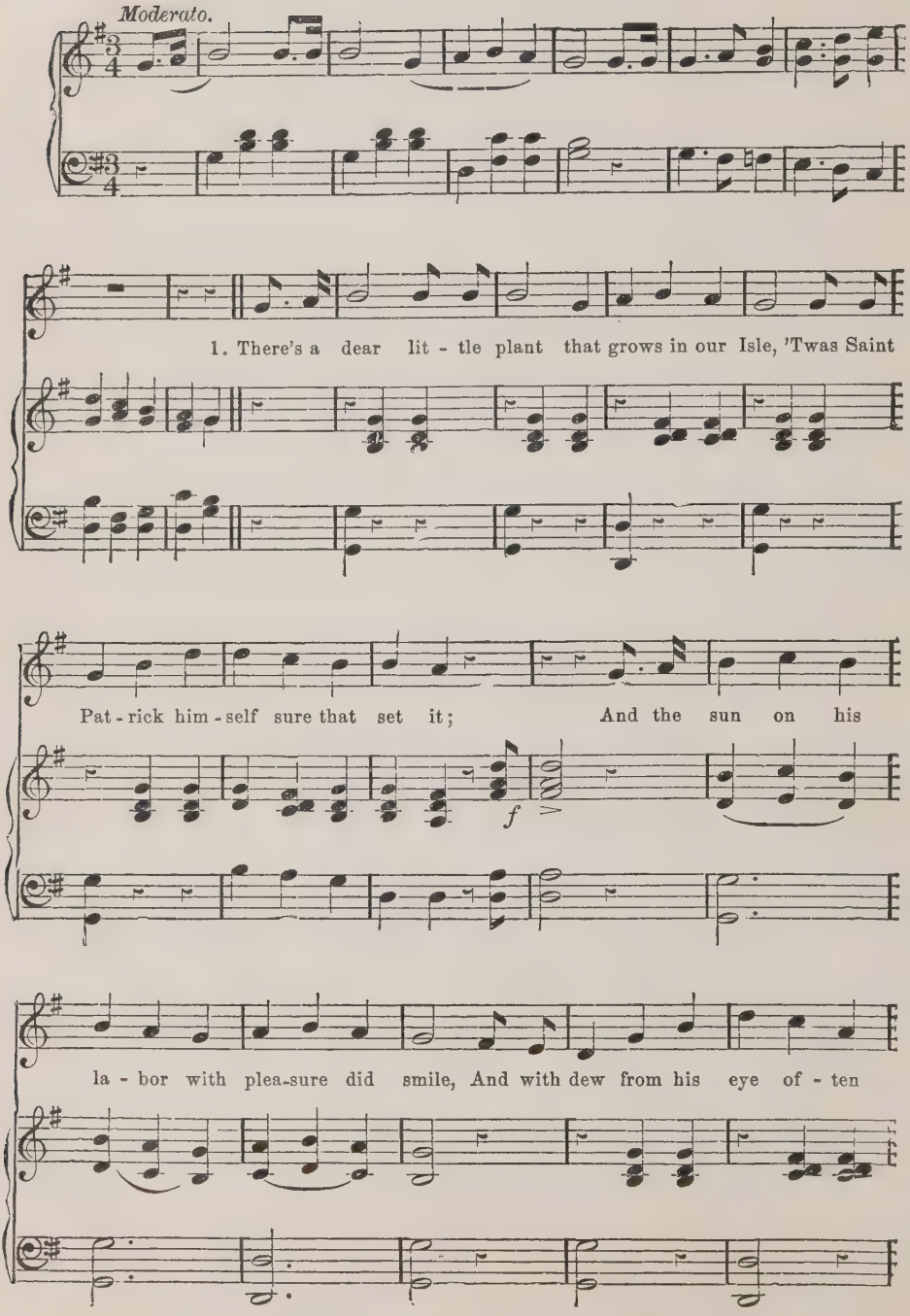
If a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
If a body meet a body,
Need a body frown!
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye!

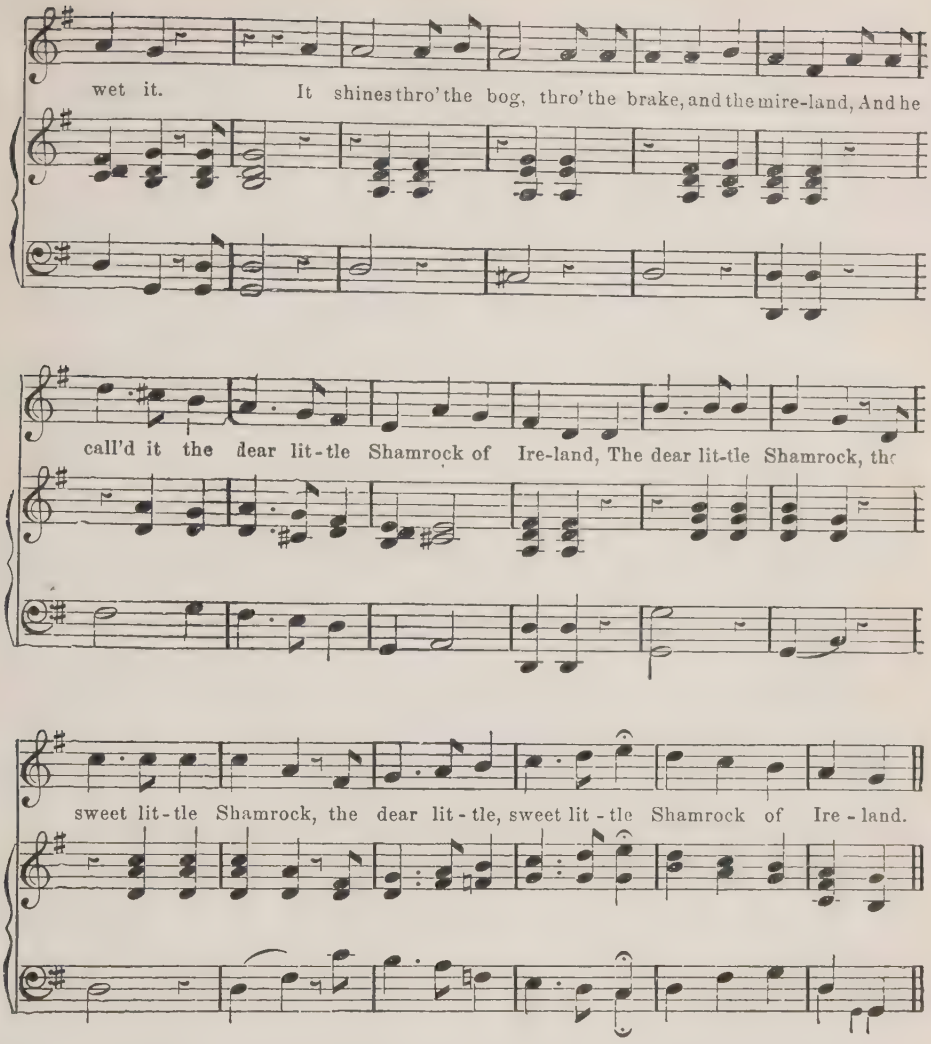
3.

Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel,
But what's his name, or where's his hame
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

The Dear Little Shamrock.

CHERRY.


Moderato.
1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint
Pat - rick him - self sure that set it; And the sun on his
f
la - bor with plea-sure did smile, And with dew from his eye of - ten


wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he
call'd it the dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land, The dear lit-tle Shamrock, the
sweet lit-tle Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land.

2

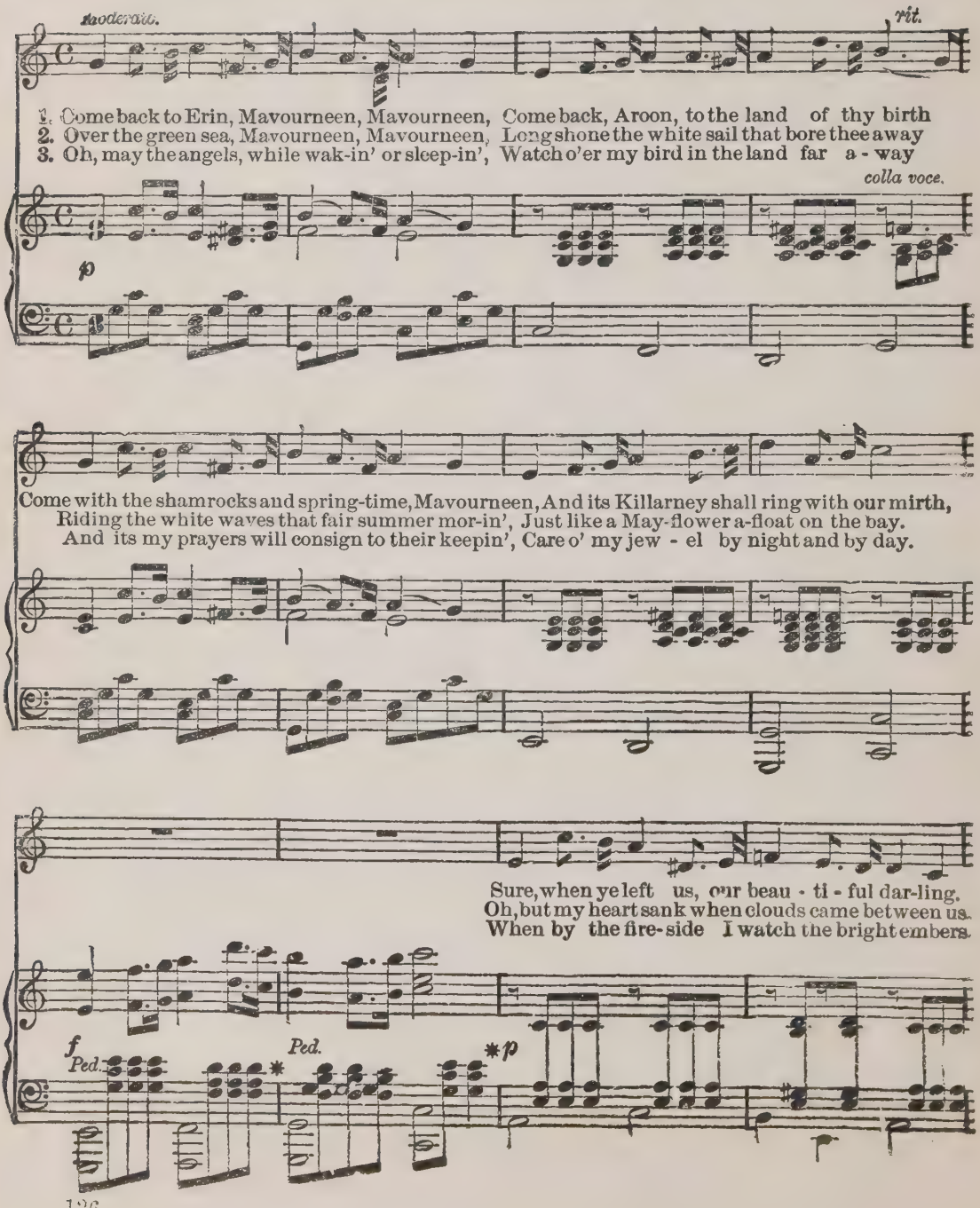
That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

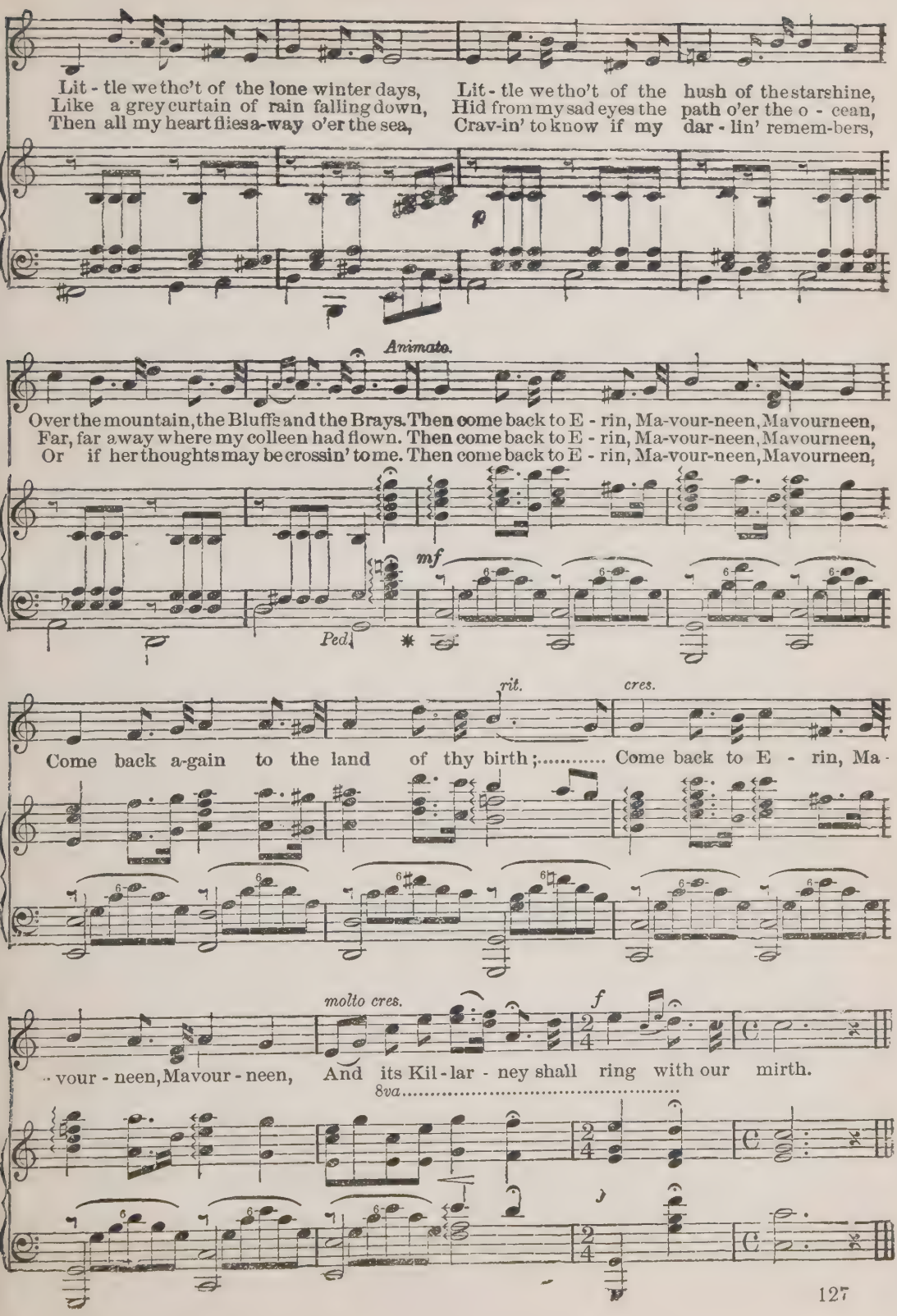
3

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended;
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

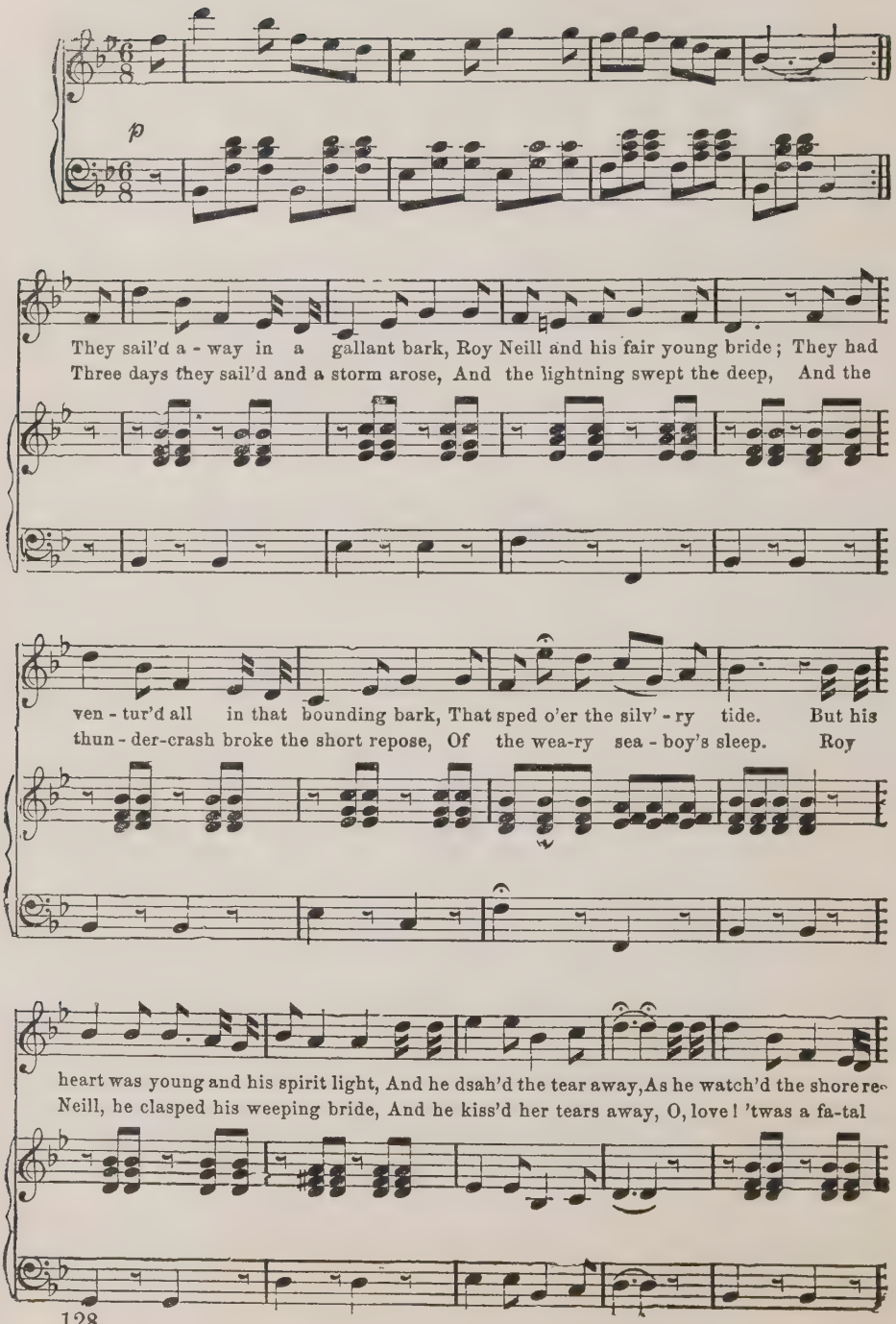
"Come Back to Erin."

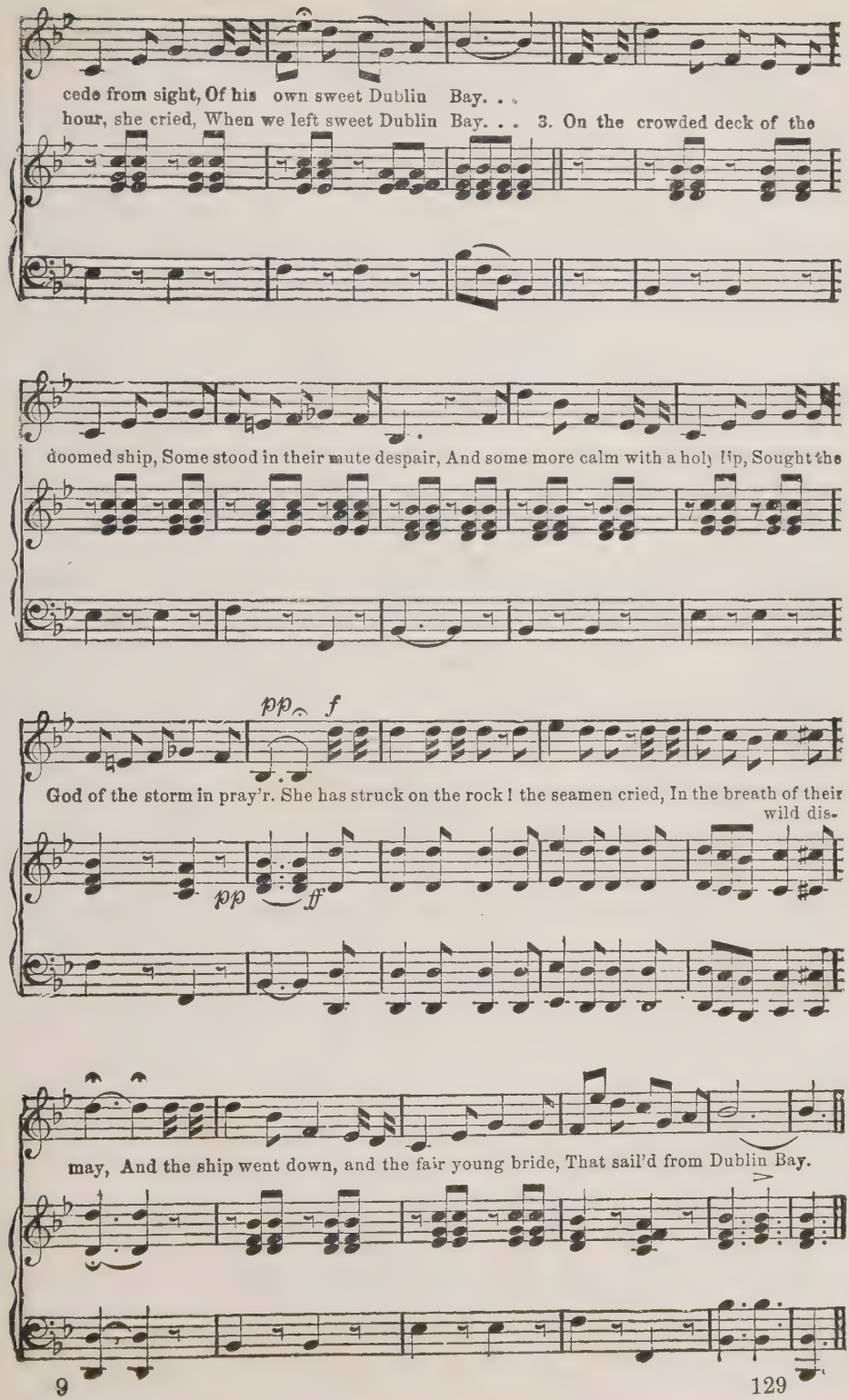
Words and Music by CLARIBEL.


Moderato.
rit.
1. Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth
2. Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee away
3. Oh, may the angels, while wak-in' or sleep-in', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way
colla voce.
p
Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen, And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth,
Riding the white waves that fair summer mor-in', Just like a May-flower a-float on the bay.
And its my prayers will consign to their keepin', Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.
Sure, when ye left us, our beau - ti - ful dar-ling.
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us.
When by the fire-side I watch the bright embers.
f
Ped.
Ped.
*p

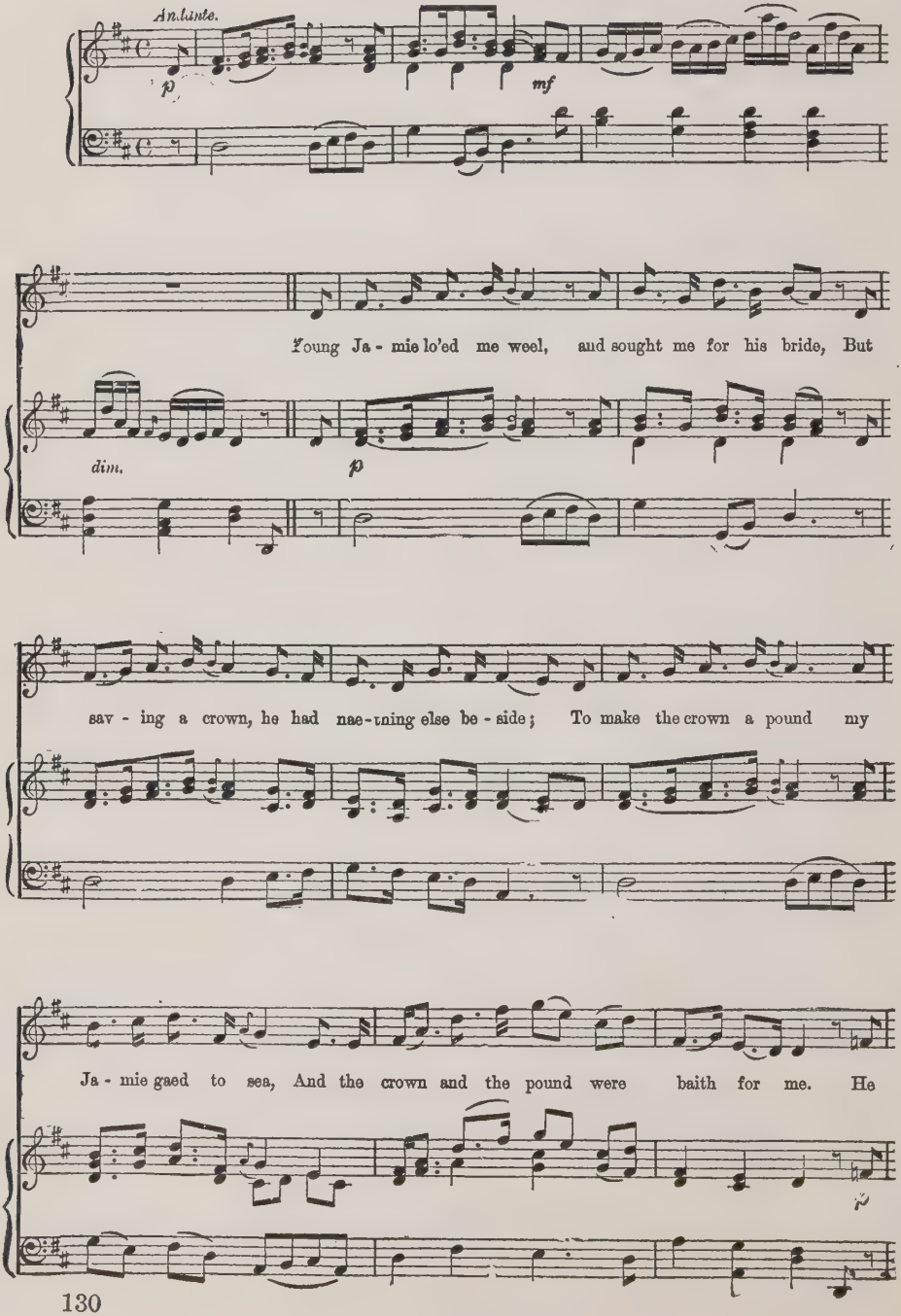

Lit - tle we tho't of the lone winter days, Lit - tle we tho't of the hush of the starshine,
Like a grey curtain of rain falling down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,
Then all my heart flies a-way o'er the sea, Crav-in' to know if my dar - lin' remem-bers,
p
Animato.
Over the mountain, the Bluffs and the Brays. Then come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Mavourneen,
Far, far away where my colleen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Mavourneen,
Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me. Then come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Mavourneen,
mf
Ped.
rit.
cres.
Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth;..... Come back to E - rin, Ma -
molto cres.
f
- vour - neen, Mavour - neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
8va

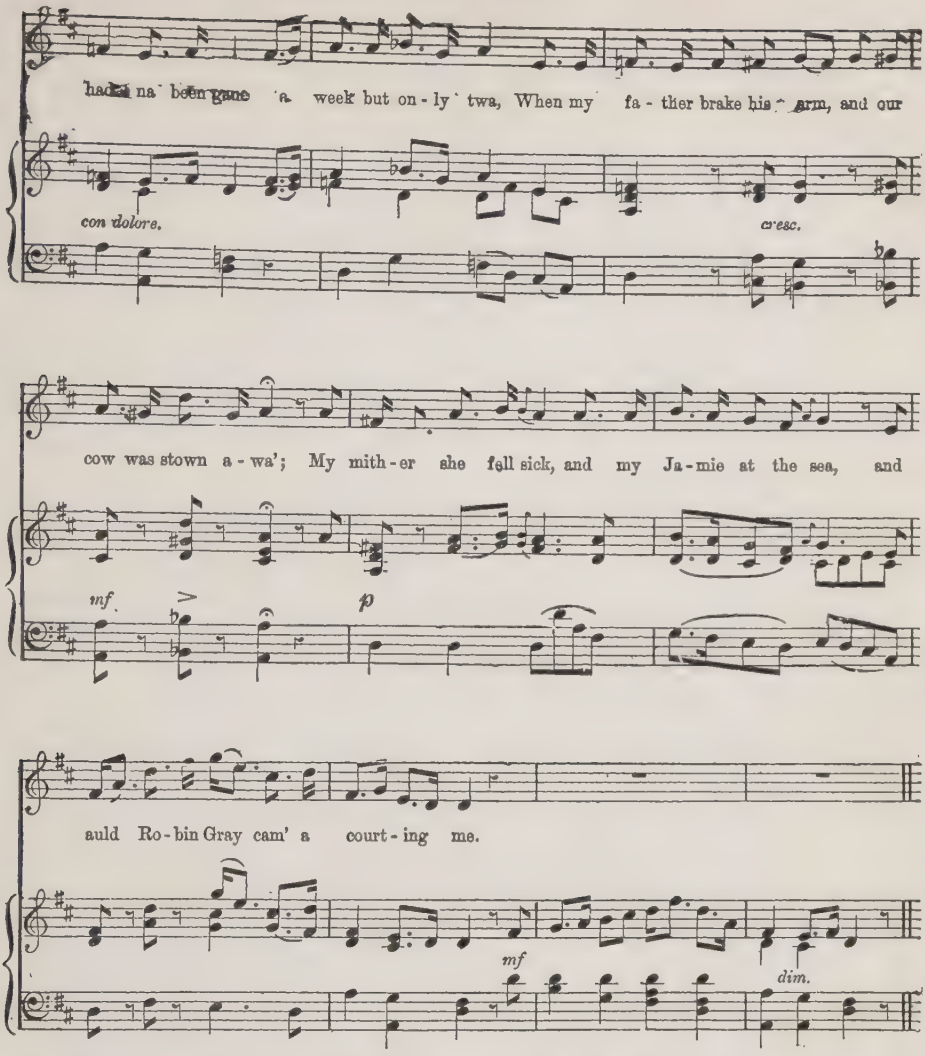
Dublin Bay.


p
They sail'd a - way in a gallant bark, Roy Neill and his fair young bride; They had
Three days they sail'd and a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep, And the
ven - tur'd all in that bounding bark, That sped o'er the silv' - ry tide. But his
thun - der-crash broke the short repose, Of the wea-ry sea - boy's sleep. Roy
heart was young and his spirit light, And he dsah'd the tear away, As he watch'd the shore re-
Neill, he clasped his weeping bride, And he kiss'd her tears away, O, love! 'twas a fa-tal


cede from sight, Of his own sweet Dublin Bay. . .
hour, she cried, When we left sweet Dublin Bay. . . 3. On the crowded deck of the
doomed ship, Some stood in their mute despair, And some more calm with a holy lip, Sought the
pp f
God of the storm in pray'r. She has struck on the rock! the seamen cried, In the breath of their
wild dis-
pp ff
may, And the ship went down, and the fair young bride, That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

Auld Robin Gray.


An.lante.
p
mf
Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But
dim.
p
sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; To make the crown a pound my
Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He

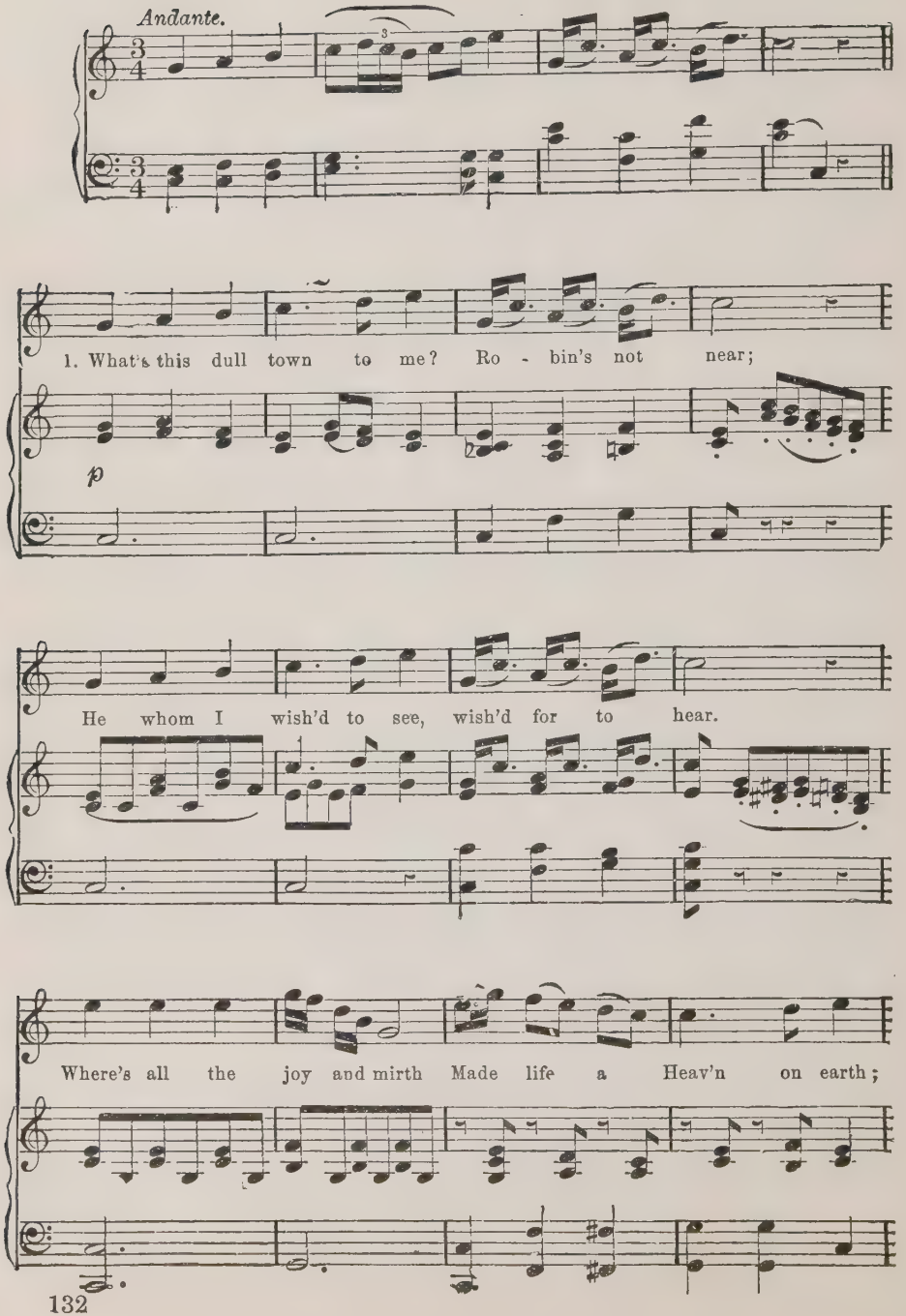

hadna been gane a week but on-ly twa, When my fa-ther brake his arm, and our
con dolore.
cresc.
cow was stown a-wa'; My mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, and
mf
p
auld Ro-bin Gray cam' a court-ing me.
mf
dim.

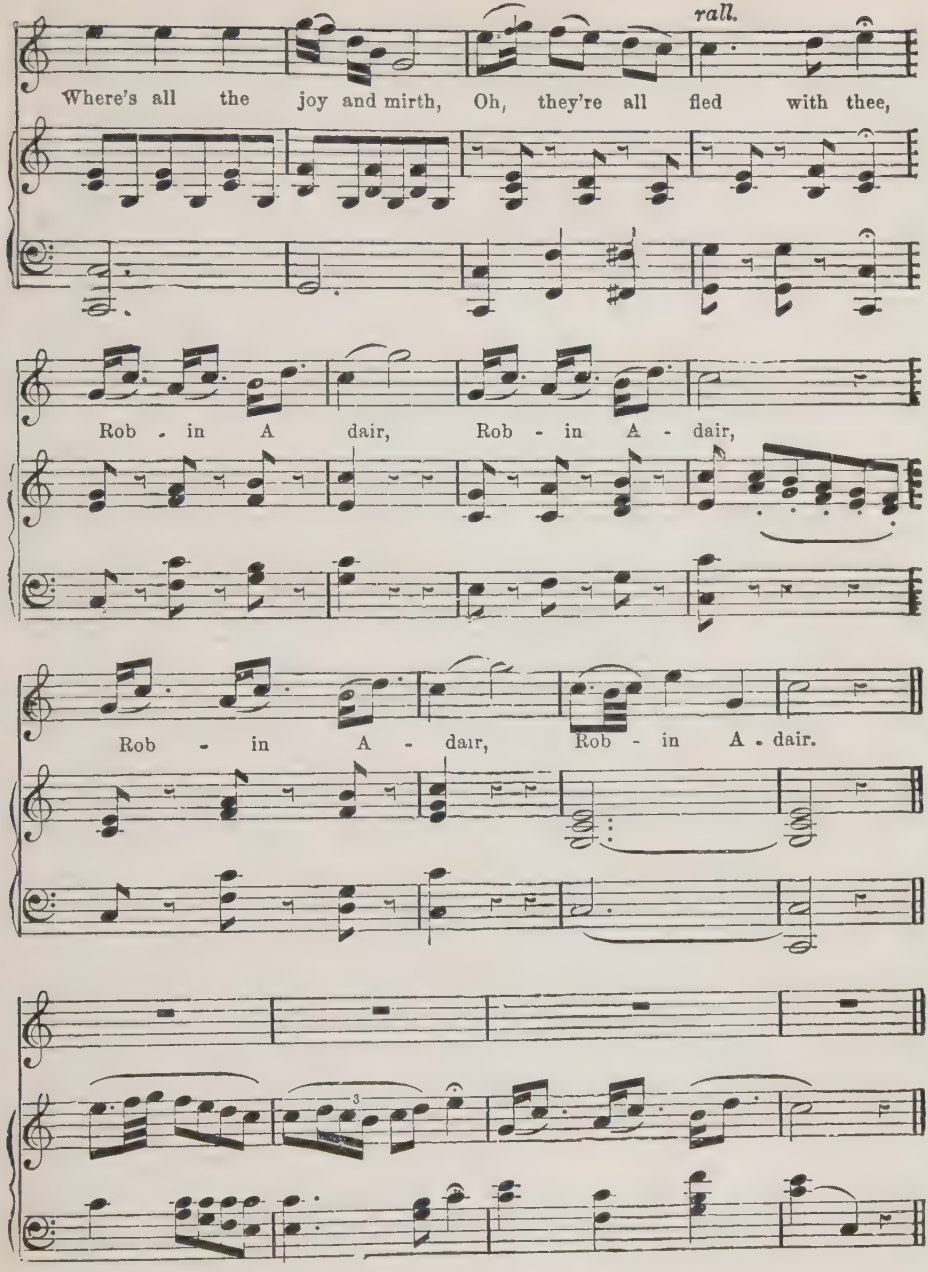
My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"
My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

Robin Adair.


Andante.
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;
p
He whom I wish'd to see, wish'd for to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth Made life a Heav'n on earth;

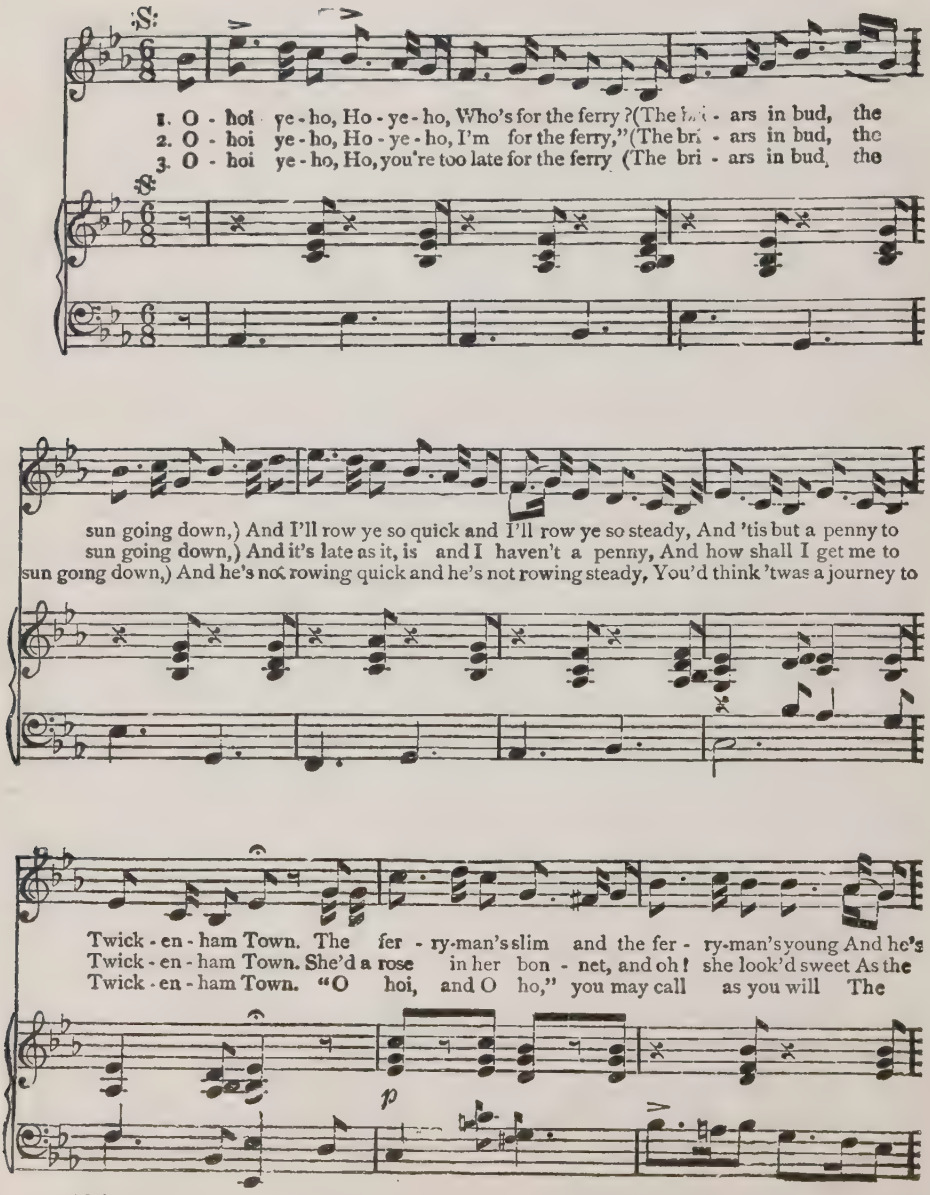


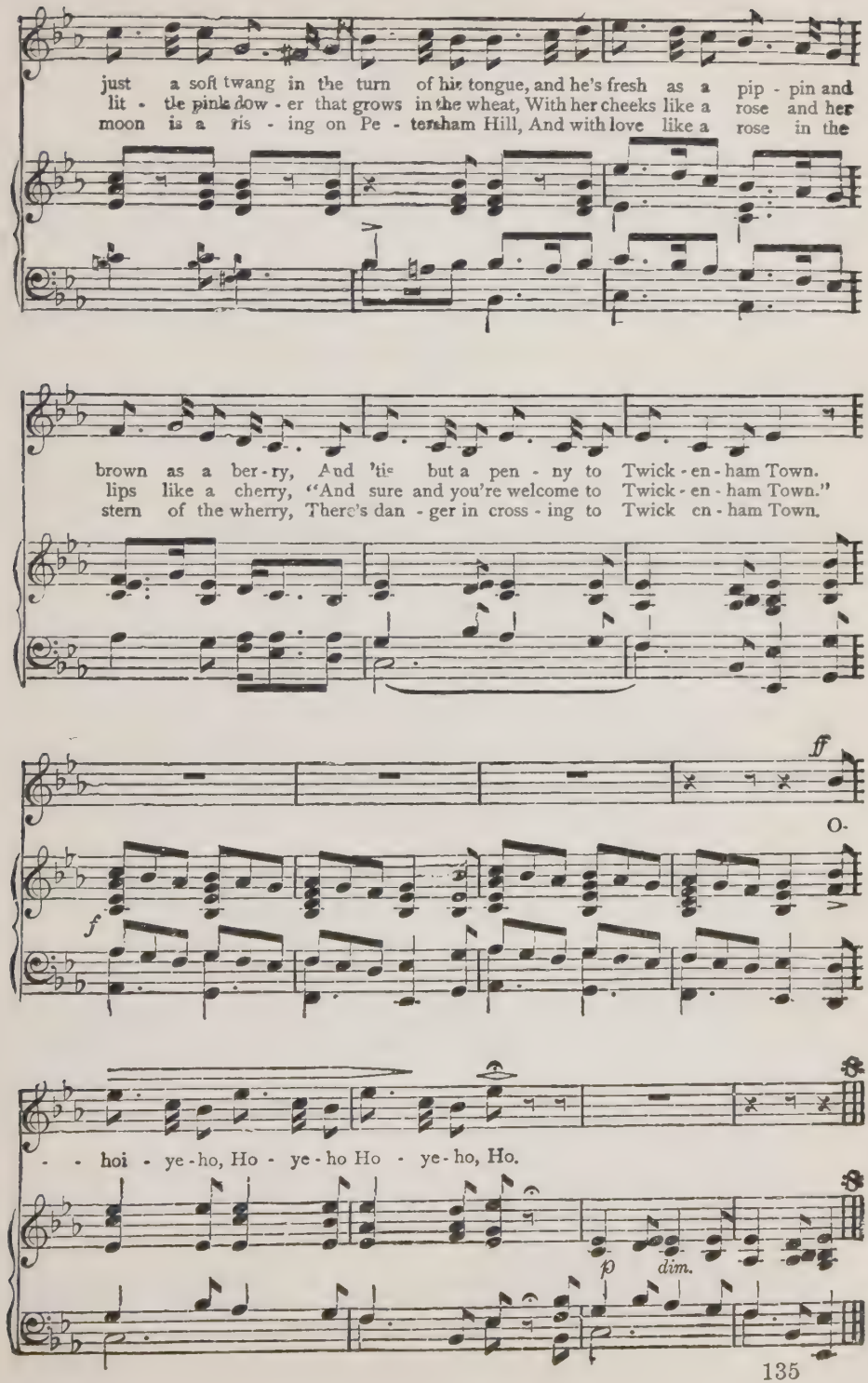
2 What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine
Robin Adair.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore,
What when the play was o'er?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3 But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair.
But now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Yet him I loved so well,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

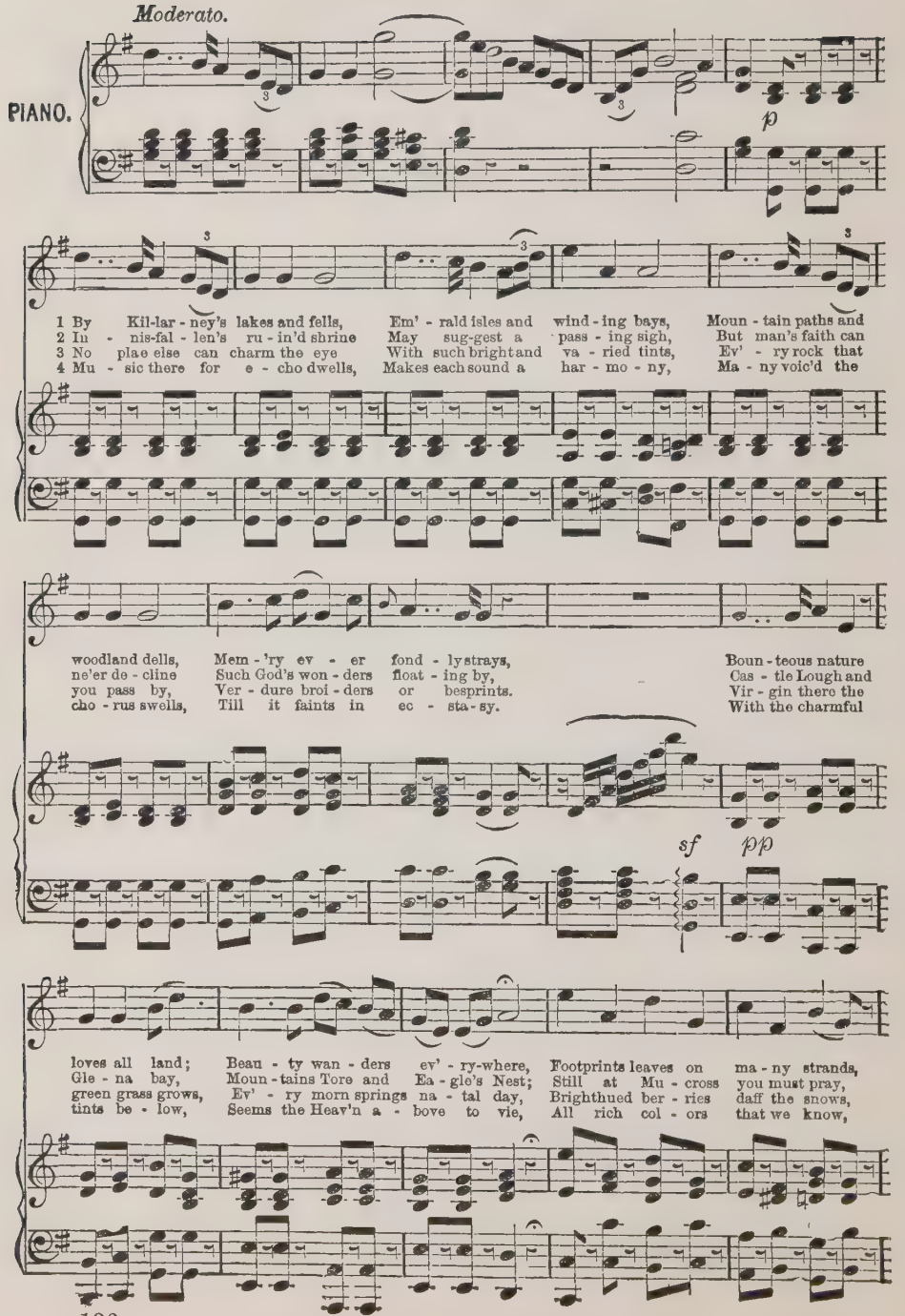
Twickenham Ferry.

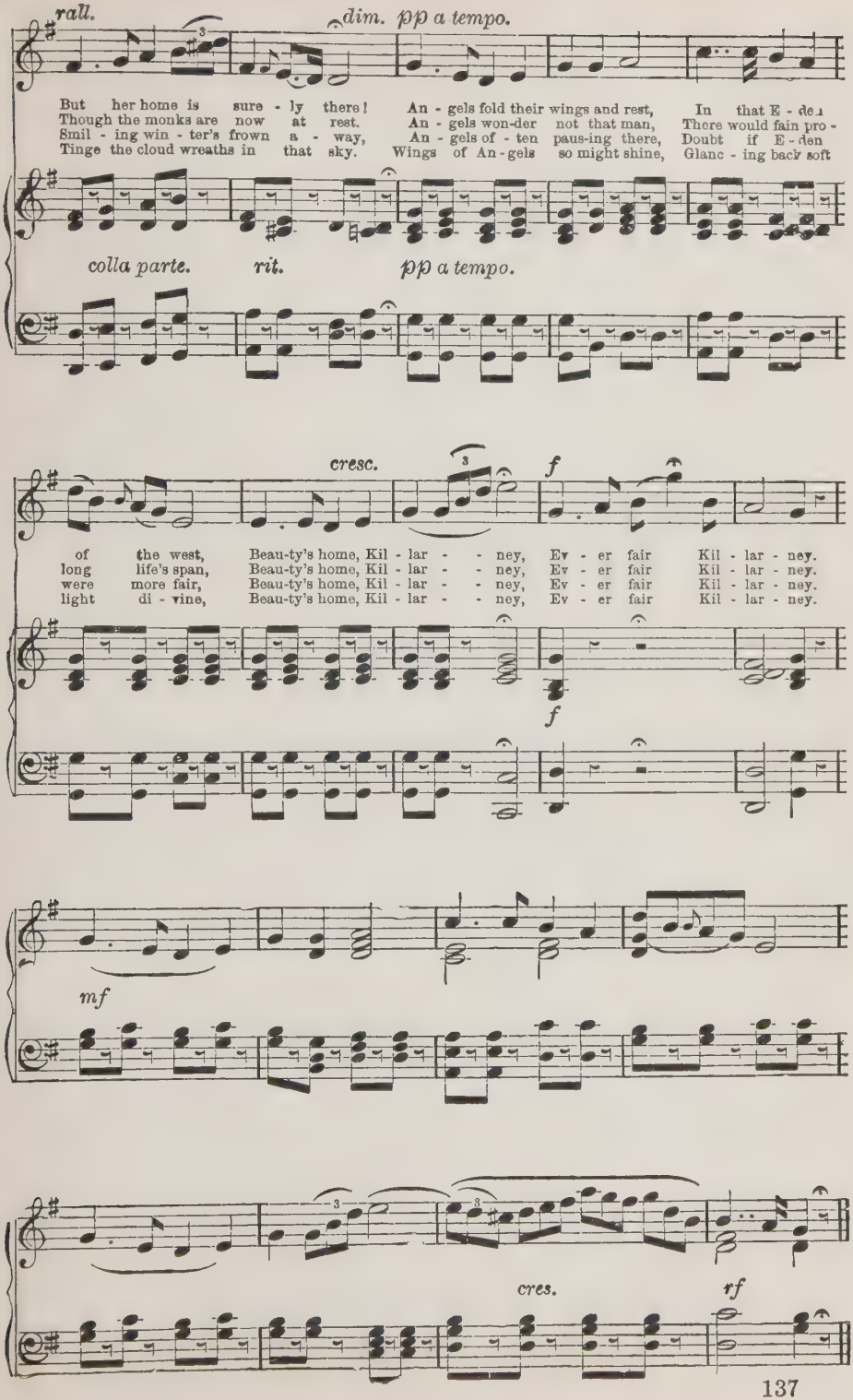
THEO. MARZIALS.


1. O - hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Who's for the ferry ?(The bri - ars in bud, the
2. O - hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the ferry,"(The bri - ars in bud, the
3. O - hoi ye - ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry (The bri - ars in bud, the
sun going down,) And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady, And 'tis but a penny to
sun going down,) And it's late as it, is and I haven't a penny, And how shall I get me to
sun going down,) And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady, You'd think 'twas a journey to
Twick - en - ham Town. The fer - ry-man's slim and the fer - ry-man's young And he's
Twick - en - ham Town. She'd a rose in her bon - net, and oh! she look'd sweet As the
Twick - en - ham Town. "O hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will The
p


just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, and he's fresh as a pip - pin and
lit - tle pink dow - er that grows in the wheat, With her cheeks like a rose and her
moon is a ris - ing on Pe - tersham Hill, And with love like a rose in the
brown as a ber - ry, And 'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town.
lips like a cherry, "And sure and you're welcome to Twick - en - ham Town."
stern of the wherry, There's dan - ger in cross - ing to Twick en - ham Town.
ff
O.
f
- - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho Ho - ye - ho, Ho.
p
dim.

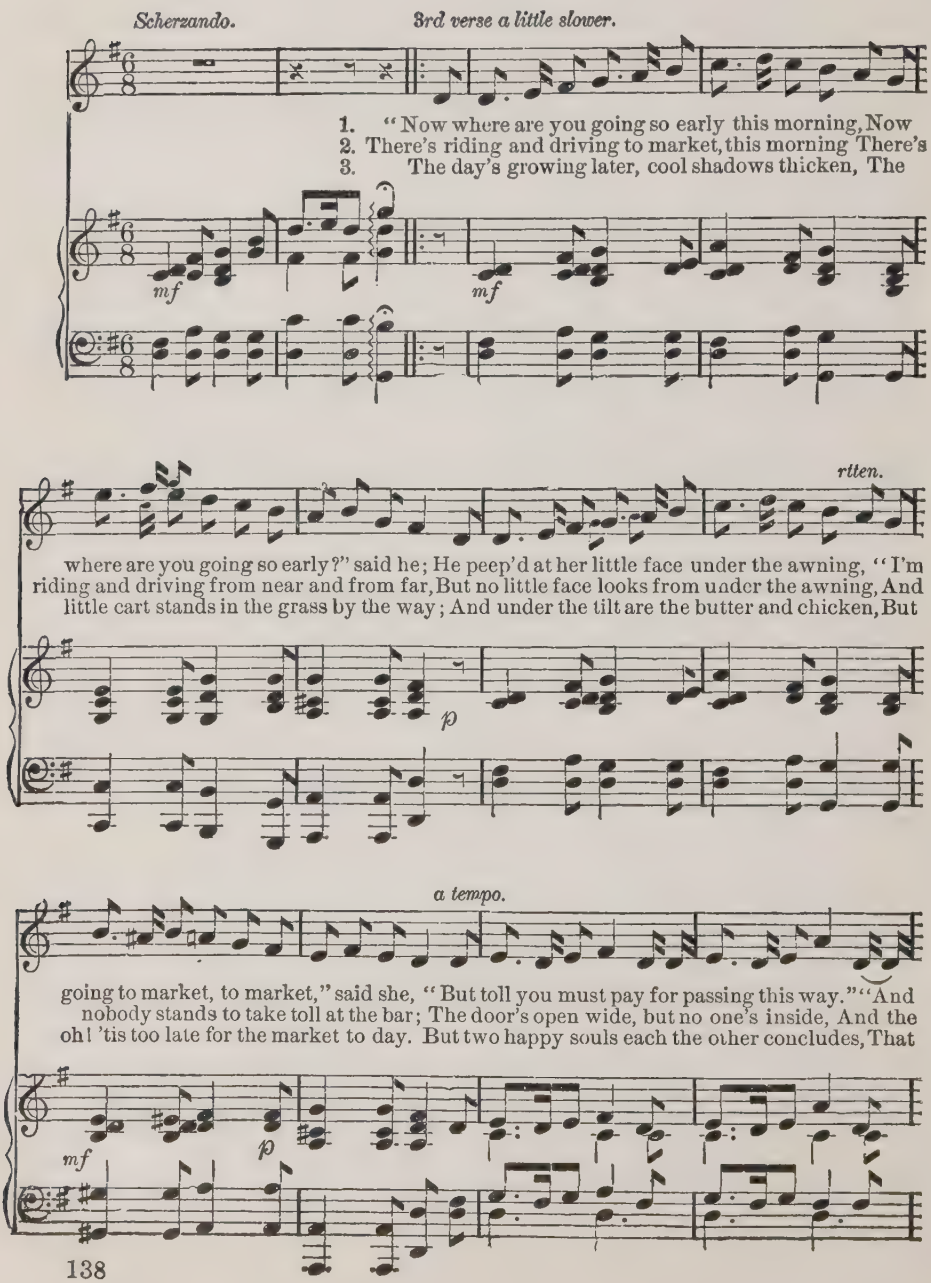
Killarney.

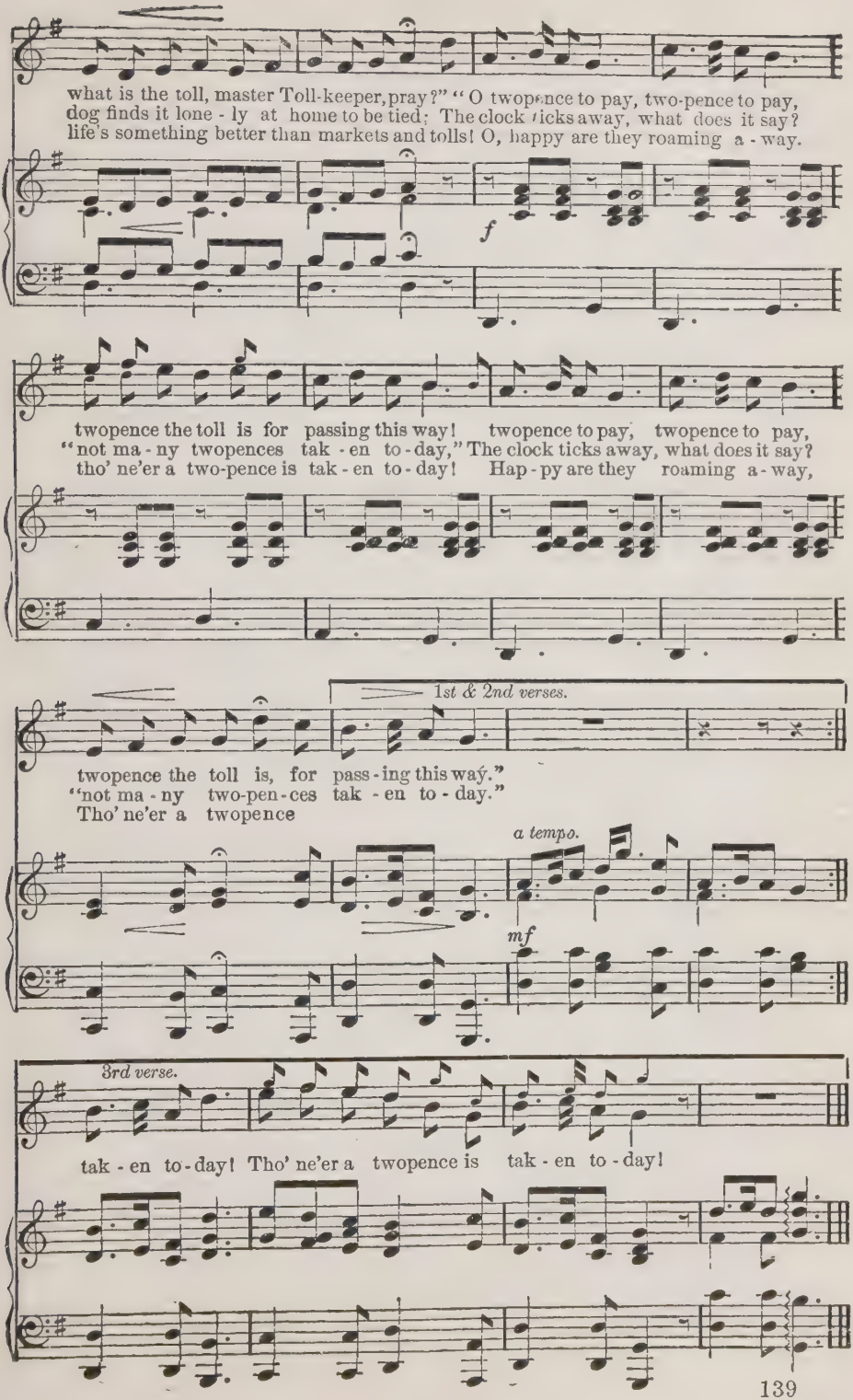
By M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.
PIANO.
p
1 By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em' - rald isles and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
2 In - nis-fal-len's ru-in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
3 No plae else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints, Ev' - ry rock that
4 Mu - sic there for e - cho dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny, Ma-ny voic'd the
woodland dells, Mem-'ry ev - er fond - ly strays, Boun-teous nature
ne'er de-cline Such God's won-ders float-ing by, Cas-tle Lough and
you pass by, Ver-dure broi-ders or besprints. Vir-gin there the
cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta-sy. With the charmful
sf pp
loves all land; Beau-ty wan-ders ev' - ry-where, Footprints leaves on ma-ny strands,
Gle-na bay, Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray,
green grass grows, Ev' - ry morn springs na-tal day, Brighthued ber-ries daff the snows,
tints be-low, Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col-ors that we know,


rall.
dim. pp a tempo.
But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Though the monks are now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man, There would fain pro -
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way, An - gels of - ten paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of An - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft
colla parte.
rit.
pp a tempo.
cresc.
f
of the west, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
long life's span, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
light di - vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
f
mf
cres.
rf

Turnham Toll.

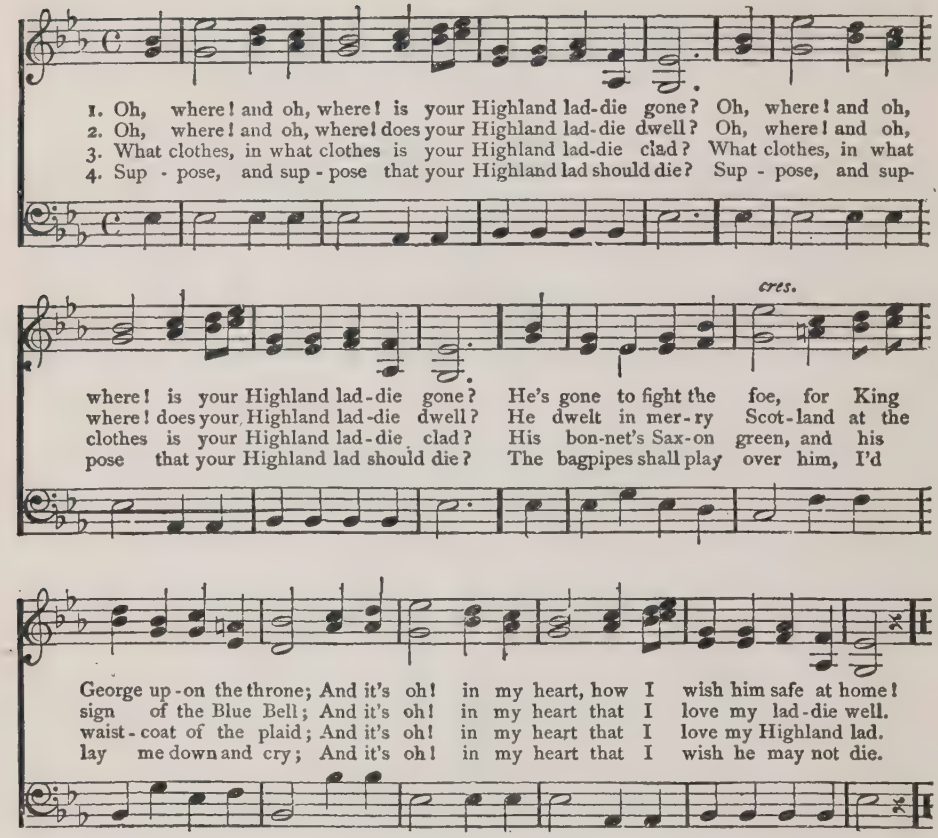
FRED. E. WEATHERLY. MILTON WELLINGS.


Scherzando.
3rd verse a little slower.
1. "Now where are you going so early this morning, Now
2. There's riding and driving to market, this morning There's
3. The day's growing later, cool shadows thicken, The
mf
mf
rtten.
where are you going so early?" said he; He peep'd at her little face under the awning, "I'm
riding and driving from near and from far, But no little face looks from under the awning, And
little cart stands in the grass by the way; And under the tilt are the butter and chicken, But
p
a tempo.
going to market, to market," said she, "But toll you must pay for passing this way." "And
nobody stands to take toll at the bar; The door's open wide, but no one's inside, And the
oh! 'tis too late for the market to day. But two happy souls each the other concludes, That
mf
p


what is the toll, master Toll-keeper, pray?" "O twopence to pay, two-pence to pay,
dog finds it lone - ly at home to be tied; The clock ticks away, what does it say?
life's something better than markets and tolls! O, happy are they roaming a - way.
f
twopence the toll is for passing this way! twopence to pay, twopence to pay,
"not ma - ny twopences tak - en to - day," The clock ticks away, what does it say?
tho' ne'er a two-pence is tak - en to - day! Hap - py are they roaming a - way,
1st & 2nd verses.
twopence the toll is, for pass - ing this way."
"not ma - ny two-pen - ces tak - en to - day."
Tho' ne'er a twopence
a tempo.
mf
3rd verse.
tak - en to - day! Tho' ne'er a twopence is tak - en to - day!

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Mrs. Jordan.


1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh, where! and oh,
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? Oh, where! and oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? What clothes, in what
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup-
cres.
where! is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the
clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his
pose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd
George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.
lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George upon the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!

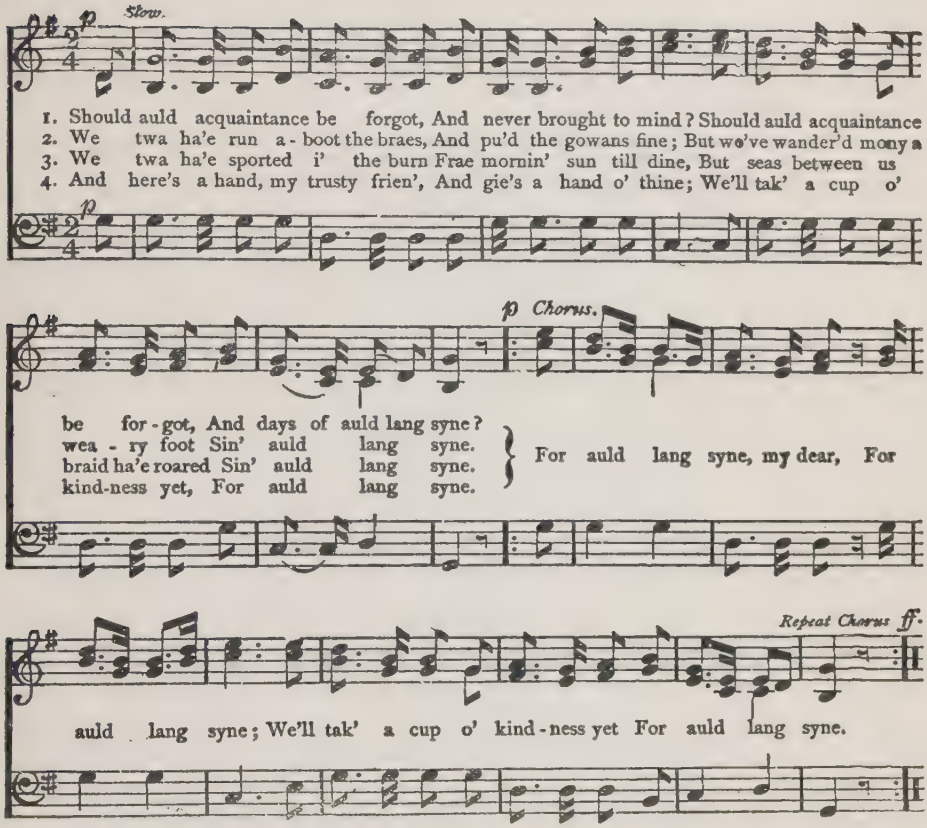
Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in Merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell!
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's Saxon green, and his waistcoat of the plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should die?
Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Auld Lang Syne.

Robert Burns.


p Slow.
1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'
p Chorus.
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
Repeat Chorus ff.
auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

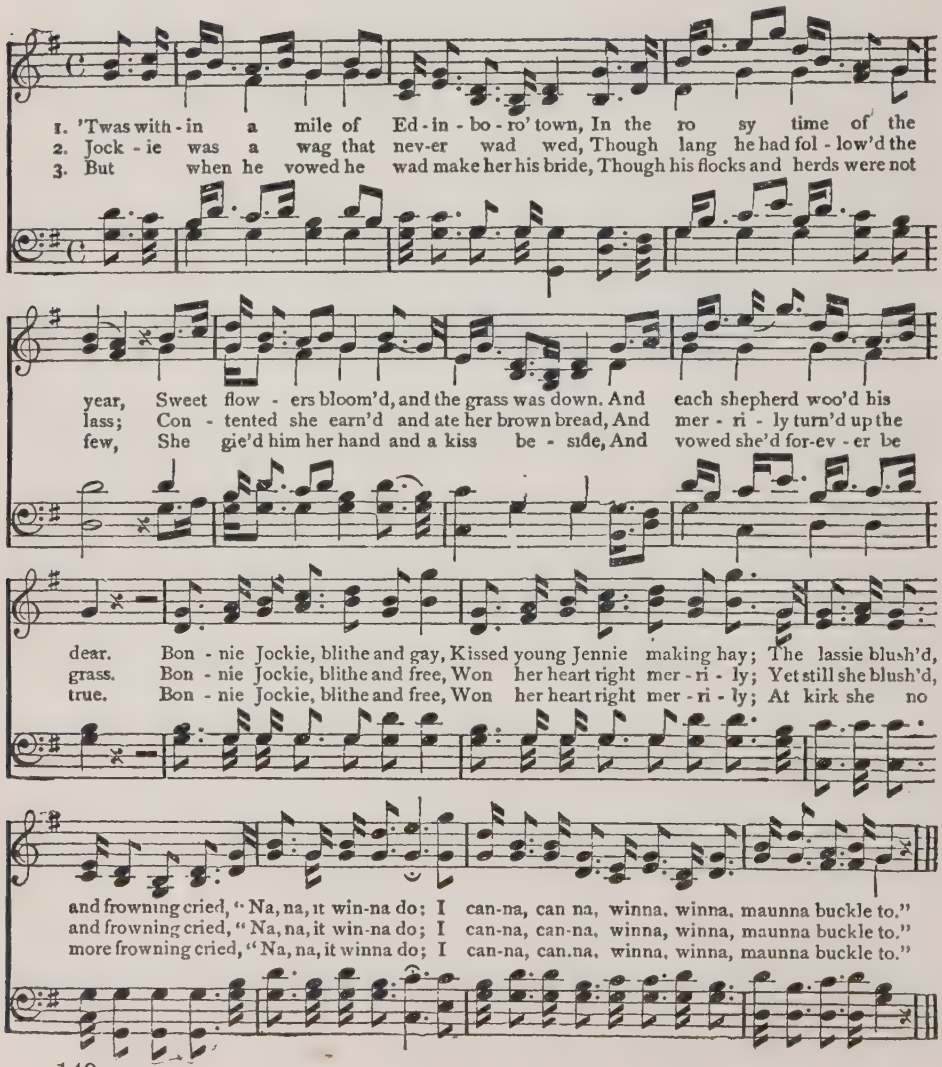
And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

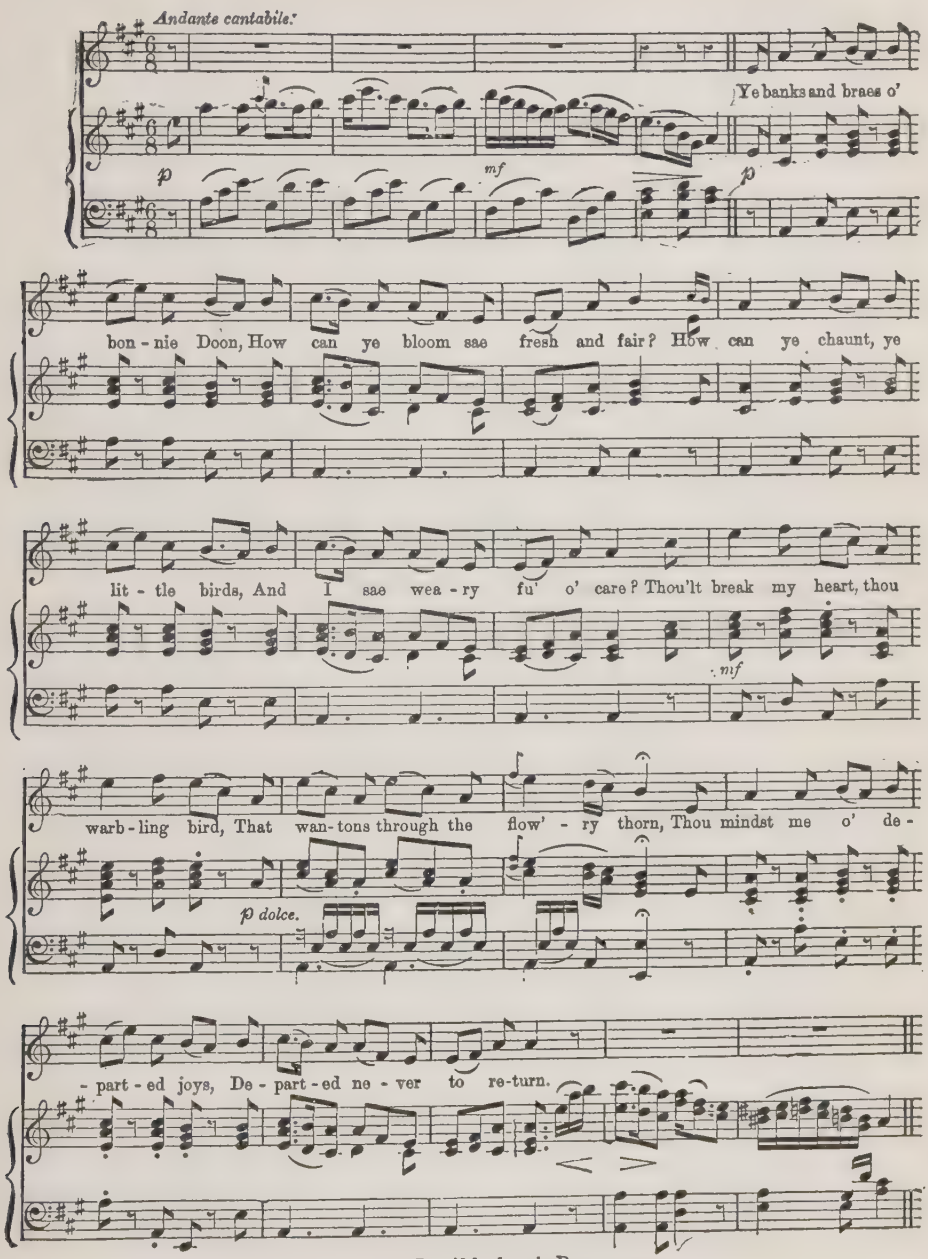
Within a Mile of Edinboro Town.

James Hook, 1785?

Thomas D'Urfey, 1690?


1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro' town, In the ro sy time of the
2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the
3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not
year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down. And each shepherd woo'd his
lass; Con - tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the
few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vowed she'd for-ev - er be
dear. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kissed young Jennie making hay; The lassie blush'd,
grass. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd,
true. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no
and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."
and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."
more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do; I can-na, can.na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

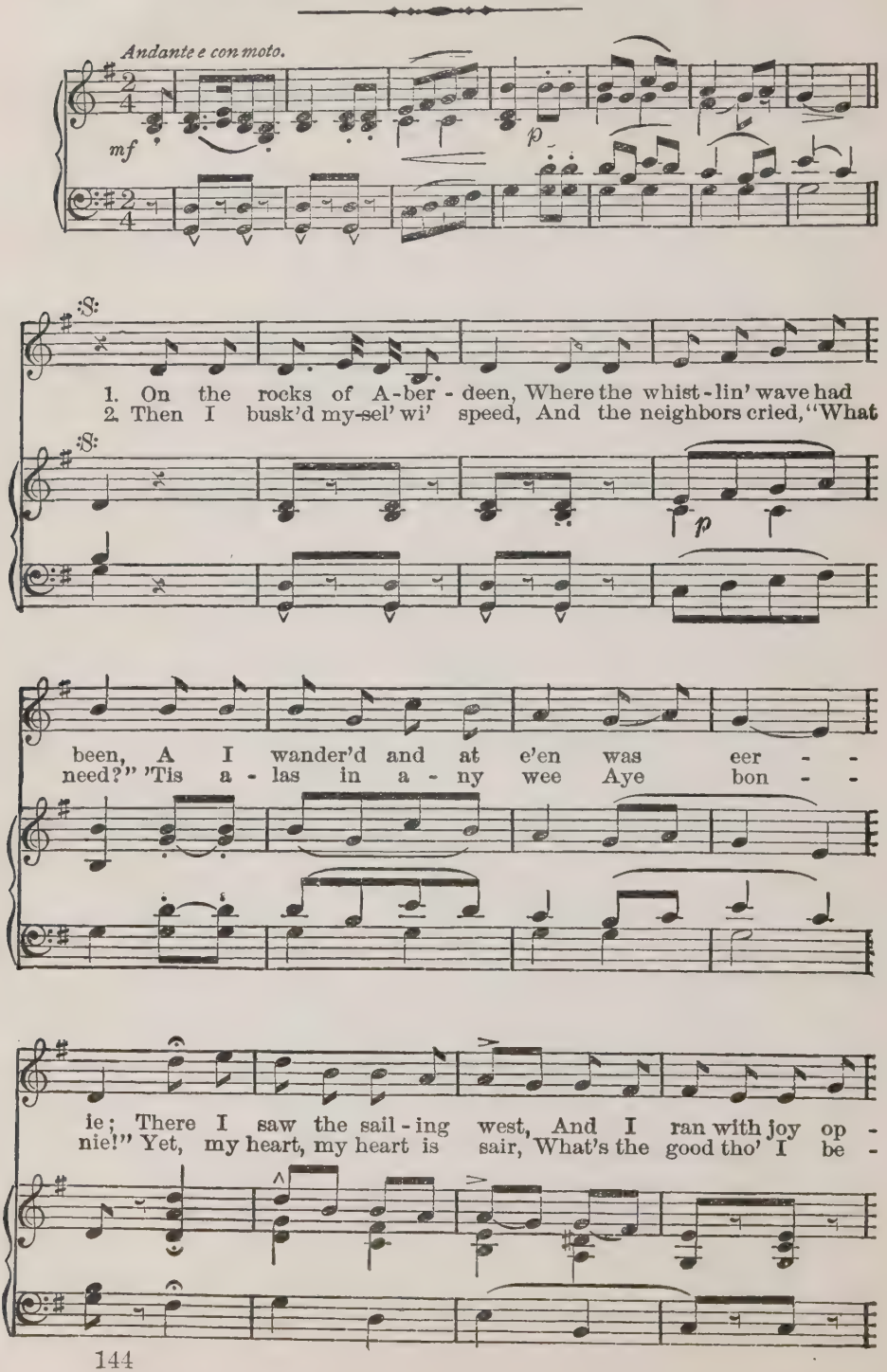
Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon

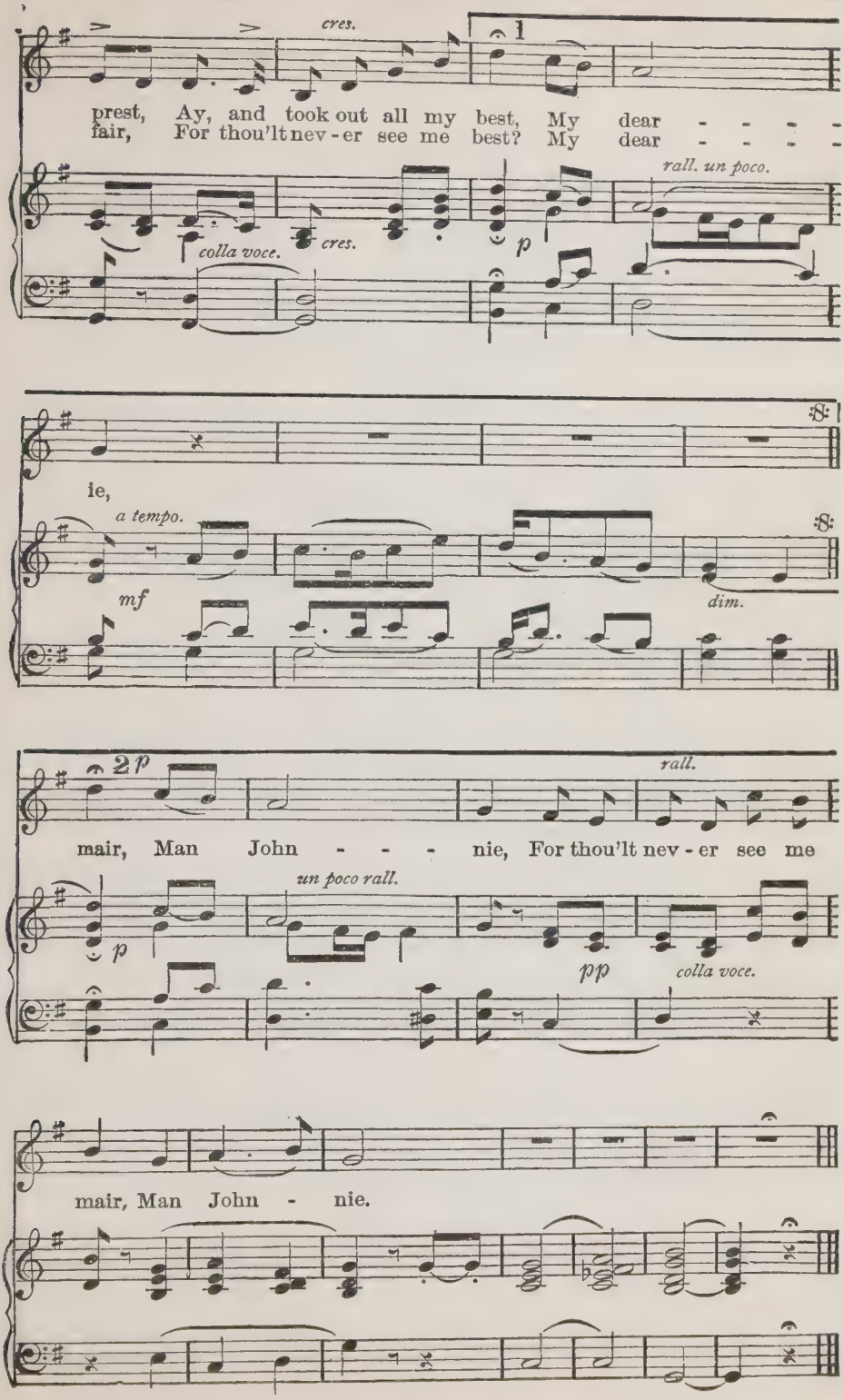

Andante cantabile.
Ye banks and braes o'
p
mf
p
bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Thou'lt break my heart, thou
mf
warb - ling bird, That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn, Thou mindst me o' de -
p dolce.
- part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re-turn.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

On the Rocks by Aberdeen.

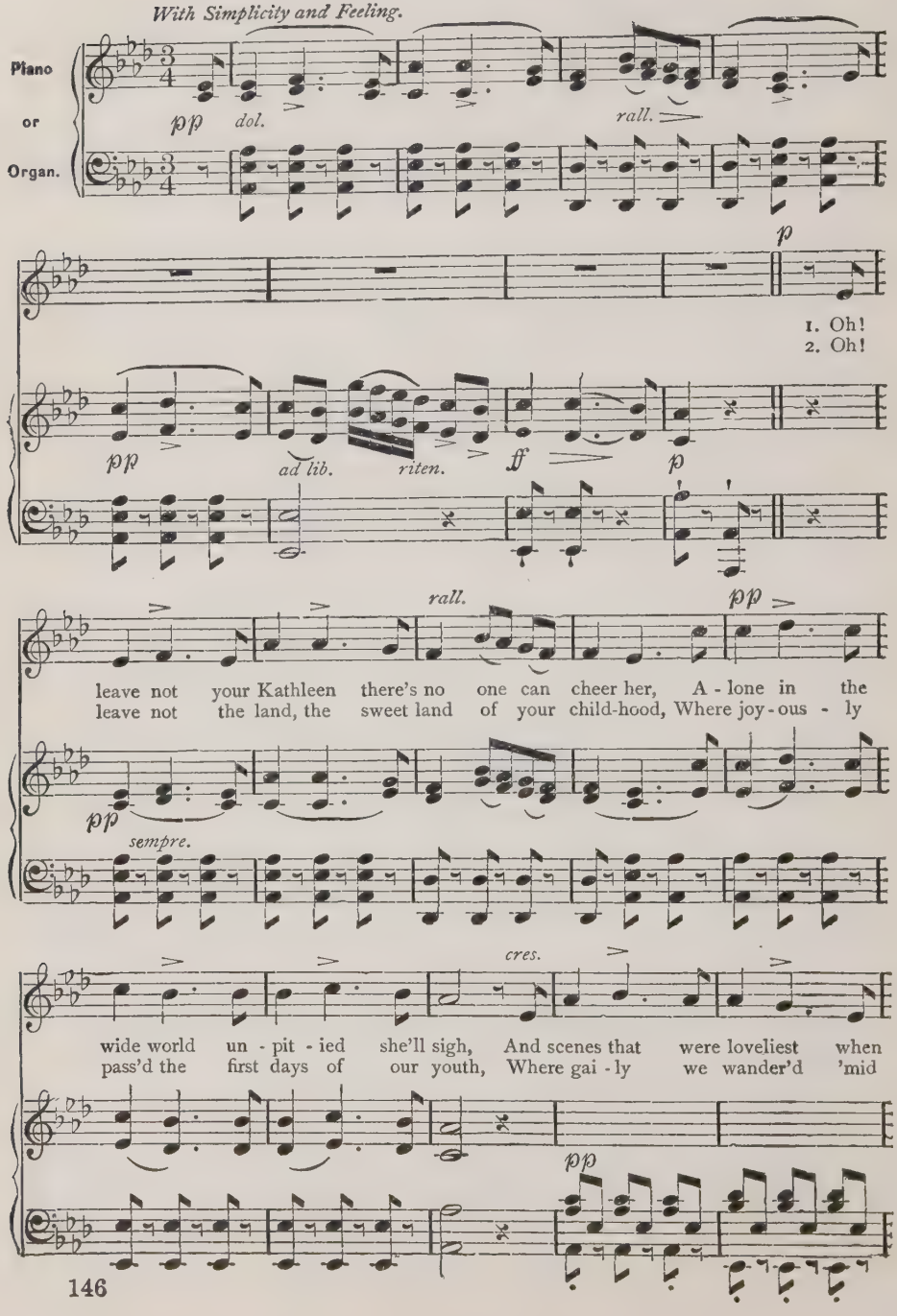
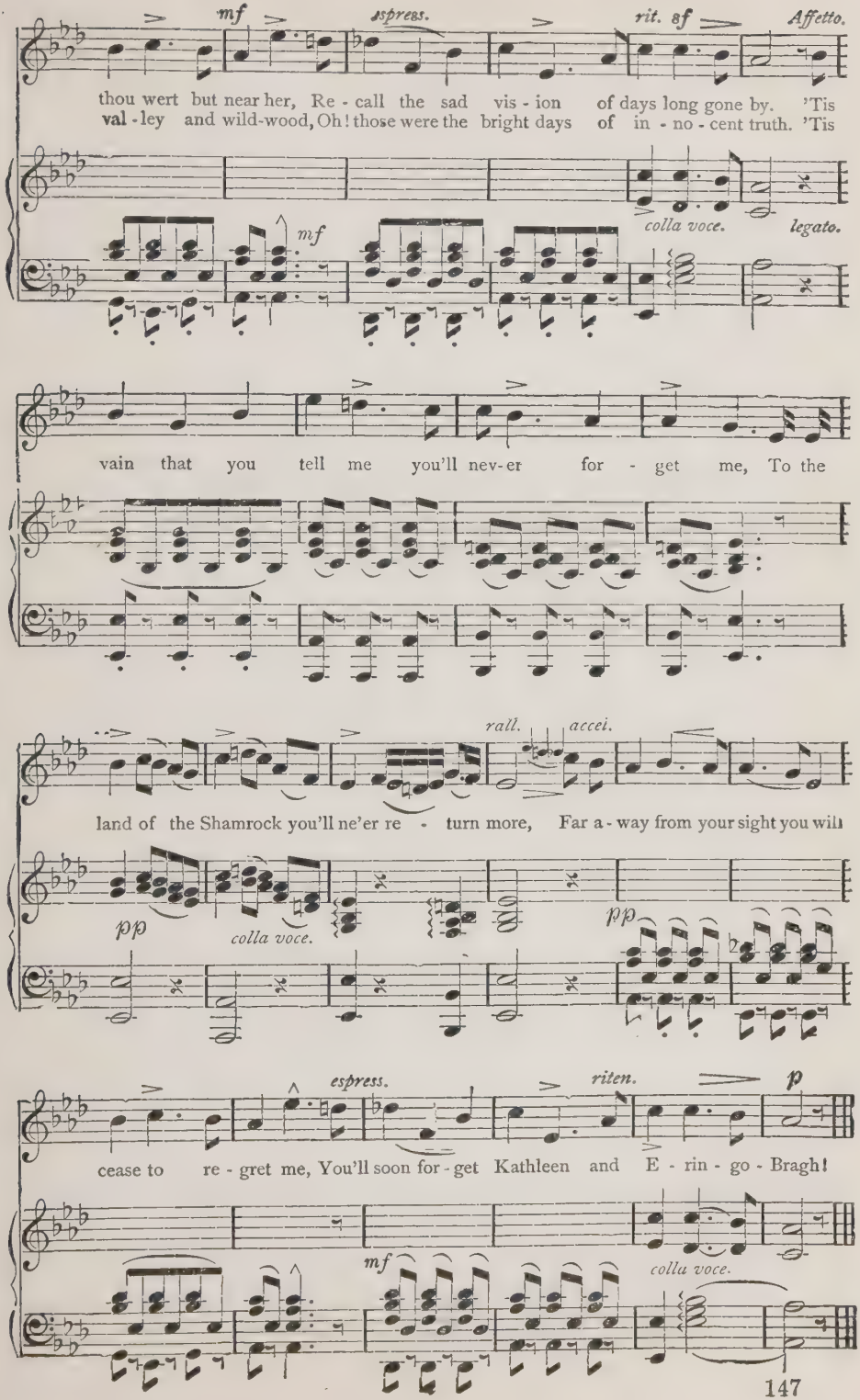
Words by Jean Ingelow. Music by A. Scott Gatty.


Andante e con moto.
mf
p
1. On the rocks of A-ber - deen, Where the whist-lin' wave had been, A I wander'd and at e'en was eer - -
2. Then I busk'd my-sel' wi' speed, And the neighbors cried, "What need?" 'Tis a - las in a - ny wee Aye bon - -
ie; There I saw the sail - ing west, And I ran with joy op -
nie!" Yet, my heart, my heart is sair, What's the good tho' I be -


cres.
1
prest, Ay, and took out all my best, My dear - - - -
fair, For thou'lt nev - er see me best? My dear - - - -
rall. un poco.
colla voce.
cres.
p
ie,
a tempo.
mf
dim.
2 p
rall.
mair, Man John - - - nie, For thou'lt nev - er see me
un poco rall.
p
pp
colla voce.
mair, Man John - nie.

You'll Soon Forget Kathleen.

W. Langton Williams.



mf
espress.
rit. sf
Affetto.
thou wert but near her, Re - call the sad vis - ion of days long gone by. 'Tis
val - ley and wild-wood, Oh! those were the bright days of in - no - cent truth. 'Tis
colla voce.
legato.
mf
vain that you tell me you'll nev-er for - get me, To the
rall.
accel.
land of the Shamrock you'll ne'er re - turn more, Far a - way from your sight you will
pp
colla voce.
pp
espress.
riten.
p
cease to re - gret me, You'll soon for - get Kathleen and E - rin - go - Bragh!
mf
colla voce.

Part V.

SONGS OF HOME AND COUNTRY.

GOSSIP GRAVE AND GAY.

IT is, perhaps, fitting that the story of "Home, Sweet Home" should form the introduction to the part on "Songs of Home and Country."

It has often been said that John Howard Payne was a native of East Hampton, Long Island, and his boyhood's home is pointed out with local pride as being one of several houses there. It is not exactly a case of—

Seven cities claimed the poet Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,

for Payne was neither Homer nor a beggar, though there is ample evidence that he was not loth to relate stories of his seasons of great poverty and distress, some of which stories are open to question; and there is, moreover, evidence to show that he was born at what was then No. 33 Pearl Street, in New York City, in a two-story house with arched doorway and peaked roof. Mr. Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, Payne's biographer, declares that he was so told by his father, and that he believes it to be true from his investigations.

John Howard Hunt, the editor of the Sag Harbor *Express*, writes as follows: "The father of John Howard Payne was William Payne, who at one time lived in East Hampton. Afterward he removed to New York. It was the custom for Mr. Payne occasionally to spend the night with his friend Dr. John Howard, of Smithtown, my grandfather on the maternal side, and the one after whom both John Howard Payne and myself were named. On one of these occasions William Payne stopped with Dr. Howard as usual, and while conversing after supper Mr. Payne informed the doctor that a son had just been born unto him and added, 'Doctor, I want you to name him.' Dr. Howard replied, 'Do you really want me to name him?' Receiving an affirmative reply the doctor said, 'I will name him after myself —call him John Howard Payne'"

The elder Payne later removed to Boston. He was a school teacher and taught elocution to the lad, who was the sixth of nine children. He discouraged his son, however, from becoming an actor, as he desired, and placed him in a counting-house in this city when he became old enough to be a clerk. The boy early established the *Thespian Mirror*, a boyish sheet, which he edited and wrote for with sufficient ability to attract the notice of G. Brockden Brown, the novelist, who assisted him to a college career. He matriculated at Union College, Schenectady, and promptly established there a paper

called the *Pastime*; but his father being unfortunate in business matters he left college and made his debut at the Park Theatre in New York, in the part of Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas, or the Noble Shepherd." He was at this time (February 24, 1809) nearly eighteen years old, having been born on June 9, 1791, but by those who saw him play in this and other cities he is said to have looked several years younger. His success as a juvenile phenomenon was measured with that of Master Betty, the celebrated English boy tragedian. During or immediately after his stage career he formed numerous friendships with men of influence and position.

About the year 1823, the young American, John Howard Payne, poet and playwright, after a disastrous sojourn in London, drifted to Paris, then as now the gayest capital of Europe. In a garret on the topmost story of a house in the Palais Royale he took up his abode. It is tolerably certain, from the written records that survive him, that he was at no time, as has been so often stated, in dire want. He said to himself that "money burnt a hole in his pockets." He certainly received considerable sums for the fruit of his pen, and with provident habits might have lived in comfort; if not in affluence. But like many another member of the noble guild of authors, Payne was a spendthrift, and consequently suffered from periodical purse-pinchings.

During one of these seasons, with its attendant dejection and despair, in that meanly furnished room, with the sounds of the happy, thoughtless crowds on the boulevard below welling up through the tiny casement, the opening words of the immortal song, "Mid Pleasures and Palaces," came to him as spontaneously as a sigh; and then and there he wrote the words that have since girdled the world. The legend that "Home, Sweet Home" was penned under the portico of a nobleman's mansion in London is incorrect, though "good enough to be true." Its foundation probably lies in the fact that Payne was wont to tell of a time when he stood on Christmas Eve in a London street, penniless and hungry and cold, and heard with indescribable feelings of loneliness "Home, Sweet Home" played in a rich man's parlor.

In 1823, Charles Kemble bought Payne's manuscripts, among them a dramatic poem, "Clari, the maid of Milan." This latter, Kimble persuaded him to alter into the libretto for a opera, the music for which was to be composed by Henry Bishop. In doing this Payne introduced his poem "Home, Sweet Home." The music for this consisted of a setting of an old Calabrian peasant song, familiar for generations to the mountain-folk of Sicily. Some say that Payne himself heard it during his wanderings, and that he gave it to Bishop; but the truth would seem to be that Bishop obtained the air from a Captain Alexander, who served in Sicily under Lord Bentinck. Bishop never claimed the melody as his own, and in the title of the original English edition he announced the source from which it had been secured.

Another account, for which Dr. Charles Mackey is responsible, says that "Sir Henry Bishop composed the music of 'Home, Sweet Home,' in early manhood for Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, who were publishing a series of national melodies of all countries. A 'Sicilian melody' was wanted, and, as Sir Henry was unable to find one, he composed 'Home, Sweet Home' and passed it off as Sicilian. Several other publishers, thinking it really was Sicilian, and not copyright, pirated the music, and a series of actions ensued. Sir Henry Bishop deposed on oath to the facts above

mentioned, and Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine obtained nominal damages."

The song was published separately, and more than a hundred thousand copies were sold in less than a year, all of which profited Payne only as a matter of reputation. Even this came to him slowly, since his name was not attached to the first editions as author, and the publisher did not even send him a presentation copy.

The poetic or literary merit of the poem is not of a high order. Here are two of the stanzas which are now seldom seen or heard:

"To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears:
From allurements abroad which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns and says with a sigh,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

"Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But mine has been checkered with many a woe;
Yet though different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written sixty years ago by a New York printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which, in the estimation of us both, far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," assented Woodworth, teardrops glistening in his eyes. Retiring to his printing office he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

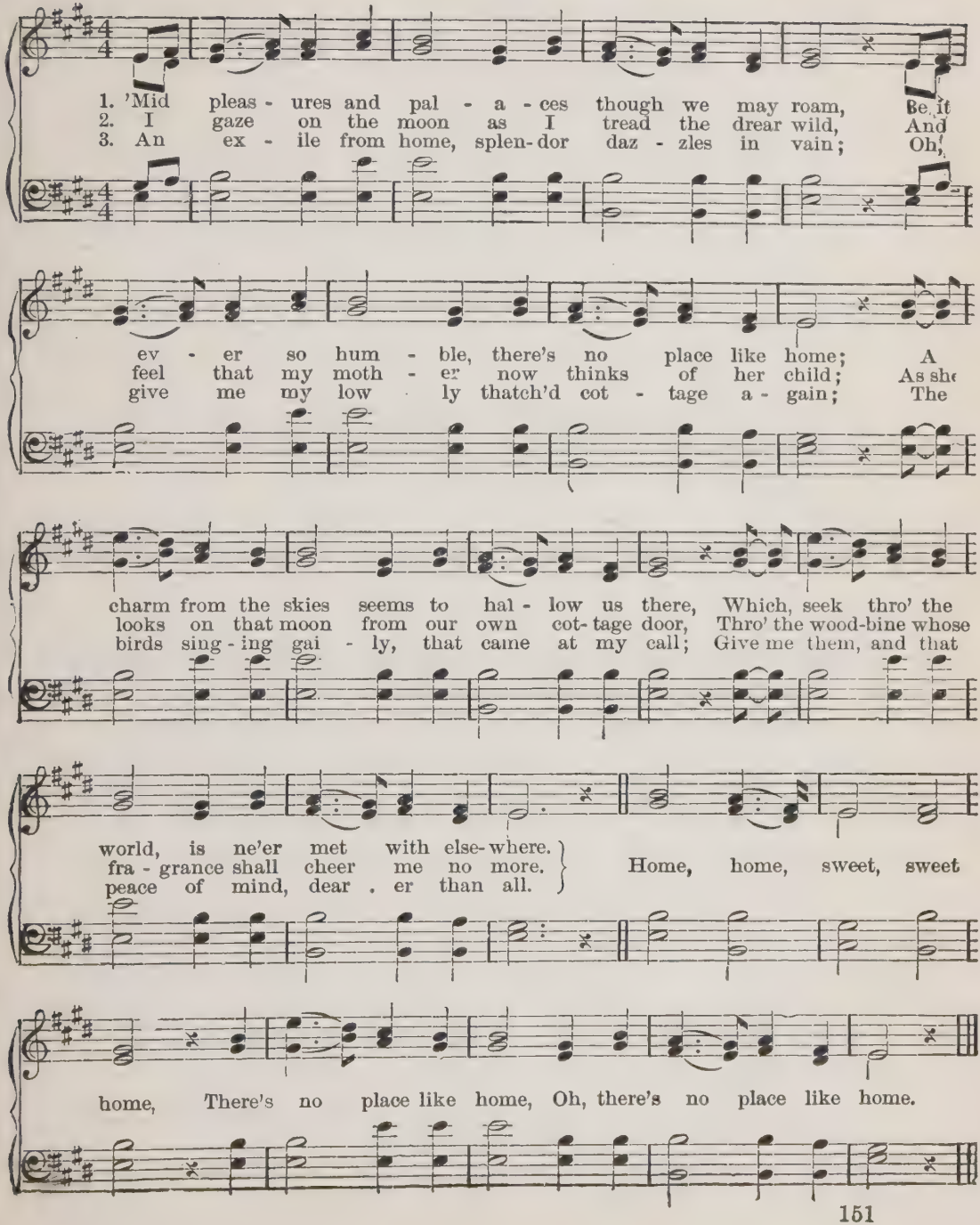
"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well."

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word. The name of Frederick Smith appears as composer of the air, but he was merely the arranger, as the melody is adapted from Kiallmark's music written for Moore's "Araby's Daughter."

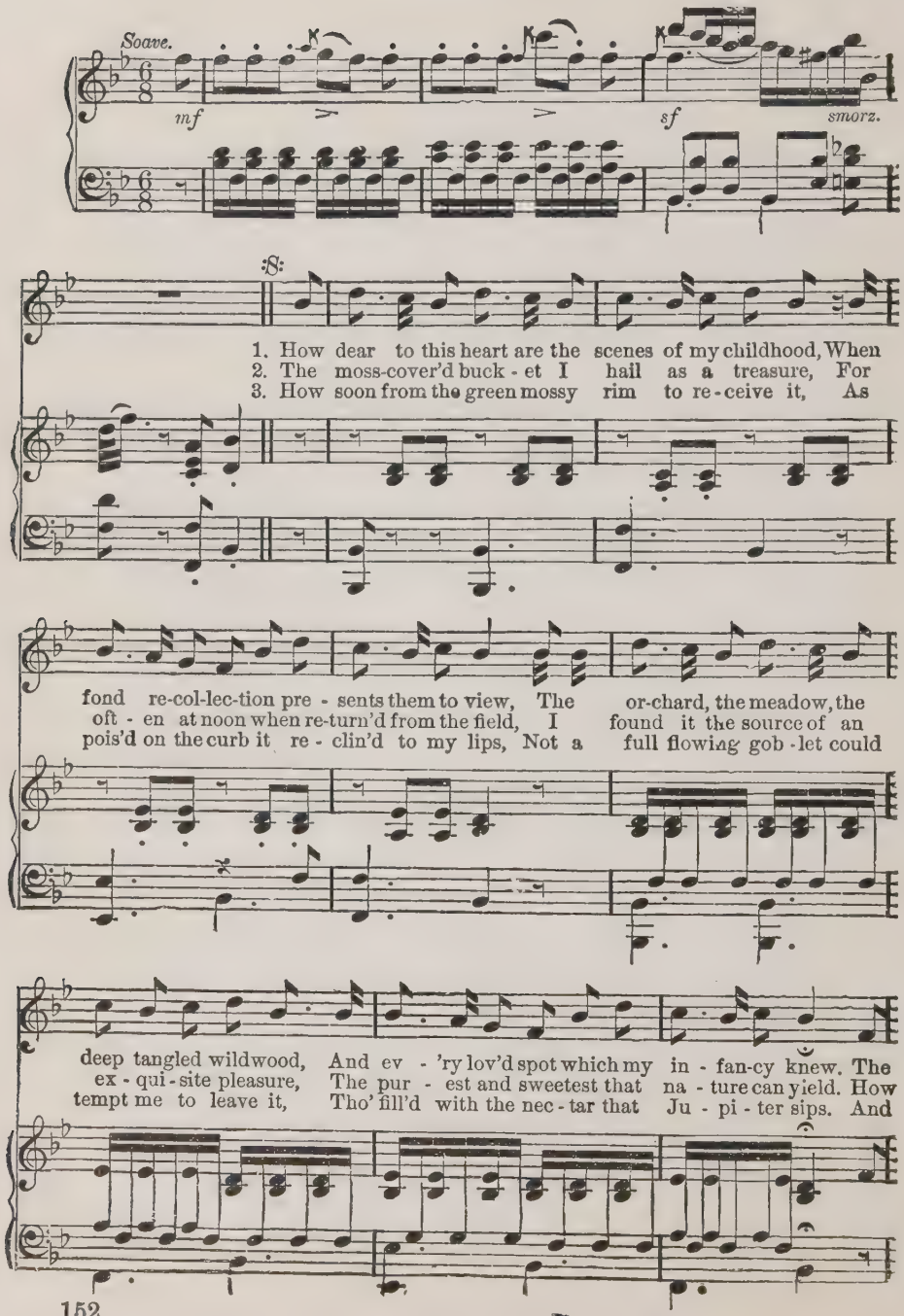
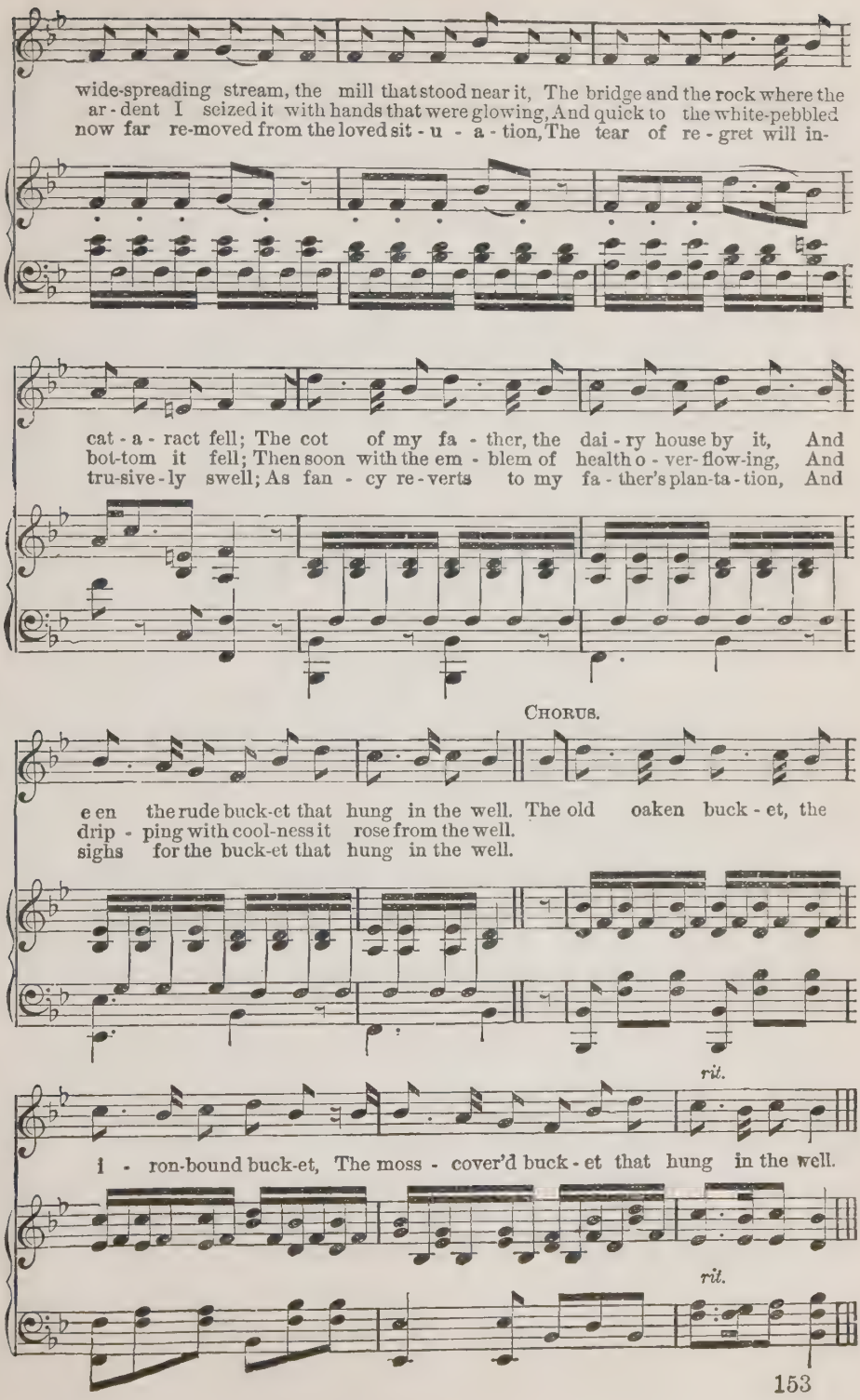
There exists a very ancient fragment of song bearing the name "John Anderson, my Joe," and tradition points to the town piper of Kelso, a famous wag, as the original John. The tune is very old. As early as 1578, it was found written in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book." Some English authorities think it is a modification of an ancient English air, "I am the Duke of Norfolk." Moore altered it, and included it among his Irish melodies, under the title of "Cruiskin Lawn."

The poem entitled "Homeward Bound," is supposed to have been written by a woman named Mrs. James F. Wiley, whose husband was a petty officer in the United States navy. The poem refers to the return of the *Hartford* from China in 1860, and it has also a metaphorical signification.

Home, Sweet Home.

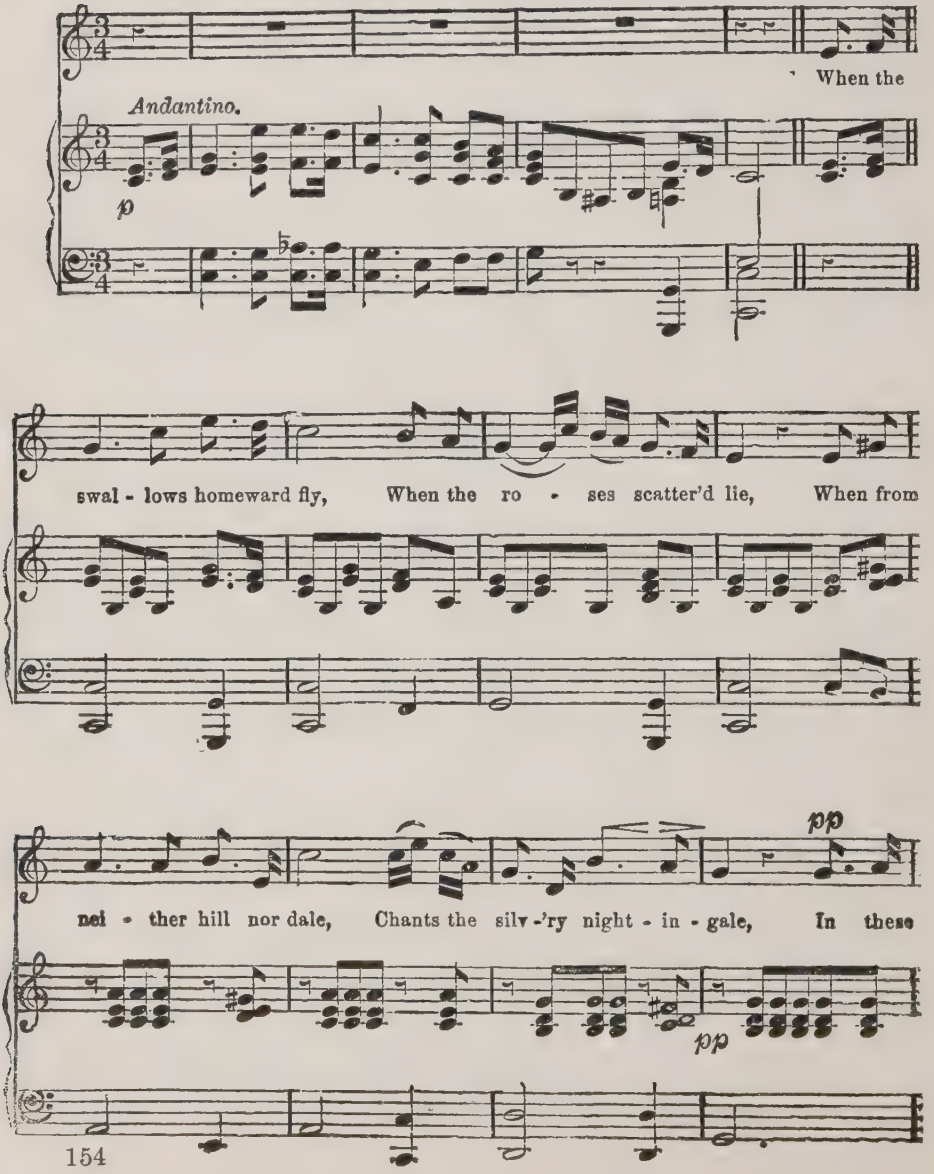
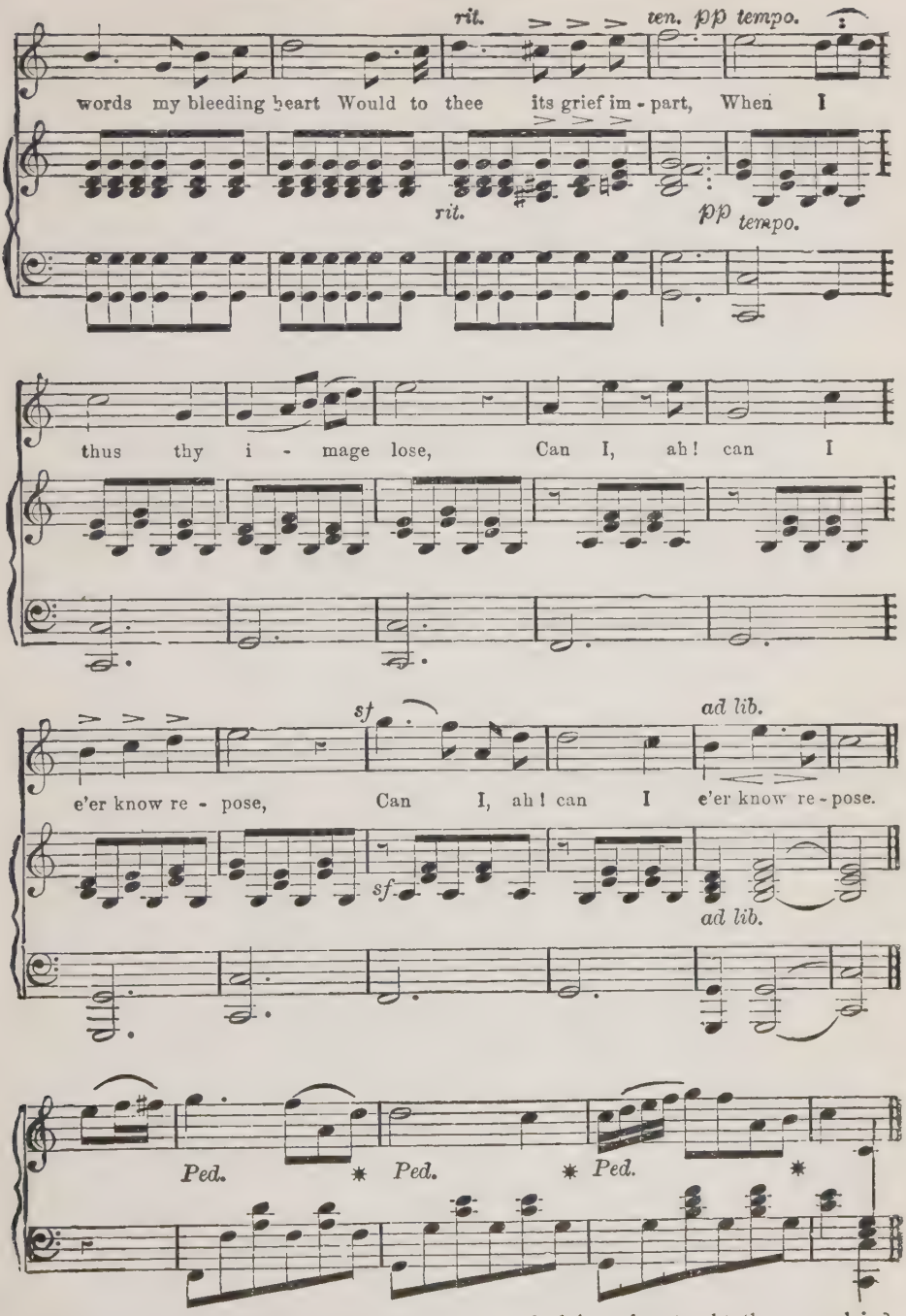
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A
feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The
charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the
looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose
birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that
world, is ne'er met with else-where.
fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
peace of mind, dear . er than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet
home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

KIALLMARK.

Soave.
mf
sf
smorz.
1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When
2. The moss-cover'd buck - et I hail as a treasure, For
3. How soon from the green mossy rim to re - ceive it, As
fond re-col-lec-tion pre - sents them to view, The or-chard, the meadow, the
oft - en at noon when re-turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a full flowing gob - let could
deep tangled wildwood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew. The
ex - qui - site pleasure, The pur - est and sweetest that na - ture can yield. How
tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And

wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the
ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled
now far re-moved from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-
cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house by it, And
bot-tom it fell; Then soon with the em-blem of health o-ver-flow-ing, And
tru-sive-ly swell; As fan-cy re-verts to my fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And
CHORUS.
e en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oaken buck-et, the
drip-ping with cool-ness it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.
rit.
i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.
rit.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly

English Words by F. H. GORDON Music by FRANZ ABT

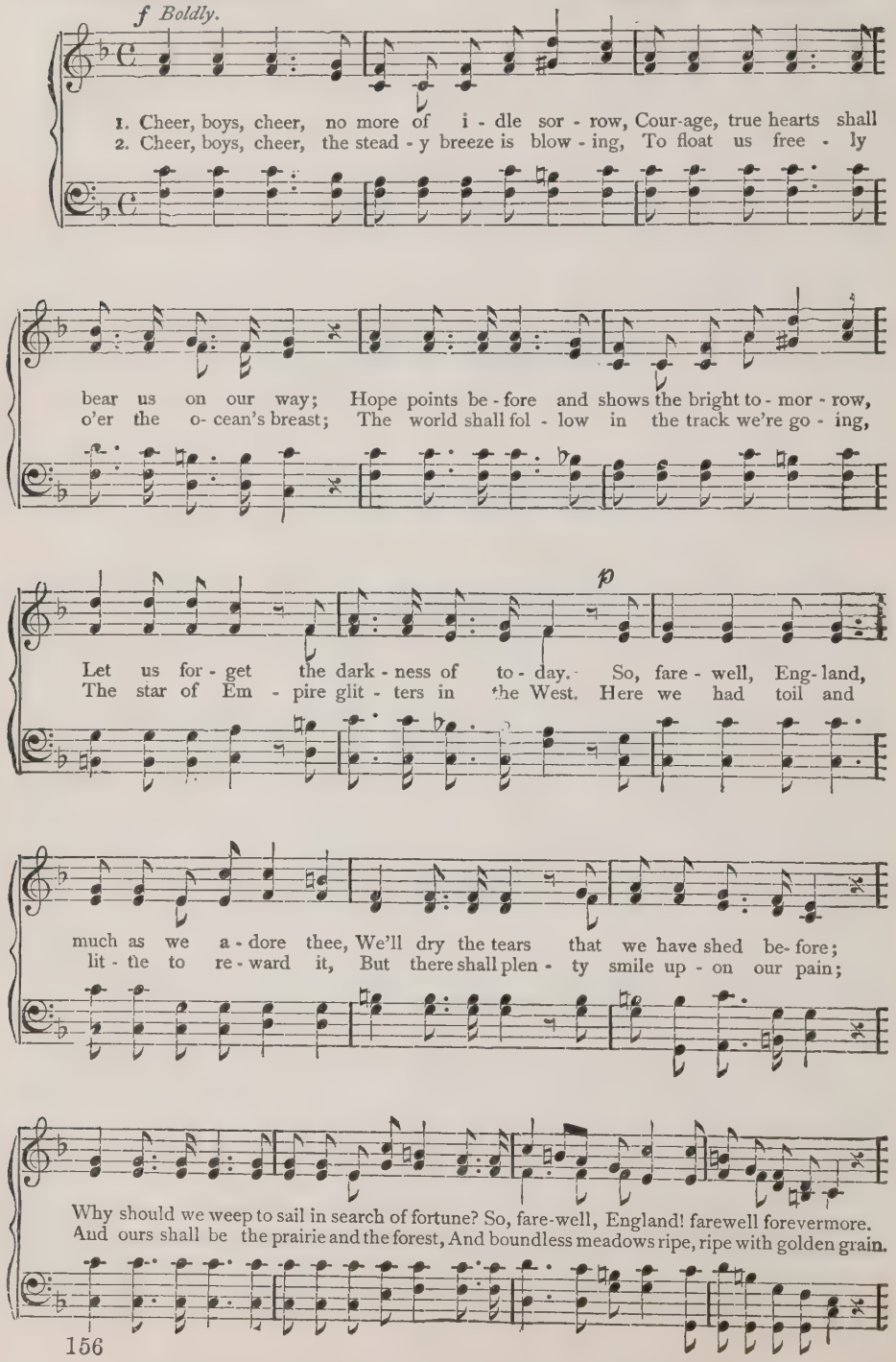

When the
Andantino.
p
swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from
pp
nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the silv-'ry night - in - gale, In these
pp

rit.
ten. pp tempo.
words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I
rit.
pp tempo.
thus thy i - mage lose, Can I, ah! can I
sf
ad lib.
e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.
sf
ad lib.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

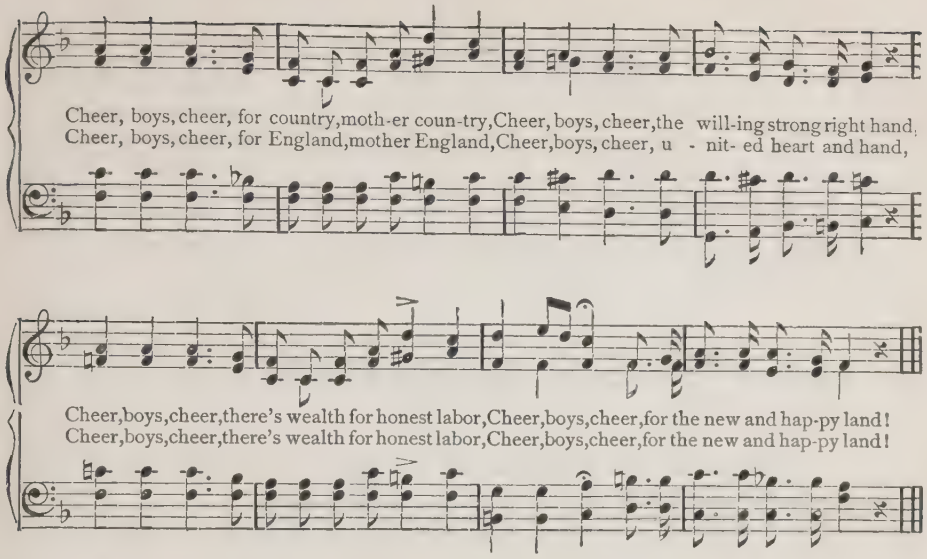
2 When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest;
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

3 Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must too, thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove
Loudly breathing vows of love;
Thou my heart must find relief,
Yielding to these words, belief;
I shall see thy form again,
Though to-day we part in pain.

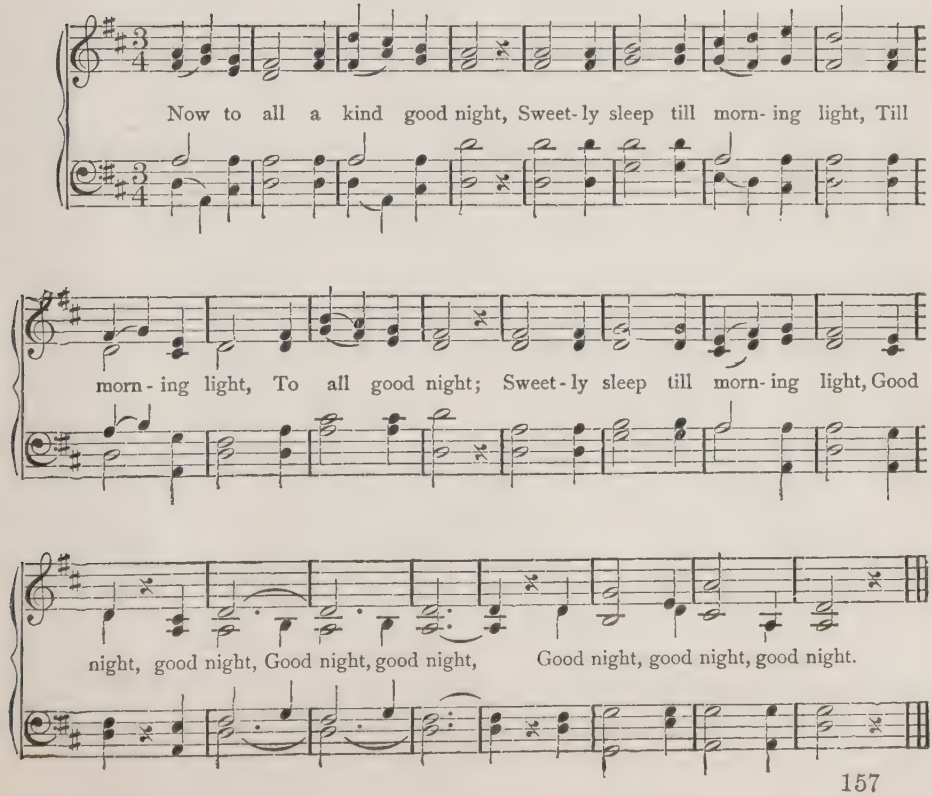
Cheer, Boys, Cheer!

CHARLES MACKAY. HENRY RUSSELL.

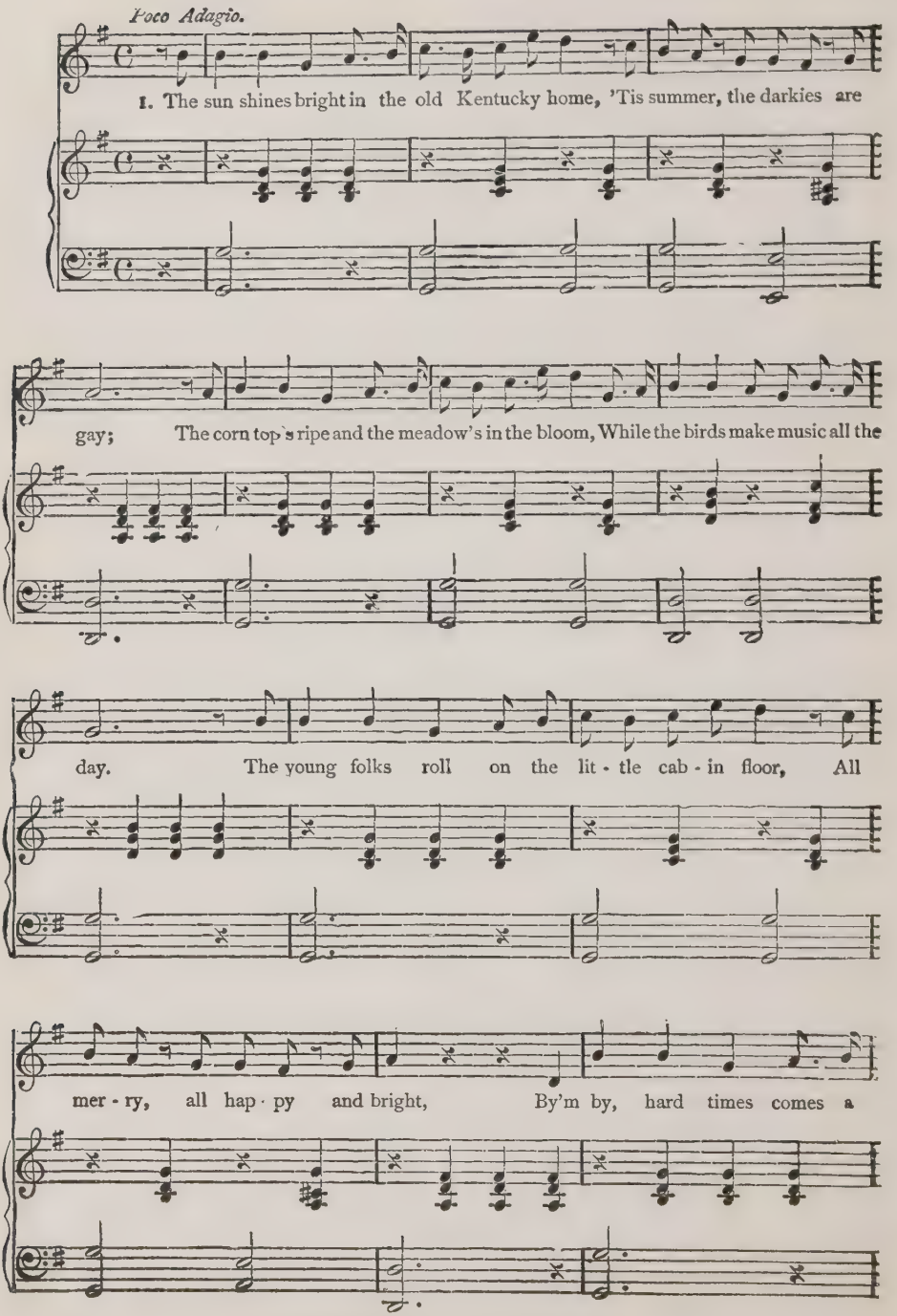

f Boldly.
1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour-age, true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing, To float us free - ly
bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row,
o'er the o- cean's breast; The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,
p
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So, fare - well, Eng - land,
The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the West. Here we had toil and
much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be- fore;
lit - tle to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune? So, fare-well, England! farewell forevermore.
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest, And boundless meadows ripe, ripe with golden grain.


Cheer, boys, cheer, for country, moth-er coun-try, Cheer, boys, cheer, the will-ing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer, for England, mother England, Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit- ed heart and hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap-py land!
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap-py land!

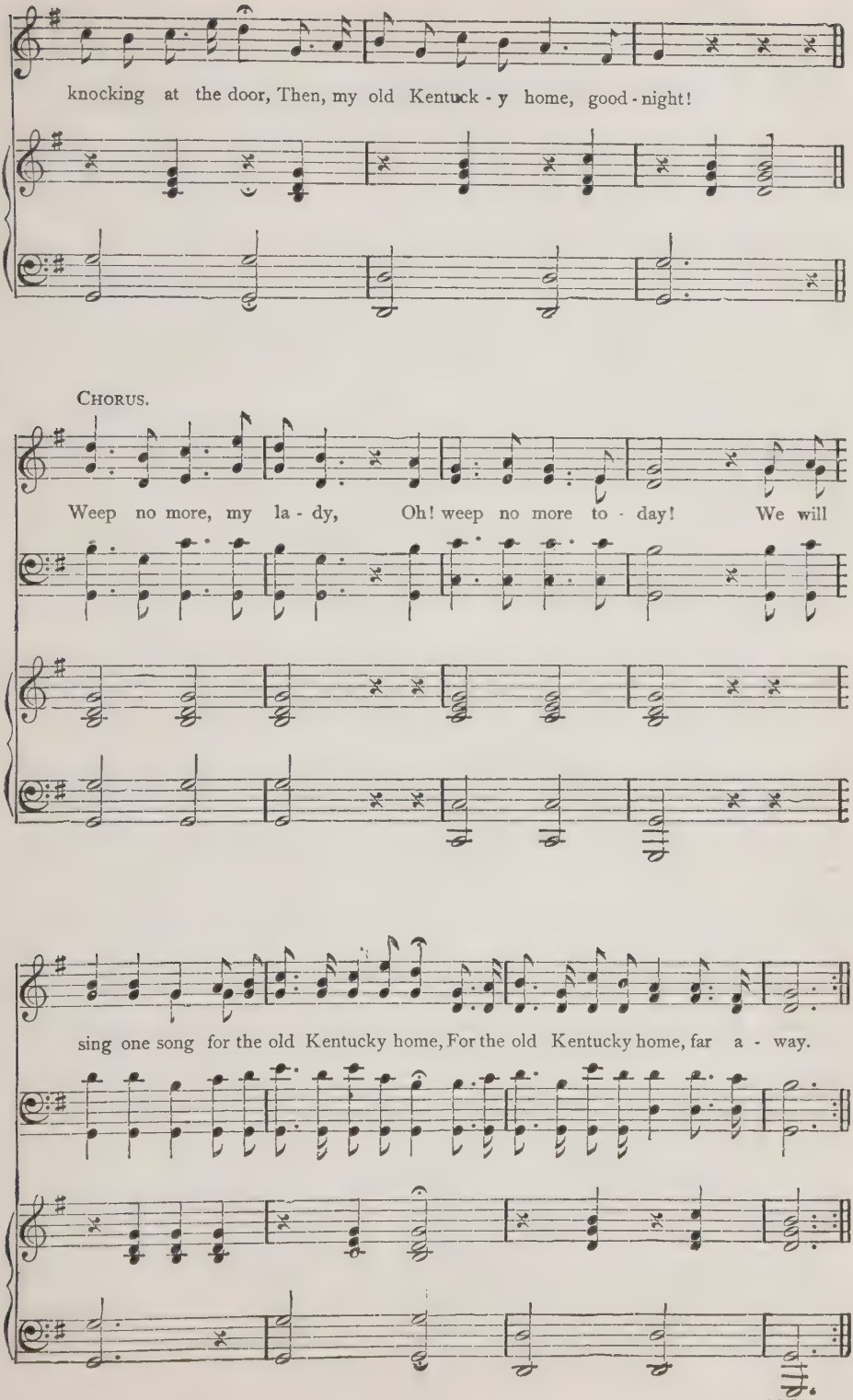
Good Night.


Now to all a kind good night, Sweet-ly sleep till morn- ing light, Till
morn - ing light, To all good night; Sweet - ly sleep till morn- ing light, Good
night, good night, Good night, good night, Good night, good night, good night.

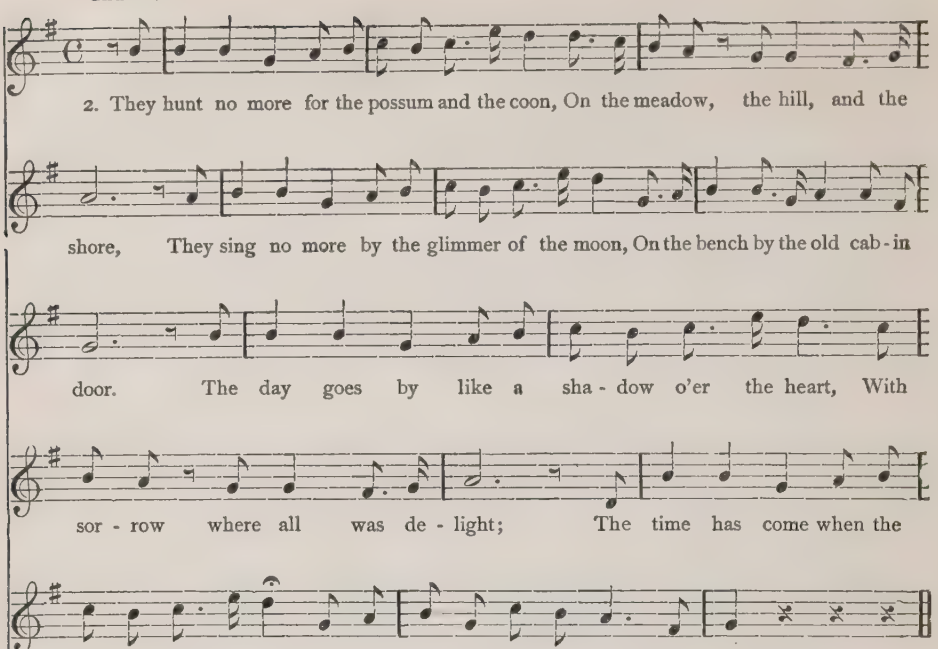
My Old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Poco Adagio.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are
gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the
day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'm by, hard times comes a

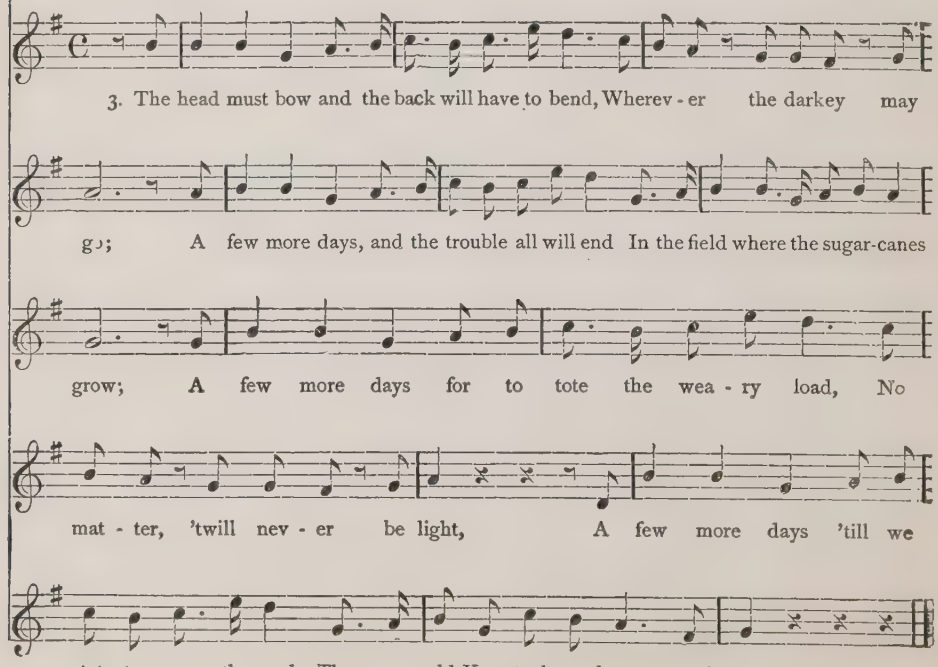
By special permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.


knocking at the door, Then, my old Kentuck - y home, good - night!
Chorus.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will
sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a - way.

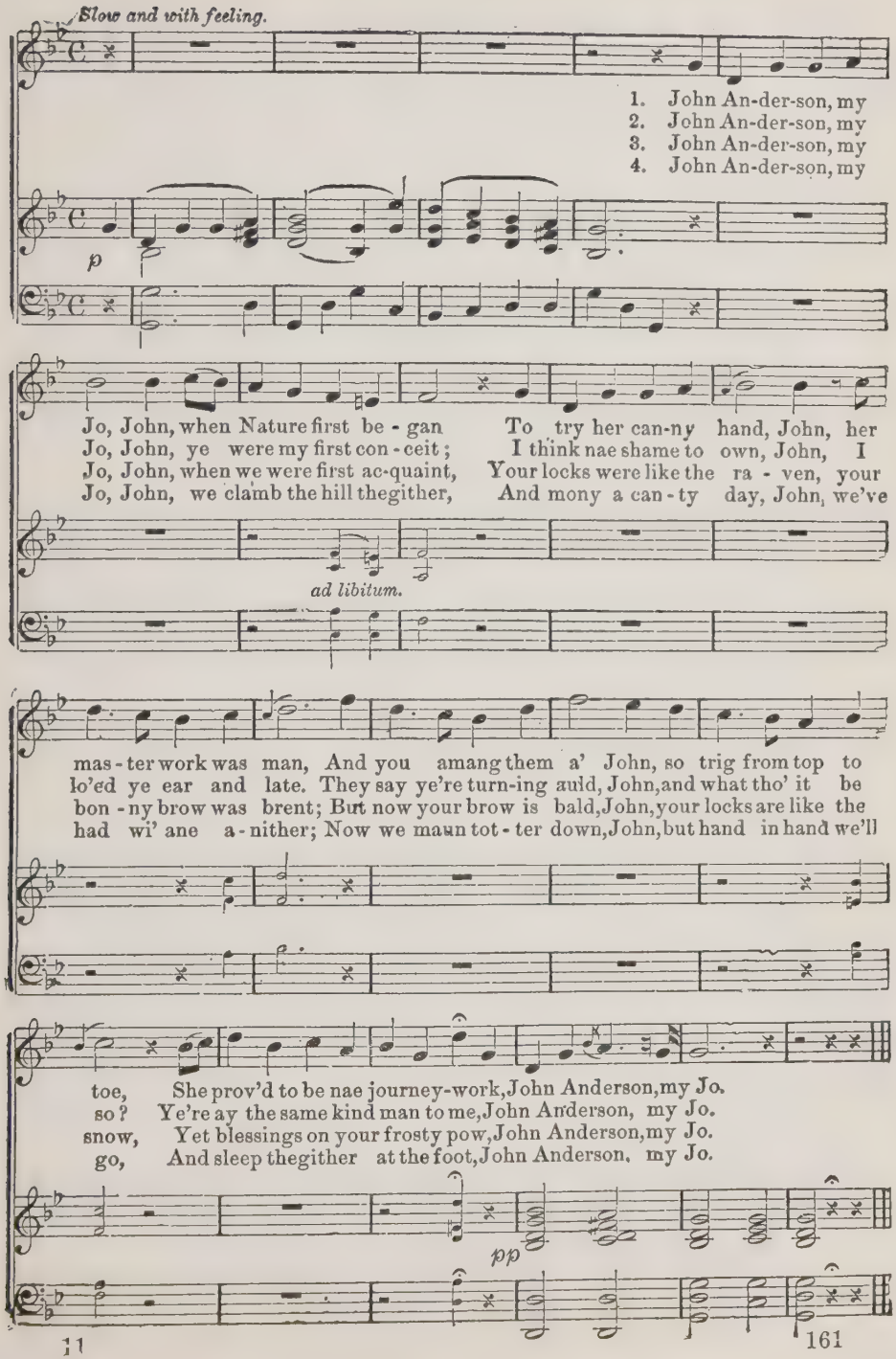
2nd Verse.


2. They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the
shore, They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
door. The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the
dar-kies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!—Chorus.

3rd Verse.


3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherev-er the darkey may
go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar-canes
grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days 'till we
tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!—Chorus.

John Anderson, My Jo.

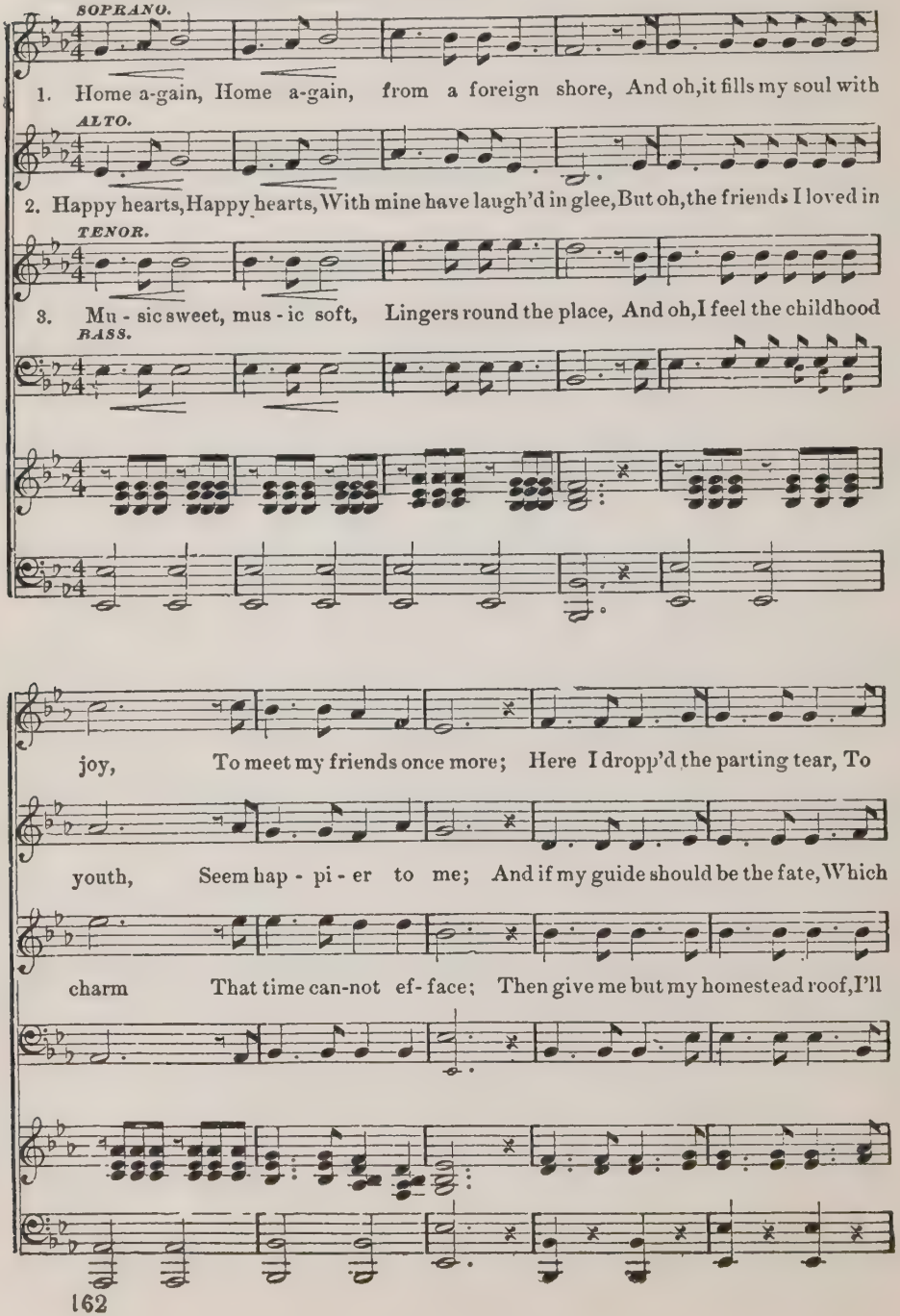

Slow and with feeling.
1. John An-der-son, my
2. John An-der-son, my
3. John An-der-son, my
4. John An-der-son, my
p
Jo, John, when Nature first be - gan To try her can-ny hand, John, her
Jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit; I think nae shame to own, John, I
Jo, John, when we were first ac-quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your
Jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither, And mony a can - ty day, John, we've
ad libitum.
mas - ter work was man, And you amang them a' John, so trig from top to
lo'ed ye ear and late. They say ye're turn-ing auld, John, and what tho' it be
bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the
had wi' ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll
toe, She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.
so? Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.
snow, Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.
go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.
pp

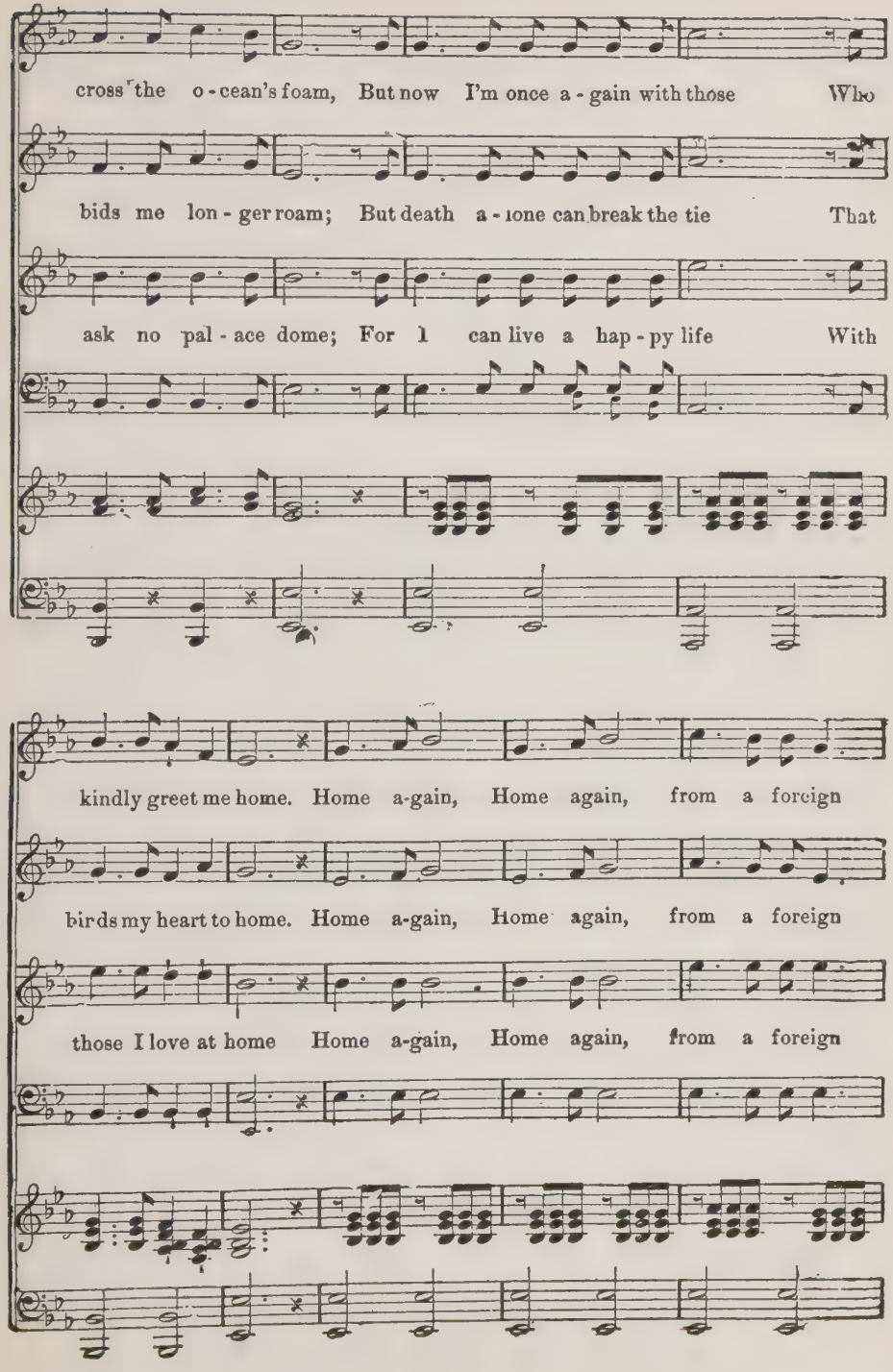
Home Again.

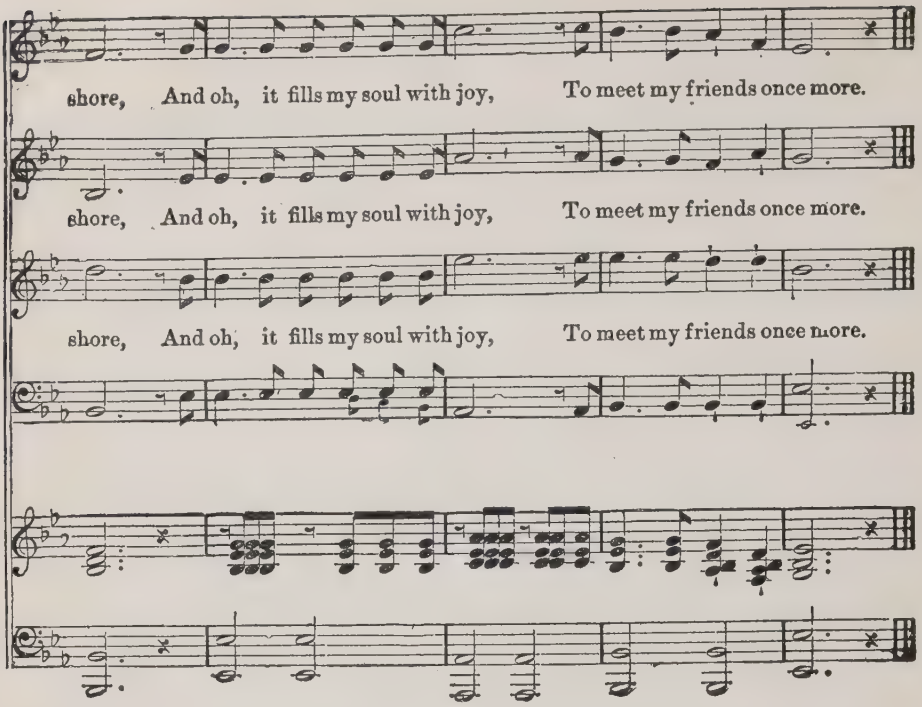
QUARTET.

PIKE.

Note. — This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines.


SOPRANO.
1. Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with
ALTO.
2. Happy hearts, Happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in
TENOR.
3. Mu - sic sweet, mus - ic soft, Lingers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood
BASS.
joy, To meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the parting tear, To
youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which
charm That time can-not ef - face; Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll


cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those Who
bids me lon - ger roam; But death a - lone can break the tie That
ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py life With
kindly greet me home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
birds my heart to home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
those I love at home Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign


shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

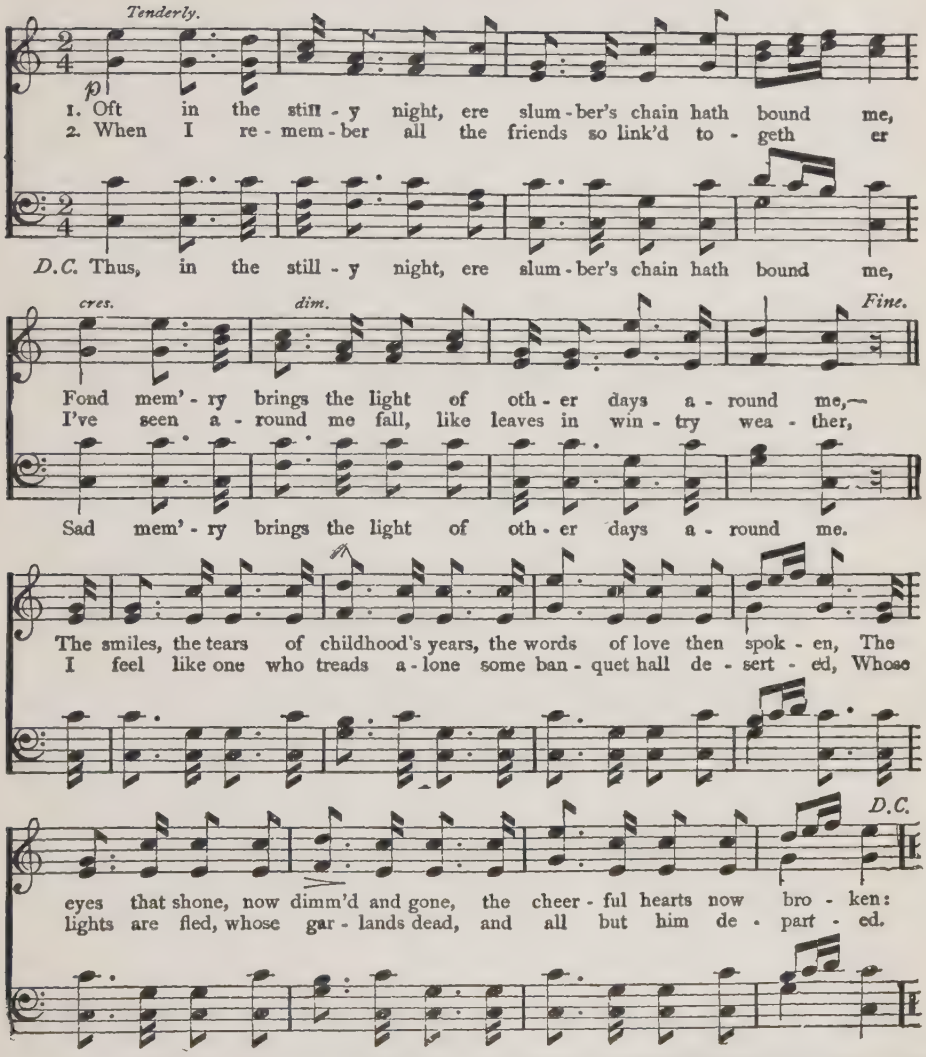
Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,
And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more;
Here I dropp'd the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam,
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.
Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,
And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Happy hearts, Happy hearts,
With mine have laugh'd in glee,
But oh, the friends I loved in youth,
Seem happier to me;
And if my guide should be the fate,
Which bids me longer roam.
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.
Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,
And oh, it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place,
And oh, I feel the childhood charm
That time cannot efface;
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome;
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.
Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,
And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Stevenson. Moore's Melodies.


Tenderly.
p
1. Oft in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all the friends so link'd to - geth er
D.C. Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
cres.
dim.
Fine.
Fond mem' - ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,—
I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try wea - ther,
Sad mem' - ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.
The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spok - en, The
I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose
D.C.
eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken:
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed.

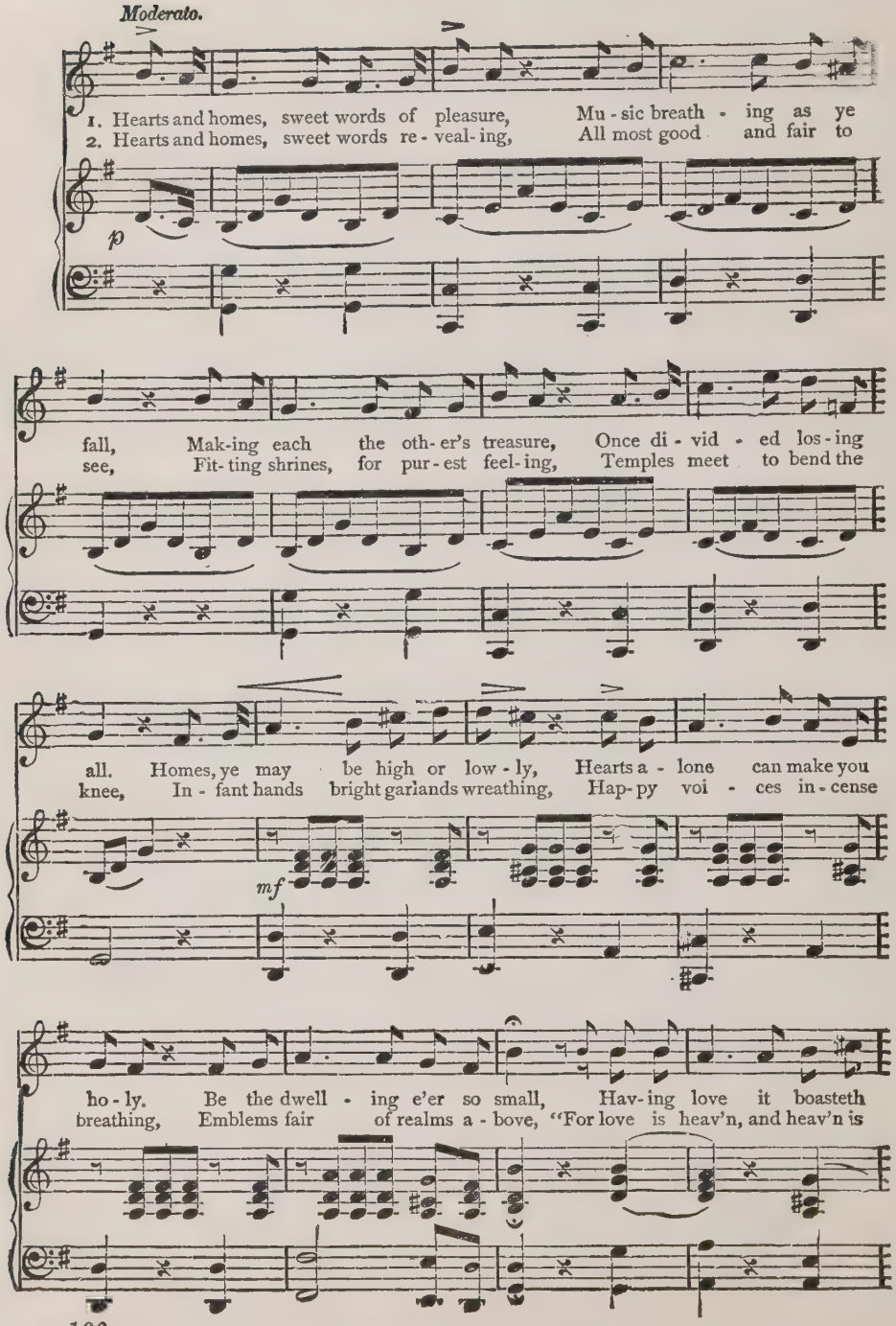
Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain
hath bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days
around me,—
The smiles, the tears of childhood's years,
the words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
the cheerful hearts now broken:

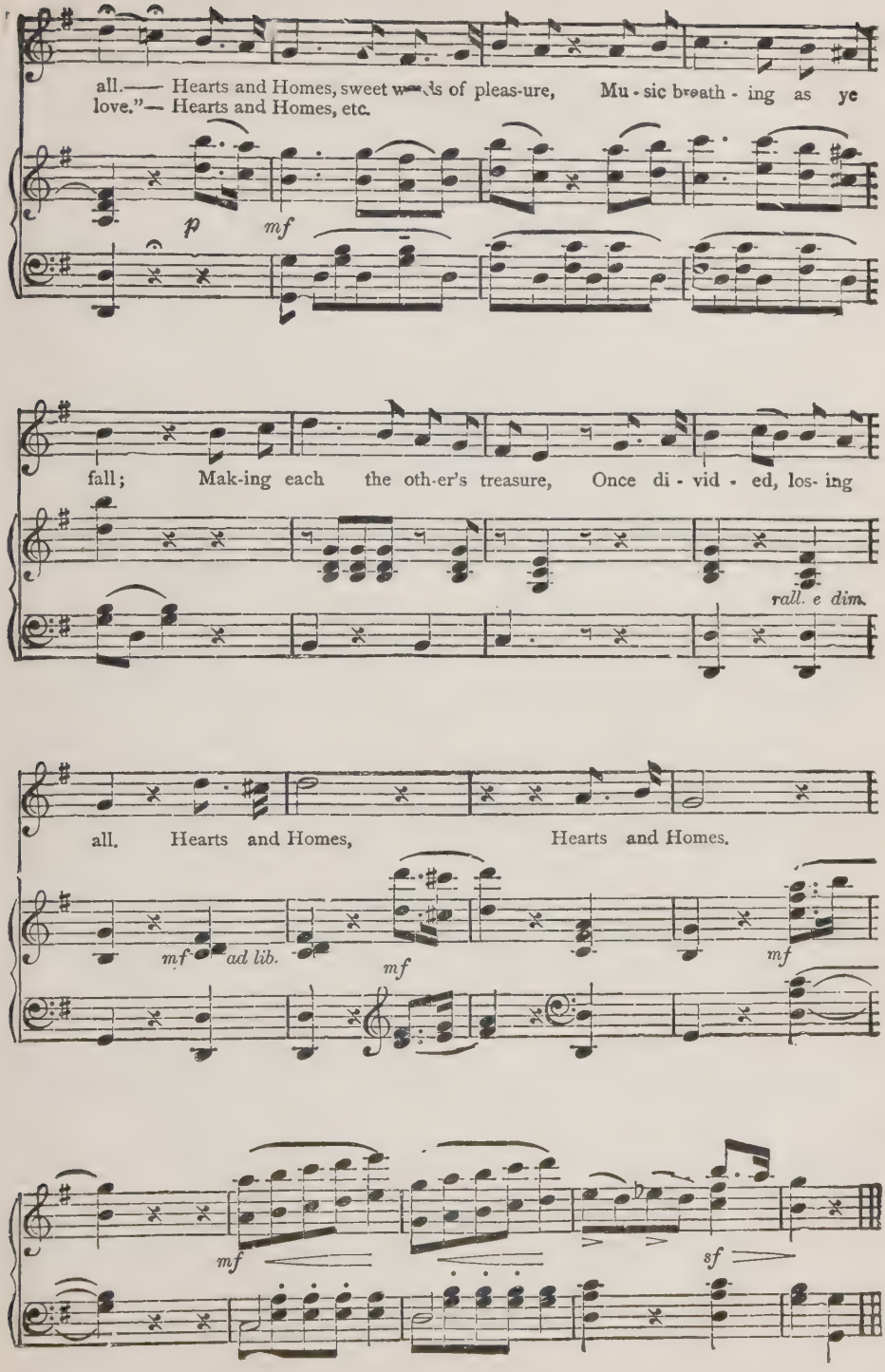
Thus, in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain
hath bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light of other days
around me.

When I remember all the friends so linked
together
I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry
weather,
I feel like one who treads alone some ban-
quet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
and all but him departed.
Thus, in the stilly night, etc.

Hearts and Homes.

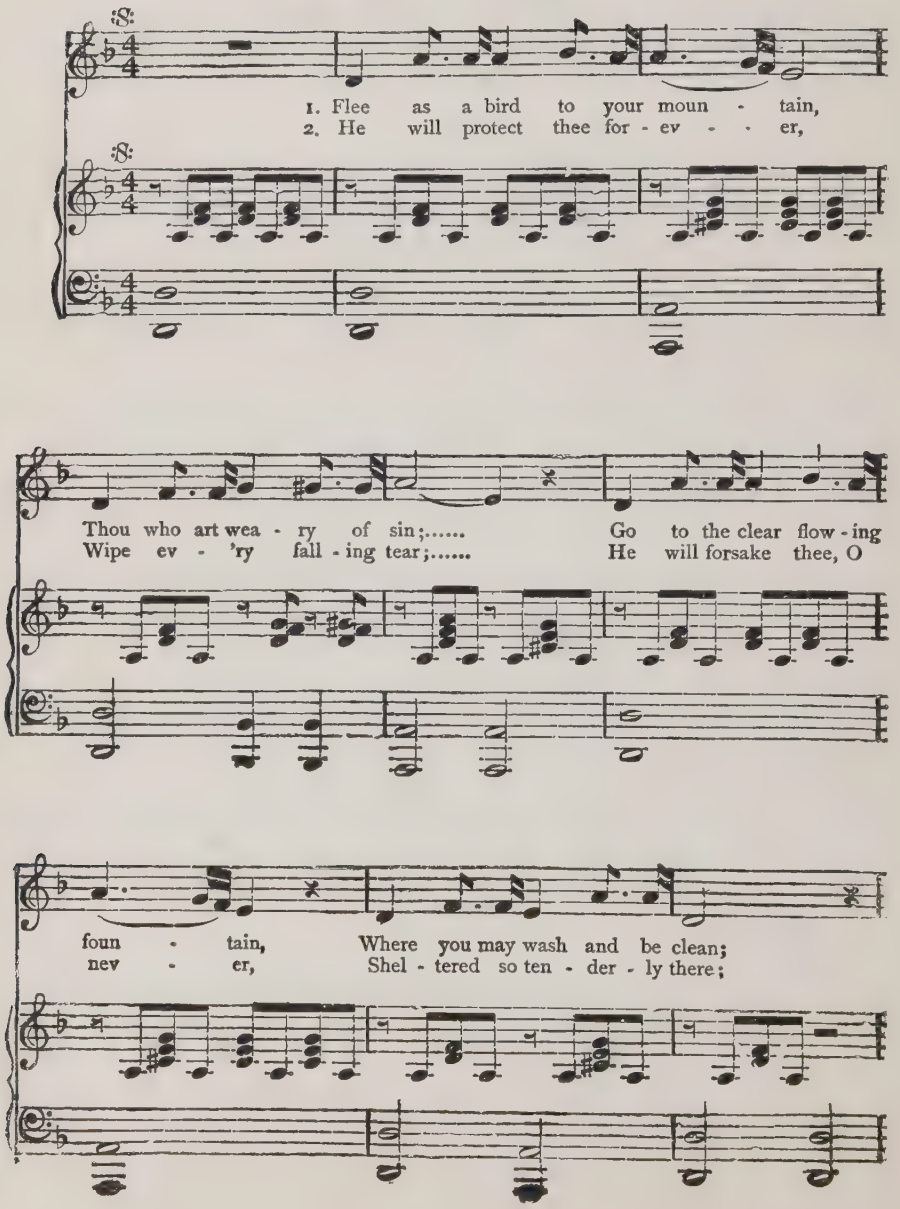
J. BLOCKLEY.

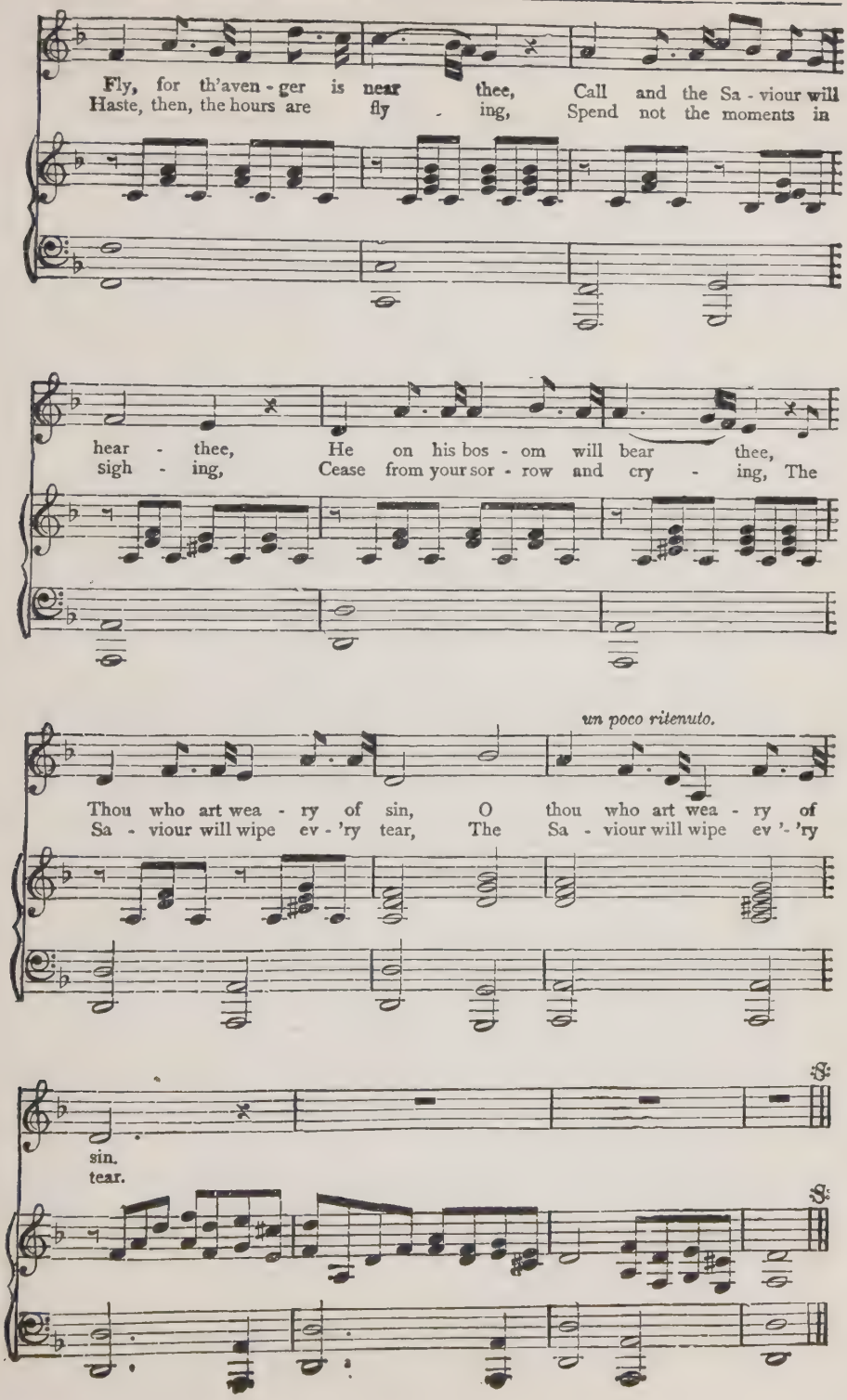

Moderato.
1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu - sic breath - ing as ye
2. Hearts and homes, sweet words re - veal - ing, All most good and fair to
p
fall, Mak-ing each the oth- er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed los - ing
see, Fit- ting shrines, for pur - est feel - ing, Temples meet to bend the
all. Homes, ye may be high or low - ly, Hearts a - lone can make you
knee, In - fant hands bright garlands wreathing, Hap- py voi - ces in - cense
mf
ho - ly. Be the dwell - ing e'er so small, Hav- ing love it boasteth
breathing, Emblems fair of realms a - bove, "For love is heav'n, and heav'n is


all.— Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleas-ure, Mu - sic breath - ing as ye
love."— Hearts and Homes, etc.
p
mf
fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los- ing
rall. e dim.
all. Hearts and Homes, Hearts and Homes.
mf
ad lib.
mf
mf
mf
sf

Flee as a Bird

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA

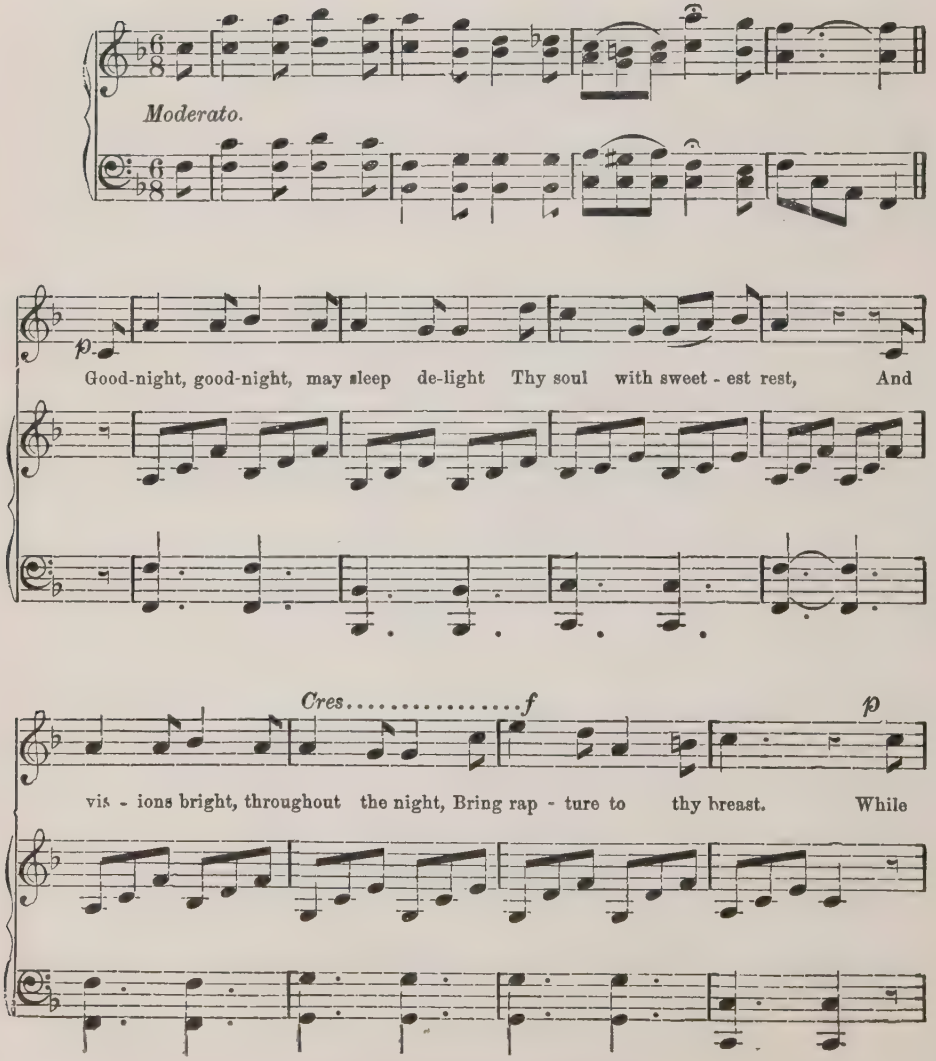

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain,
2. He will protect thee for - ev - - er,
Thou who art wea - ry of sin;..... Go to the clear flow - ing
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;..... He will forsake thee, O
foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;


Fly, for th'aven - ger is near thee, Call and the Sa - viour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in
hear - thee, He on his bos - om will bear thee,
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The
un poco ritenuto.
Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of
Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sa - viour will wipe ev '- 'ry
sin.
tear.

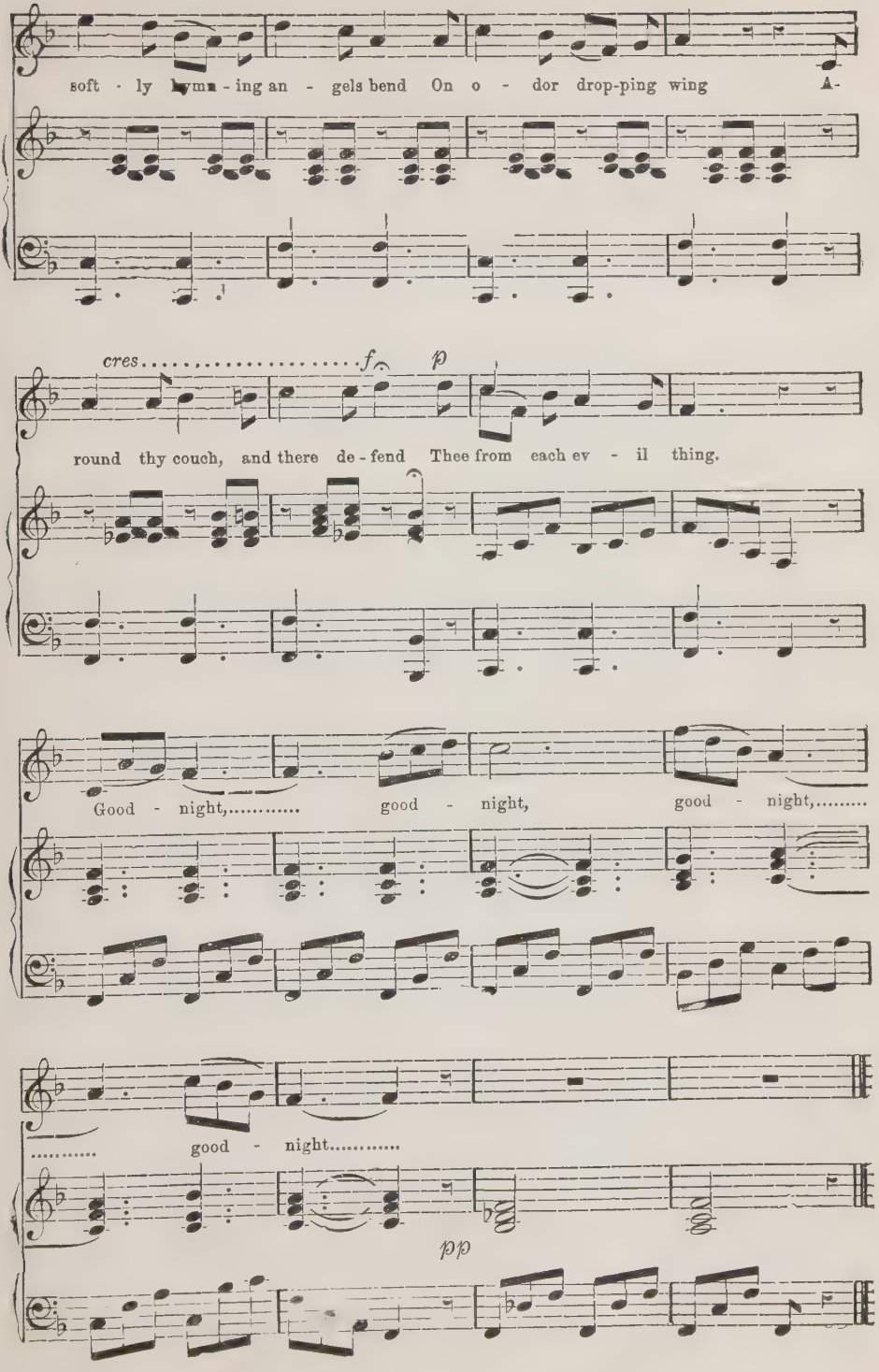
Good-Night

SERENADE

Words by ROBERT G. JOHNSON Music by A. ROTTENBACH


Moderato.
p
Good-night, good-night, may sleep de-light Thy soul with sweet - est rest, And
Cres.....f
p
vis - ions bright, throughout the night, Bring rap - ture to thy breast. While

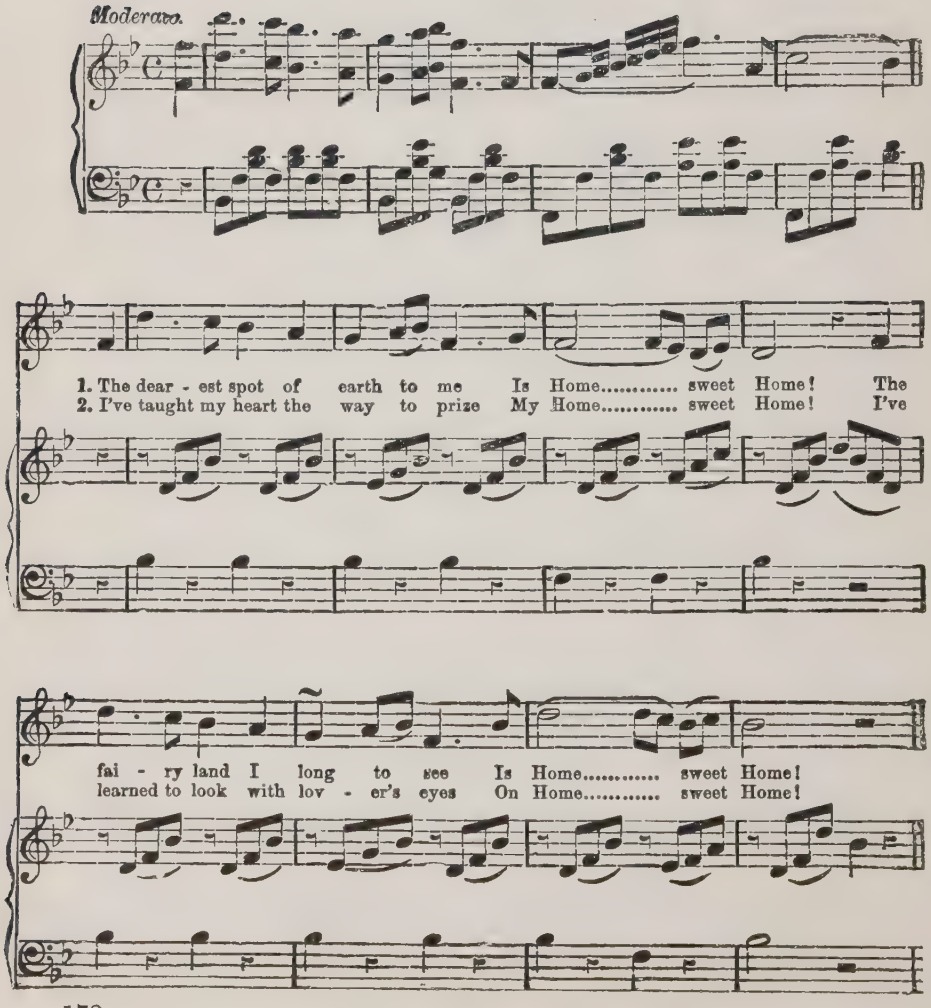
By Special Per. of SEP. WINNER.

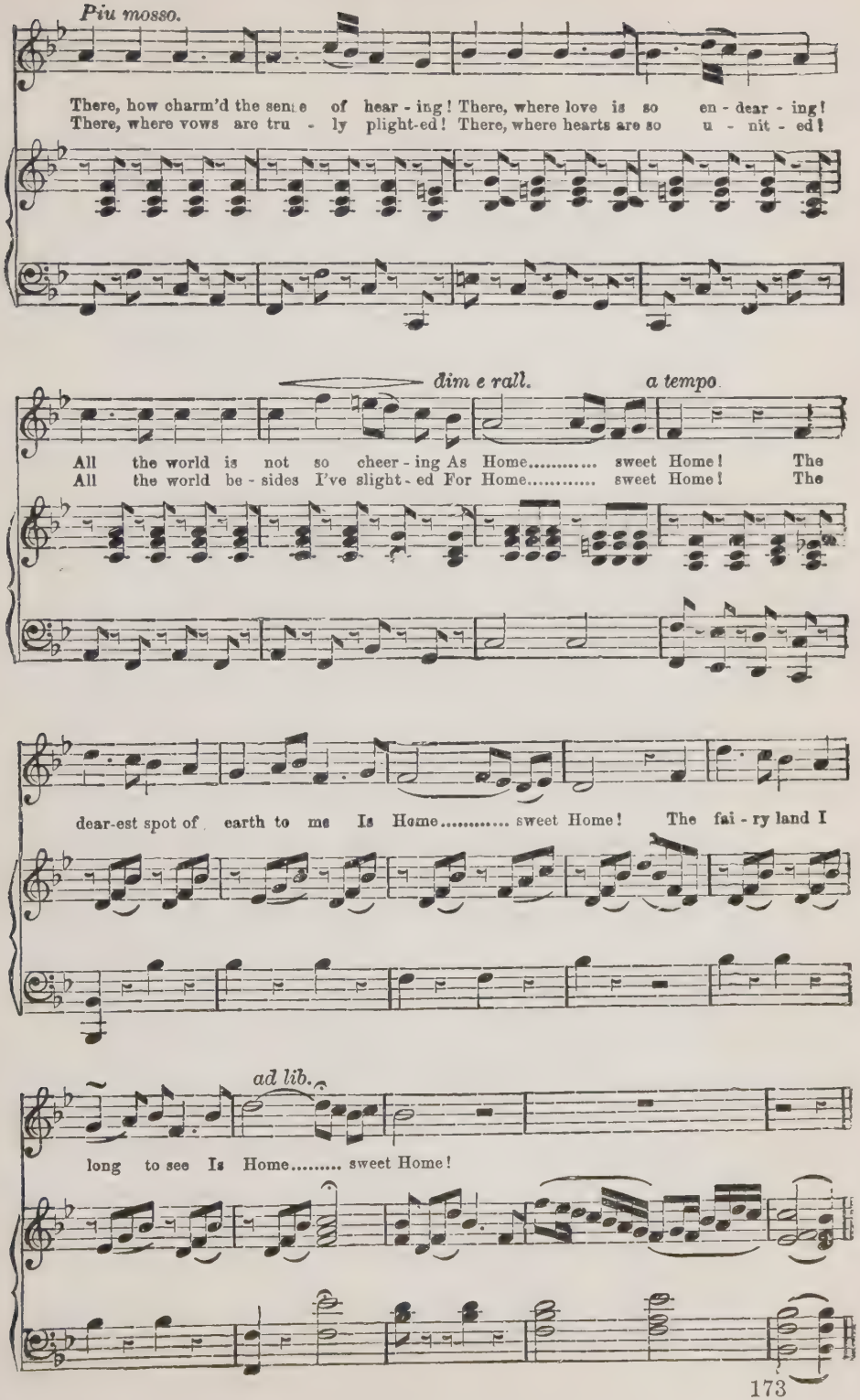

soft - ly hymn - ing an - gels bend On o - dor drop-ping wing A-
cres..... f p
round thy couch, and there de - fend Thee from each ev - il thing.
Good - night,..... good - night, good - night,.....
..... good - night.....
pp

The Dearest Spot.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By W. T. Wrighton.


Moderato.
1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home..... sweet Home! I've
fai - ry land I long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On Home..... sweet Home!

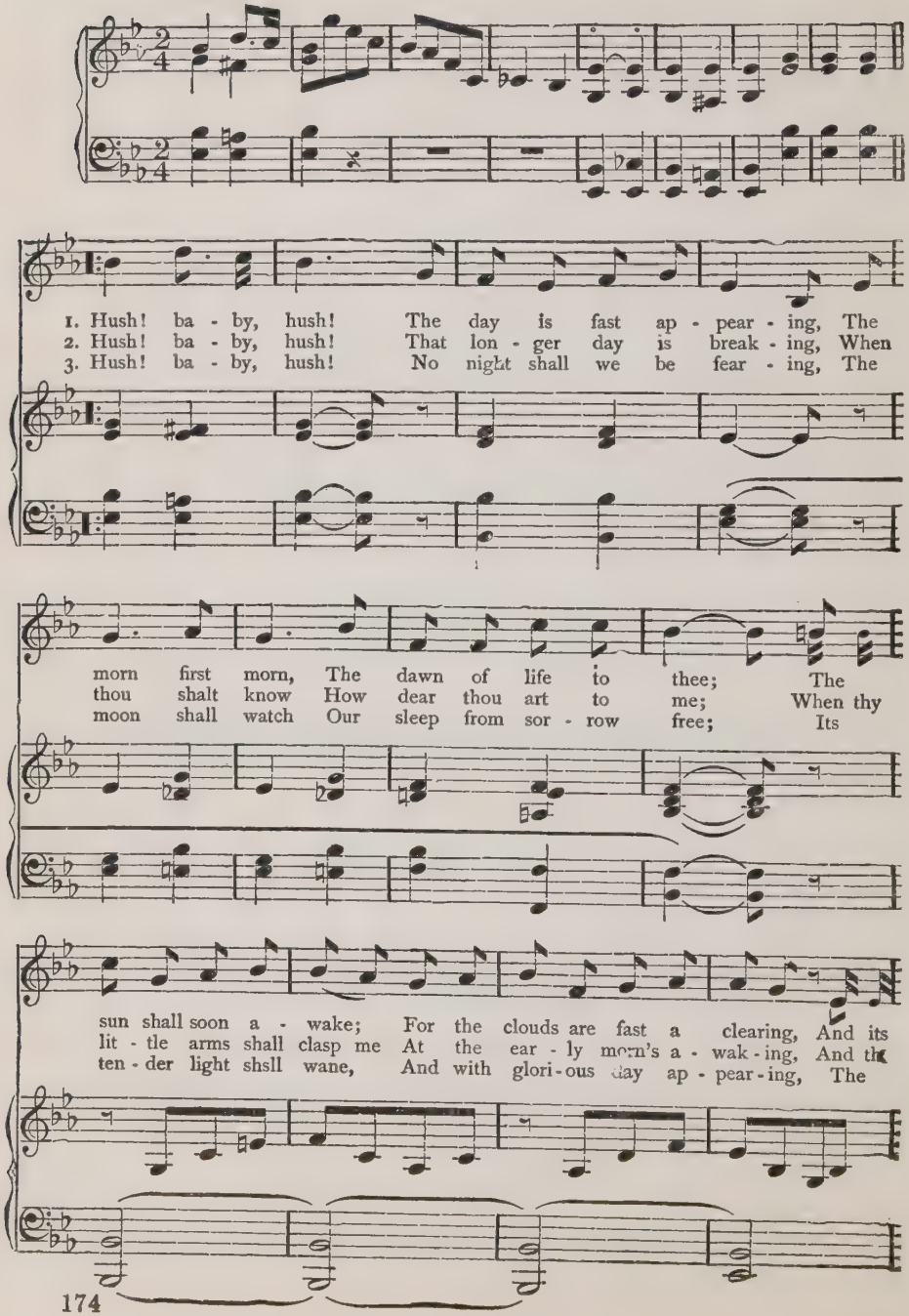
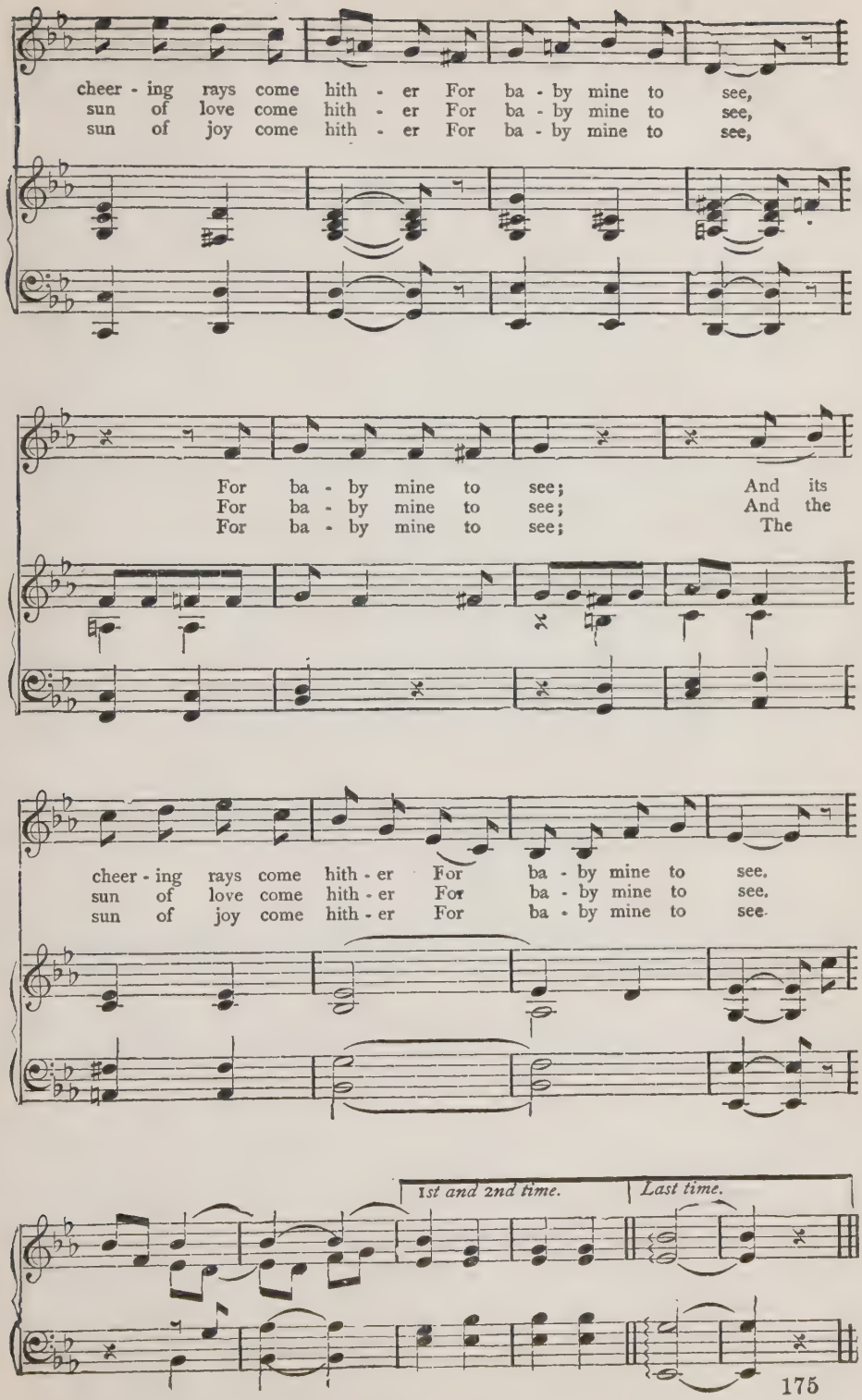

Piu mosso.
There, how charm'd the sense of hear - ing! There, where love is so en - dear - ing!
There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed! There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed!
dim e rall.
a tempo
All the world is not so cheer - ing As Home..... sweet Home! The
All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For Home..... sweet Home! The
dear-est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The fai - ry land I
ad lib.
long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!

Lullaby.

(PEEP OF DAY.)

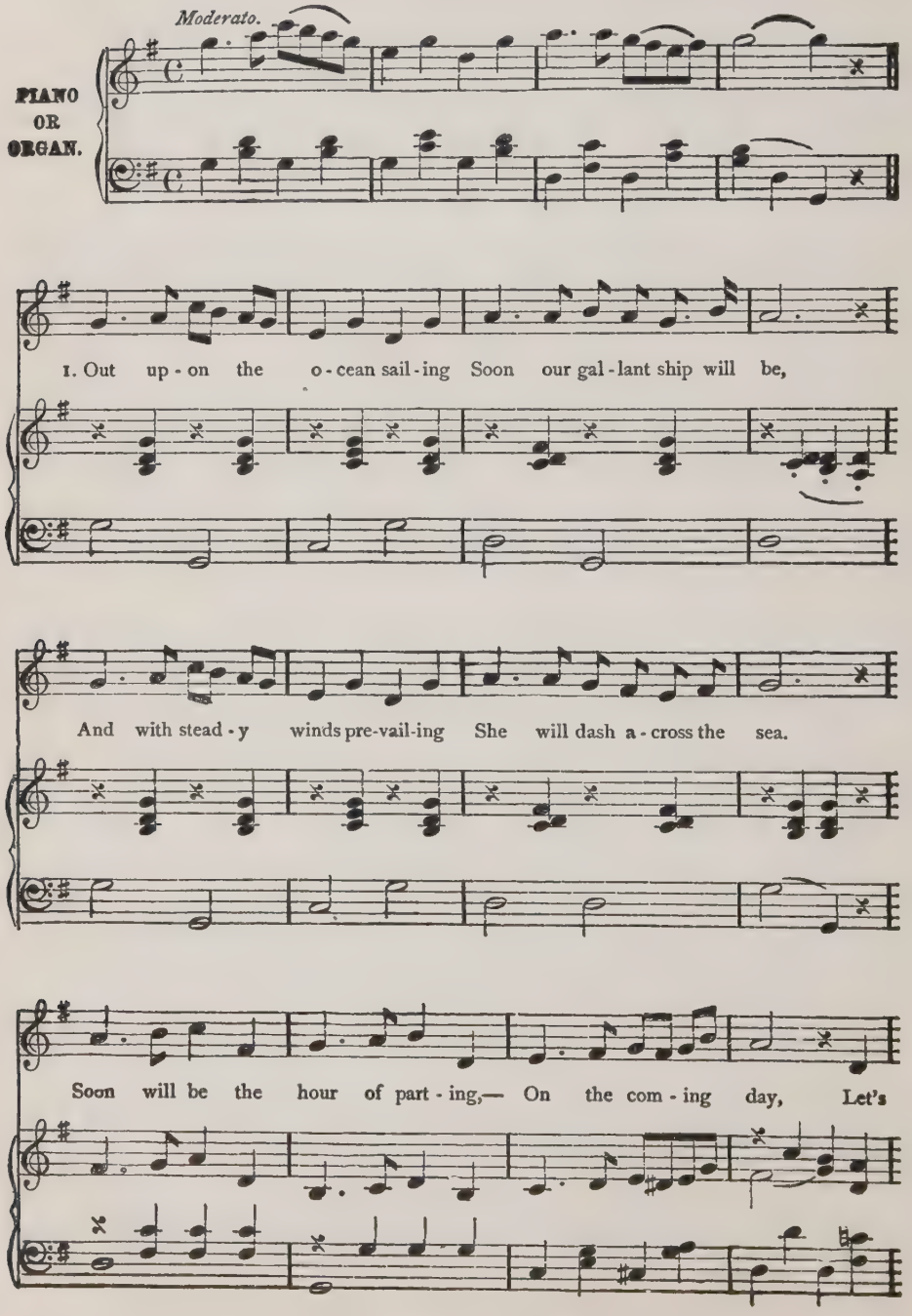
M. Dare.

Allegretto.

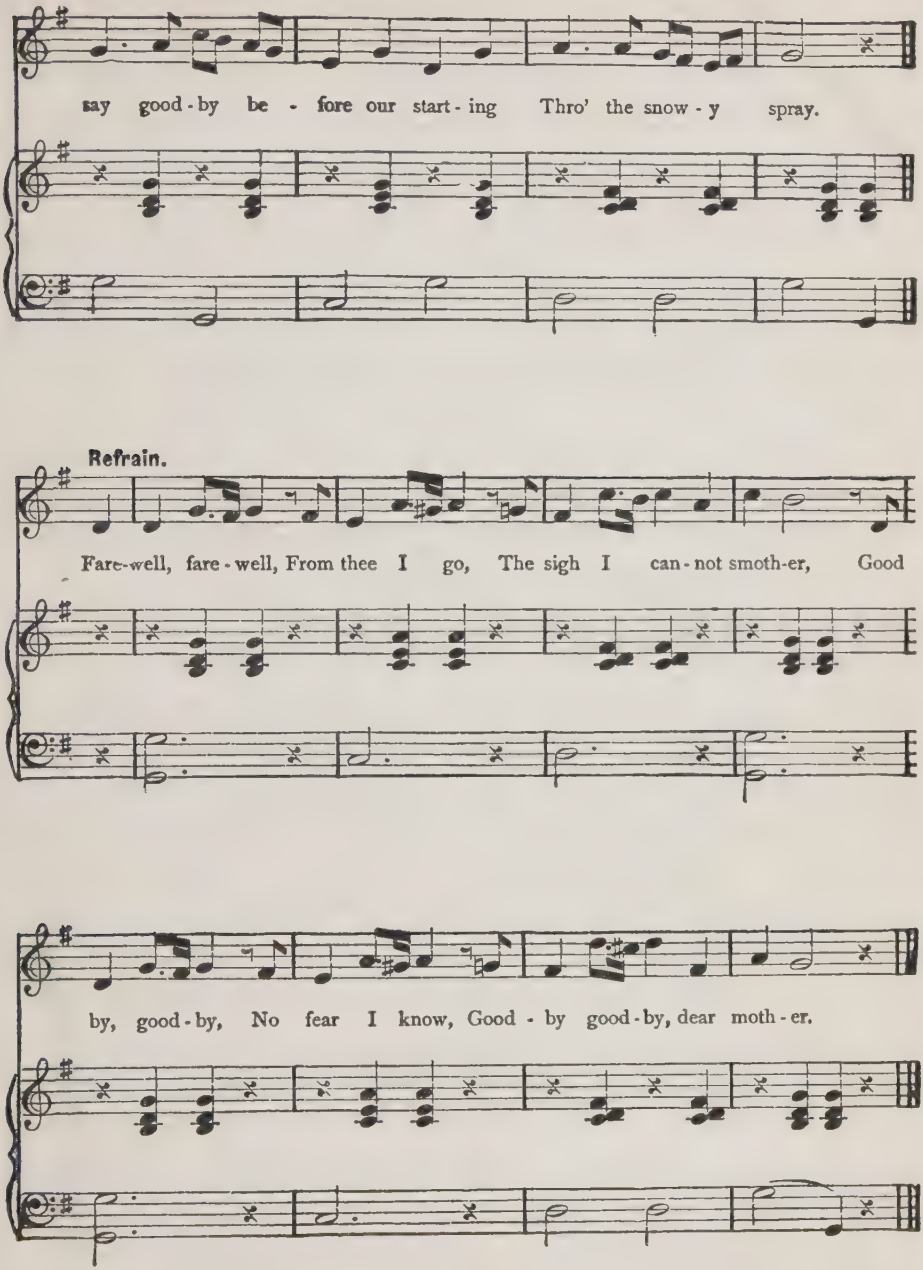

1. Hush! ba - by, hush! The day is fast ap - pear - ing, The
2. Hush! ba - by, hush! That lon - ger day is break - ing, When
3. Hush! ba - by, hush! No night shall we be fear - ing, The
morn first morn, The dawn of life to thee; The
thou shalt know How dear thou art to me; When thy
moon shall watch Our sleep from sor - row free; Its
sun shall soon a - wake; For the clouds are fast a clearing, And its
lit - tle arms shall clasp me At the ear - ly morn's a - wak - ing, And th
ten - der light shsll wane, And with glori - ous day ap - pear - ing, The

cheer - ing rays come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
sun of love come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
sun of joy come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
For ba - by mine to see; And its
For ba - by mine to see; And the
For ba - by mine to see; The
cheer - ing rays come hith - er For ba - by mine to see.
sun of love come hith - er For ba - by mine to see.
sun of joy come hith - er For ba - by mine to see.
1st and 2nd time.
Last time.

Good-by, Dear Mother.

Words and Music by Alice Hawthorne.


Moderato.
PIANO OR ORGAN.
1. Out up - on the o - cean sail - ing Soon our gal - lant ship will be,
And with stead - y winds pre-vail-ing She will dash a - cross the sea.
Soon will be the hour of part - ing,— On the com - ing day, Let's

By permission of Sep Winner.


say good-by be - fore our start-ing Thro' the snow-y spray.
Refrain.
Fare-well, fare-well, From thee I go, The sigh I can-not smoth-er, Good
by, good-by, No fear I know, Good - by good-by, dear moth-er.

2.

Storms are many on the ocean,
Wrecks are many on the sea,
Oh, with what a sad emotion,
Do I now depart from thee.
Dangers threaten every quarter
Wheresoe'er we roam,
But duty calls me o'er the water,
Far from thee and home.—*Refrain.*

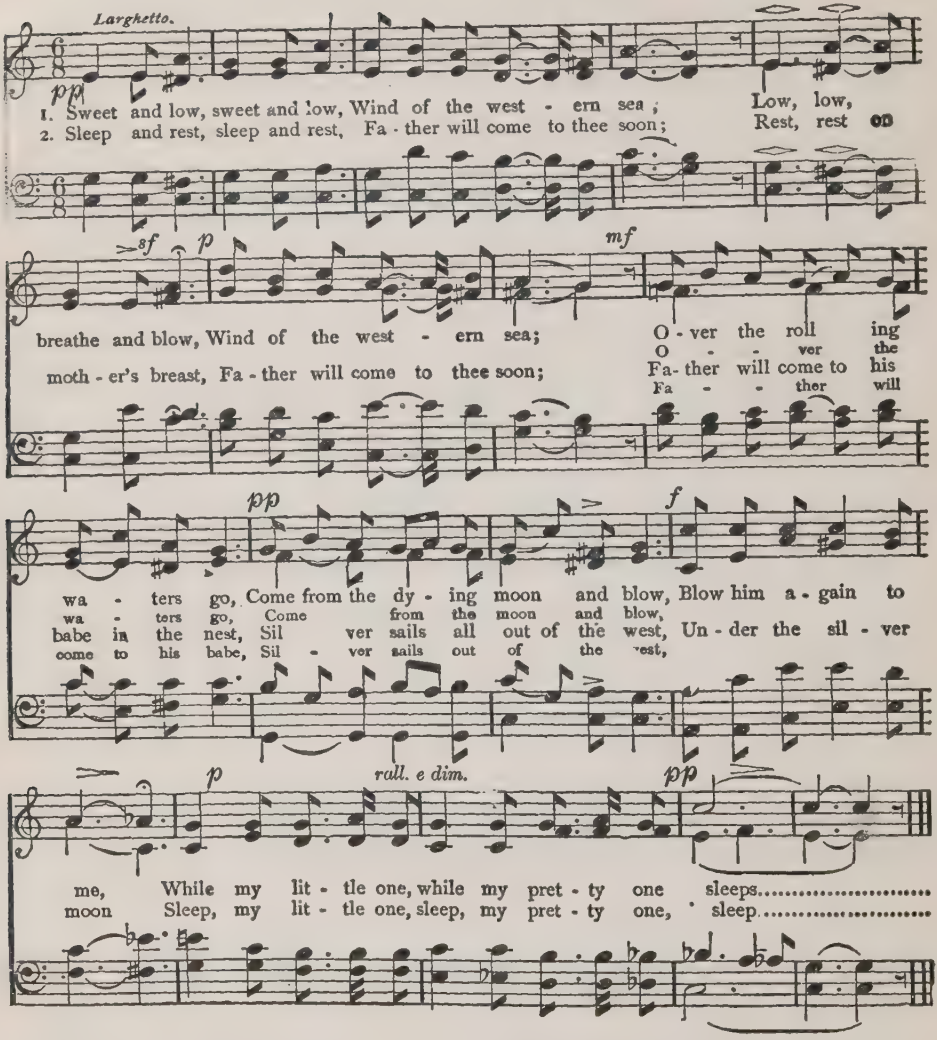
3.

When I rock upon the billow
O'er the bosom of the deep,
As I rest upon my pillow
Dreams of thee shall sweeten sleep.
Days may bring their passing pleasures,
Brief and few I own,
But I shall seek earth's rarest treasures
All for thee alone.—*Refrain.*

Sweet and Low.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Alfred Tennyson. J. Barnby

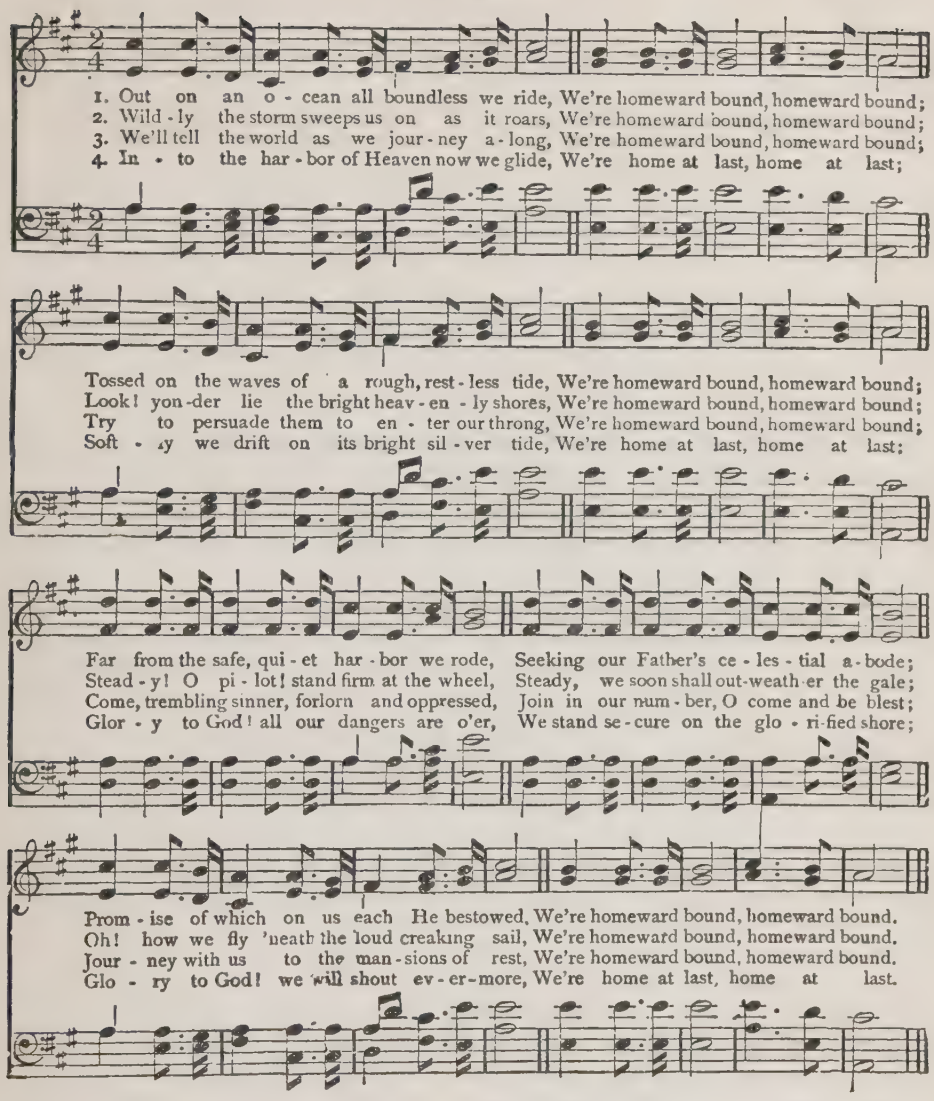

Larghetto.
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea ; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
sf p mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll ing
O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa- ther will come to his
Fa - - ther will
pp f
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,
p rall. e dim. pp
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails out of the west,
Under the silver moon
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

Homeward Bound.

J. W. Dadmun.


1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
4. In - to the har - bor of Heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yon-der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last;
Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode;
Stead - y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady, we soon shall out-weath-er the gale;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed, Join in our num - ber, O come and be blest;
Glor - y to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri-fied shore;
Prom - ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Jour - ney with us to the man - sions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er-more, We're home at last, home at last.

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode;
Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppres'd,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

Part VI.

NATIONAL SONGS.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

"A NATIONAL Hymn," says Brander Matthews, "is one of the things which cannot be made to order. No man has ever yet sat down and taken up his pen and said, 'I will write a national hymn,' and composed either words or music which the nation was willing to take for its own."

The second Empire of France could not find anything better for use on state occasions than the feeble and feminine "Partant pour la Syrie," and the United States of America have not yet been able to settle on any martial lyric at all worthy of the greatness of the nation, hesitating between the rather trivial "Yankee Doodle" and the not wholly satisfactory "Star Spangled Banner"—even the mighty struggle of the civil war having failed to suggest a war song acceptable in all respects. In fact, it seems as though a national hymn is born, not made. The one really great war song, the "Marseillaise," was due to the unconscious conjunction of the hour and the man. Rouget de l'Isle builded better than he knew and accomplished more than he intended. Had he been burdened by the desire to write a national hymn, it may well be doubted whether he would have produced even a good partisan ballad. Time is the best collaborator of every poet, and it was this literary partner who won enthusiastic acceptance for the burning verses of Rouget de l'Isle.

The effect of the "Marseillaise" in arousing and exciting the revolutionary spirit of France is one of the prominent facts in the history of that country. To it, in no small degree, is attributed the success of the French arms against the allies who assailed the young republic. So potent, indeed, was the Marseillaise felt to be in kindling political passion, that both the Napoleons forbade its being sung or played in France during their reigns.

The question naturally arises: Why has the United States no national anthem of its own? There have been crises in our history of sufficient moment, one would think, to call forth an anthem of originality, dignity and power. True, on no less than three occasions, something was produced that sufficed for the time, but in each instance the words were dressed in borrowed music. An editorial writer in the New York *Sun* thus described our forlorn condition in this respect:

"We have been singing the English na-

tional anthem, God Save the Queen, for half a century. On our centennial birthday, when the stroke of midnight ushered in the first of January, 1876, we fired guns, rang bells, kindled bonfires, and throughout the length and breadth of the land we sang our national hymn to the music of God Save the Queen because that tune is called 'America.' While we were celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our freedom from the British yoke, we were shouting the British national air, God Save the Queen, from Maine to California.

"The cause of this ridiculous blunder can be easily explained. In 1836 a Boston music publisher issued a collection of psalm tunes called 'The Boston Academy,' and on page 220 of this mongrel collection is a tune called 'America, National Hymn.' This tune is measure for measure and note for note the English national hymn, originally known as God Save the King, and changed to God Save the Queen, when Victoria ascended the throne, on June 20th, 1837. Why the Boston publisher allowed the committee who compiled it, to introduce this English national melody into the collection and call it 'America, National Hymn,' is a problem that no student will ever solve; but the fact that it is so published in the 'Boston Academy,' and in many other catchpenny musical publications since, has led some ignorant Americans to regard it as the national air of America.

"George W. Morgan, the English organist, composed a 'Transcription and Variations on God Save the Queen,' which for thirty years he played at his organ concerts in almost every city in the Union, always announcing it in his programmes as 'God Save the Queen.' This fact in itself, one would suppose, ought to teach Americans that the tune which they sing and call America is the British national anthem. Or do they think the British stole the hymn from us? If 'Hail Columbia,' the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and the 'Red, White and Blue,' are not grand enough for state occasions, and we are obliged to appropriate a foreign national air as our own, let us take the noble old Marseillaise from the French, who were our allies in the Revolution, and not make ourselves supremely ridiculous by singing, as we did in 1876, the English national anthem while celebrating our crowning victory over the English.

"When the New York Schutzen Corps visited Germany in 1885, and were received by Emperor William on the Fourth of July, they sang the music of God Save the Queen, which in Germany, and in fact all through Europe, is known as the English national hymn. Again, when James G. Blaine was nominated in Chicago, the Associated Press announced that 'the nomination was made unanimous, and the band played "America"' (God Save the Queen). So when Grover Cleveland was nominated, the 'nomination was made unanimous, and the band played "America:"' and thus we entwine the British national air into our great political events.

"In view of this lamentable state of facts, we suggest that Congress should rectify this egregious absurdity by offering a liberal reward for the best national anthem, the merit of it to be determined by a competent musical tribunal. We have sung God Save the Queen because the 'Boston Academy' called it America, and we have sung it for more than half a century. We don't care to continue singing it any longer. As a people, we are old enough, rich enough, and musical enough, to have a national hymn of our own. No such colossal fraud has ever been practised on any country since the earth was made as this, perpetrated by the Boston publisher and compilers, when they in-

serted in their book the accepted English anthem, 'God Save the Queen,' and called it 'America, National Hymn.'"

For the present, however, it would seem that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is best fitted to be dignified with the title of national anthem of the United States of America. It was composed by Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, at the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1814, when that stronghold was successfully defended from the attack of the British fleet.

"The scene which he describes," says Chief Justice Taney, "and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He tells us what he actually saw, what he felt while witnessing the conflict, and what he felt when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than from its poetical merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who hear it."

By authority of President Madison, Mr. Key had gone to the British fleet under a flag of truce to secure the release of his friend, Dr. Beanes, who had been captured by the enemy and was detained on board the flagship, on the charge of violating his parole. He met General Ross and Admirals Cockburn and Cochrane, and with difficulty secured from them a promise of the gentleman's release, but was at the same time informed that they would not be permitted to leave the fleet until after the proposed attack on Fort McHenry, which the admiral boasted he would carry in a few hours. The ship on which himself, his friend and the commissioner who accompanied the flag of truce, were detained, came up the bay and was anchored at the mouth of the Patapsco, within full view of Fort McHenry. They watched the flag of the fort through the entire day with an anxiety that can better be felt than described, until night prevented them from seeing it.

During the night they remained on deck, noting every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell. While the bombardment continued, it was evidence that the fort had not surrendered, but it suddenly ceased some time before day, and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack been abandoned. They paced the deck for the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of the day. As soon as it dawned, their glasses were turned to the fort, and, with a thrill of delight, they saw that "our flag was still there!" The song was begun on the deck of the vessel, in the fervor of the moment when he saw the enemy hastily retreating to their ships, and looked upon the proud flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened. He had written, on the back of a letter, some lines, or brief notes that would aid him in recalling them, and for some of the lines as he proceeded he had to rely on his memory. He finished it in the boat on his way to the shore, and wrote it out as it now stands immediately upon reaching Baltimore.

In an hour after it was placed in the hands of the printer, it was on the streets hailed with enthusiasm, and at once took its place as a national song. The music of "The Star-Spangled Banner," to which it was at once adapted, is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon, in Heaven." The song "Adams and Liberty" is set to the same air, nearly unchanged, though in "The Star-Spangled Banner" several changes were introduced in the air. Mr. Key died in 1846. At San Francisco a monument costing $150,000 has been

erected to his memory. By a general order, issued by Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, July 26, 1889, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was ordered to be played by the band on all the ships in commission at "Morning Colors." By the same order, "Hail Columbia" was commanded to be played at "Evening Colors."

"God Save the Queen" (or King) is the British national anthem *per se*. Go to the theatre, to the concert, to a college athlete meeting, when the band, at a signal that the performance or the ceremony is at an end, strikes up the "God Save the Queen," and you will see all heads uncovered, all faces become grave, and in the midst of this imposing silence you will be struck with admiration and respect for this nation, in whom the sound of the national hymn makes all the chords of the love of country vibrate in every heart.

There is as much mystery about the origin of the British national anthem as there used to be about the sources of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist; but other authorities discredit the evidence on which it rests. A French paper, the *Charivari*, has claimed the authorship of the music for Luilli, and quotes a portion of the words to which it was written. They occur in a sort of cantata composed for the young ladies of St. Cyr:

> Que tourjours glorieux,
> Louis victorieux,
> Voie ses enmentis
> Tourjours soumis,

and the resemblance to the words of the English national anthem is obvious. Handel, according to the French journal, copied the St. Cyr melody, and the English adopted it because George I. admired it.

Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," was for many years credited with the composition, while others as confidently assert that it was written or adopted by Dr. Bull.

Chappell, in his "Popular Music," and Chrysander in his "Jahrbucher," have paid considerable attention to the claims of Henry Carey, and both J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, and Dr. Harington testified that he was the author of both words and music. The composition was first made known in 1740, when Carey sang it as an original production at a public dinner. In 1745 it was sung in the theatres as a loyal anthem immediately after the proclamation of "The Pretender" at Edinburgh. Burney and Arne made different arrangements of it. Dr. Bull's work is found under the simple title of "An Ayre," in a manuscript book dated 1619. It is by no means improbable that this "Ayre" was known to Carey, and that he made use of its form in his "God Save the King." Dr. Bull's tune, however, is in A minor and is written with the obsolete progressions of his day. To an ear accustomed to modern musical construction it is hardly recognizable as bearing resemblance to the well-known anthem. Carey's music, on the other hand, is identical in rhythm and almost in melody with the present form of the song.

The second strain of eight bars varies in melody only in the seventh measure, which acquired its present shape, with the triplet on the first beat, in France as early as 1766.

There are three other old tunes which resemble Carey's nearly as much as Dr. Bull's. A ballad entitled "Franklin is Fled Away," printed in 1669, comes nearer to it than the other two, which are a Scotch carol of 1611 and a harpsichord exercise published by Purcell in 1696. Dr. Bull may have furnished some of the material, but Carey put the breath of life into the dust.

The simple but majestic air of "God Save the Queen" has enjoyed a wide popu-

larity. At this day it figures among the patriotic or national songs of no less than twelve different peoples. In Germany it is known as "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," in England it is "God Save the Queen;" in Bavaria it becomes "Heil! Unserm König, Heil!" Switzerland uses it and calls it "Rufst du, mein Vaterland!" and it is in use to various sets of words in Brunswick, Hanover, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, Wurtemberg and the United States.

It has been claimed that the Spanish royal march was composed by Frederick II. of Prussia, and that reliable Spanish authors admit his authorship of the *Marcha real.* One day, the story goes, the Spanish Ambassador was in the royal palace at Berlin, when the King handed him the march. The Ambassador, who was a great admirer of the King, immediately sent his composition to Madrid, where it was received with tremendous applause, and is still the most popular melody in Spain. When, in 1869, Marshal Sorano offered a prize for the best melody which could be used as a patriotic air, more than five hundred compositions were sent to him, but none of these was found good enough to displace the melody of Frederick II. But the "Hymn de Riejo" is Spain's national air, and was composed by Huerta.

Who wrote the "Marseillaise?" Rouget de l'Isle, of course, every one will answer, and we do not know that every one is wrong. But M. Arthur Loth, in his "Le Chant de la Marseillaise," seems inclined to assign the "Marseillaise," like the Homeric poems, to a company of literary persons. That nobody makes the songs of the people, or rather that everybody makes them, is a critical truism. As to the "Marseillaise," no doubt the common stories about its origin are myths. One does not go to authors like Lamartine for historical verity, nor to Michelet for critical examination of national legends. The tomb of Rouget de l'Isle at Choisy-le-Roy bears this proud inscription:

Quand La Revolution Francaise
En 1792
Eut a combattre les Rois,
Il Lui donna pour vaincre
Le chant de La Marseillaise.

The origin of the "Marseillaise" is told as follows by a writer in *Appleton's Journal*: "At the beginning of the first revolution there was a young officer of engineers stationed at Strasbourg, whose name was Rouget de l'Isle. He was born in the Jura. He loved war like a soldier, the revolution like a thinker. He beguiled the tedious hours of garrison life by music and poetry. Sought after, for his double talent as a musician and poet, he frequented the house of Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsacian of the constitutional party, friend of Lafayette, and mayor of Strasbourg. The wife of the baron and her young friends shared the enthusiasm of patriotism and of revolution which palpitated about the frontiers of France, as the extremities of the body are more subject to nervous convulsions than the heart. They loved the young officer, the inspiration of his heart, his poetry, his music. They played his first blossoming musical thoughts, they were the confidants of the stammerings of his genius.

It was during the winter of 1792. Famine reigned in Strasbourg. The house of Dietrich, so opulent at the opening of the revolution, but now drained by the sacrifices exacted by the calamities of the time, had become impoverished; yet its frugal board was hospitable to Rouget de l'Isle, and the young officer sat before it morning and night, like a son or brother of the family. One day, when there had been nothing on the table but black bread and a few slices of ham, Dietrich looked at De l'Isle, with a sad and serene expression, and said:

"Abundance is lacking, but who cares if enthusiasm does not fail our civic fêtes, and courage the heart of our soldiers? I have just now a bottle of Rhine wine in my cellar. Let it be brought and we will drink it to liberty and our country. Strasbourg is soon to have a patriotic ceremony, and De l'Isle must find in the last drops of our wine a hymn that will infuse into the soul of the people the intoxication of patriotism."

"The young women applauded, then filled the glasses of Dietrich and the young officer till the wine was all gone. It had grown late; the night was very cold. De l'Isle fell into a dreamy mood; his heart was moved, his head burning. He went into his solitary chamber and sought inspiration from his soul as a citizen, now composing upon his piano the air before the words, now the words before the air, and associating the whole so closely in his thoughts that he did not know which was born first, the note or the verse, and it became impossible for him to separate the sentiment from the expression. He sang everything and wrote nothing.

"Worn out, he fell asleep, his head resting on the piano, and woke up only at dawn. The chant of the night troubled his memory as the music of a dream. He wrote it down and ran over to Dietrich. He found him in his garden digging winter lettuce. The wife of the patriot mayor was not yet up. Dietrich called her, and a few friends like himself, who were passionately fond of music. One of his daughters accompanied Rouget as he sang. At the first strophe the faces of his listeners turned pale; at the second, the tears fell, and, at the last, a burst of enthusiasm broke forth. Dietrich, his wife, and the young officer were overcome with emotion. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrich himself marched to the scaffold only a few months later to the sound of the very notes born upon his hearthstone from the heart of his friend, and repeated by the voice of his wife.

"The new hymn flew from city to city over all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the beginning and the end of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais popularized it in France, as they sang it marching to Paris. From this circumstance it took the name of 'Marseillaise.' The old mother of De l'Isle, royalist and religious, frightened by the sounding of the voice of her son, wrote to him: 'What is that revolutionary hymn, sung by a horde of brigands who traverse France, with which they associate your name?' De l'Isle himself, proscribed as a Federalist, heard the hymn with a shudder when it sounded as a threat of death in his ear as he was flying through a pass of the Jura. 'What do they call that hymn?' he asked of his guide. 'The Marseillaise," answered the peasant. Thus he learned the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm he had kindled behind him. He barely escaped death. 'The Marseillaise' is given in the heart of France, and it awakens the grandest and the most ferocious emotions; in one sense, an expression of disobedience and disorder, as Ruskin calls it, in the other, an expression of energy and devotion and vengeance, the most terrible, the most impressive challenge to the combative spirit of man and the intensest of self-reliance, now fluctuating and stormy, now muffled as in danger, now loud and triumphant as in victory, but always impressive, being the expression of the pride and passion and confidence of national life."

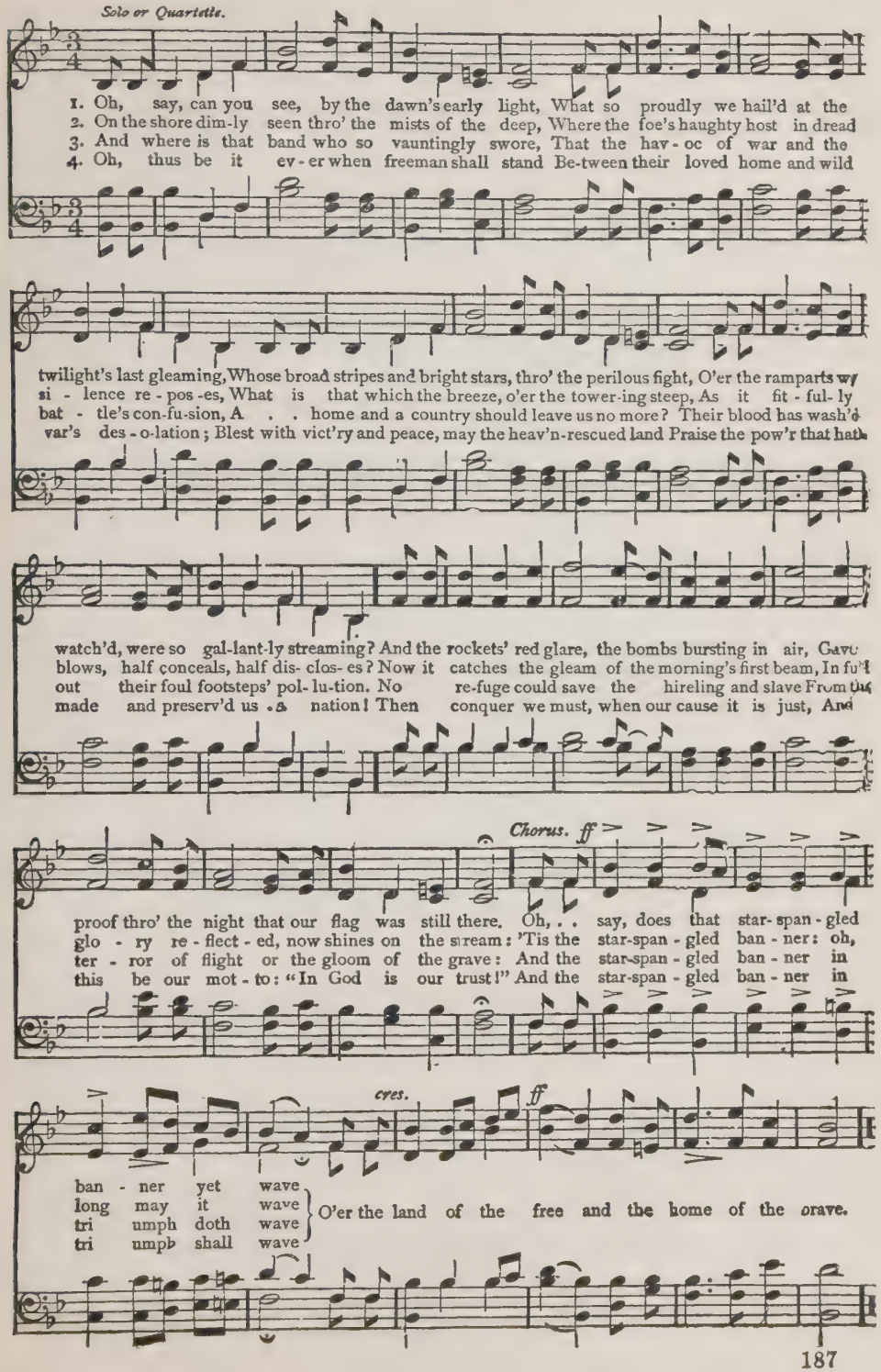
All things considered, "Scots wha hae" may fairly be regarded as the Scottish national anthem, even to the exclusion of "Auld Lang Syne," which is now the pos-

session of English-speaking people in common. Burns wrote the words, says the author of "Familiar Songs," under the following circumstances: "On the thirtieth of July, 1783, he and a friend, Mr. Syme, were traveling on horseback by a moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark; the hollow winds sighed; the lightnings gleamed; the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army at Bannockburn." Next day the poem was produced. The old air, "Hey tutie taittie," to which it is sung, was, says tradition, Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The measured drum beat is still to be heard all through it. "Scots wha hae" is a model national hymn—stirring and incisive words set to a martial but simple air.

"Die Wacht am Rhine" was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854, but it was little known until the France-Prussian War of 1870, when it sprung into sudden favor owing to the prominence which the Rhine boundary assumed in the campaign. Wilhelm received a royal pension of $700 annually in 1871. Germany has no distinctively national air, the "Watch on the Rhine" sharing the popular favor with "What is the German Fatherland" and the so-called "Battle-Cry of Freedom" (Deutscher Freheit Schlachtruf), the music of the first having been written by Reichardt in 1825, and that of the latter by Methfessel in 1818. But Wilhelm's song has a little the best of it in popular favor, and in a sense has received the approval of the State, so that it may be regarded as the national air of the Fatherland. It is worthy of note here that the air of the English "God Save the Queen" has been naturalized in Germany as a patriotic song with the words "Heil der in Siegerkranz." Some regard this as *the* national air of Germany, but the words were originally written by Heinrich Harries, a clergyman of Holstein, for the birthday of Christian VII. of Denmark. It was slightly altered for Prussian use by B. G. Schumacher.

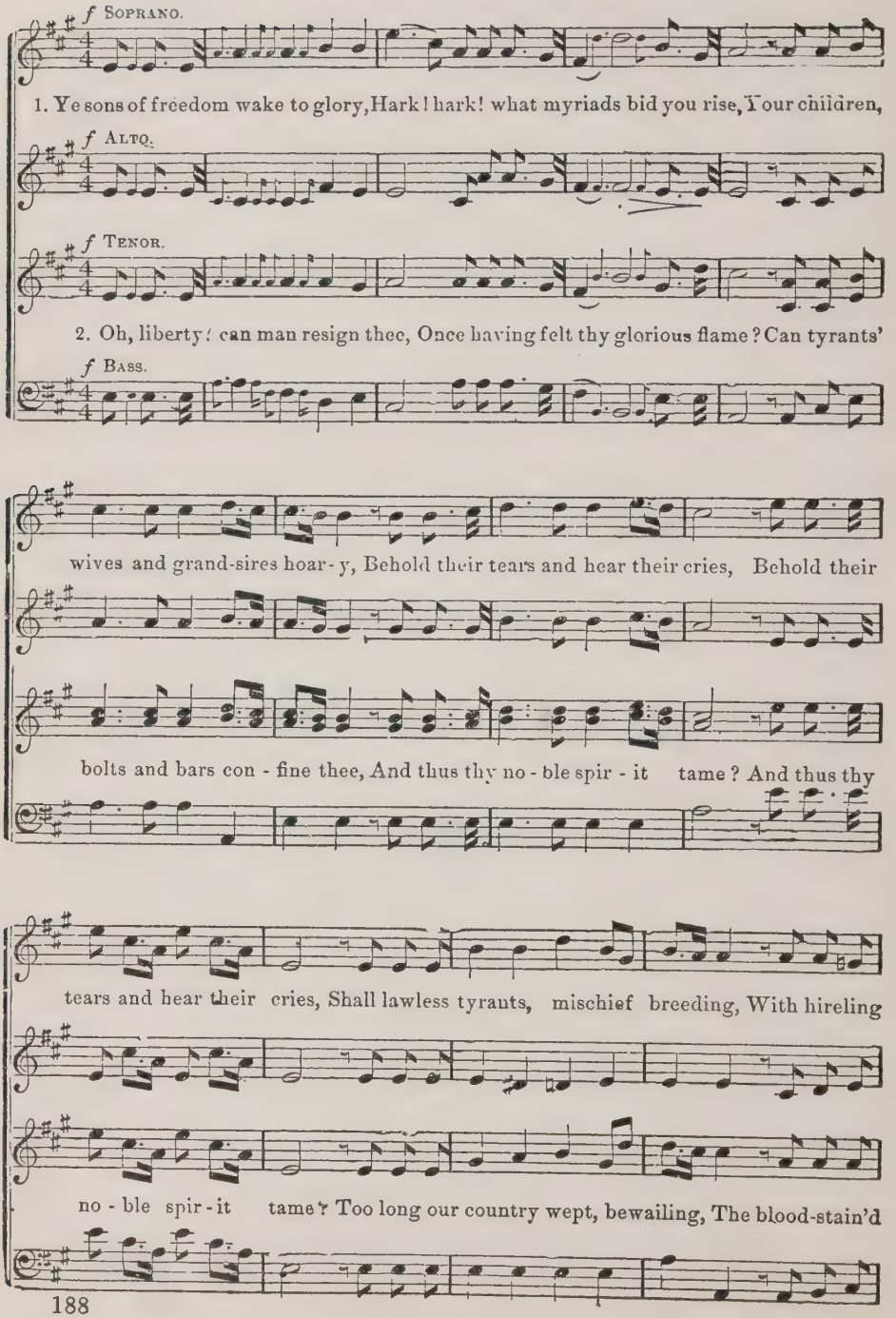
The Star-Spangled Banner.

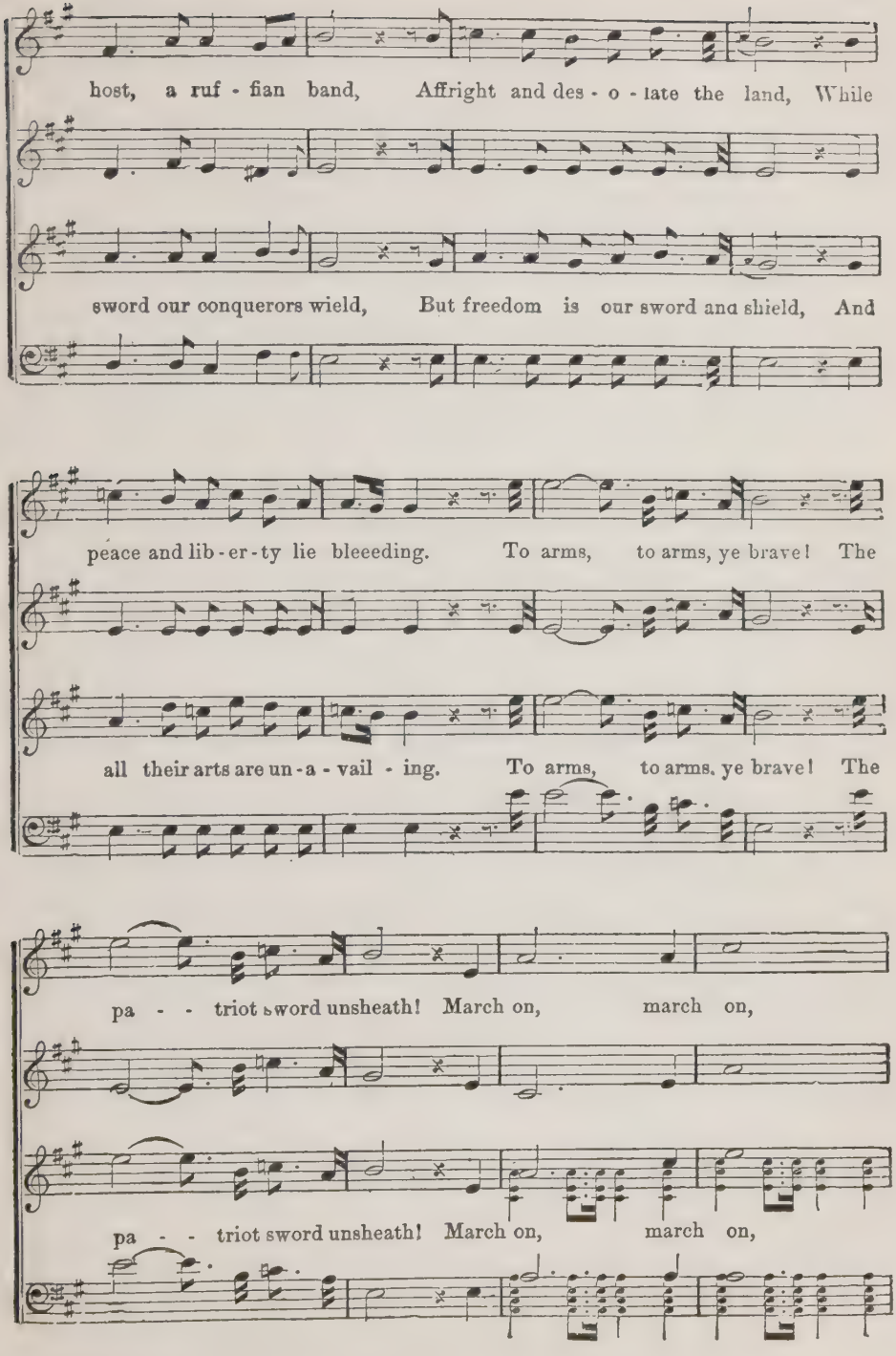
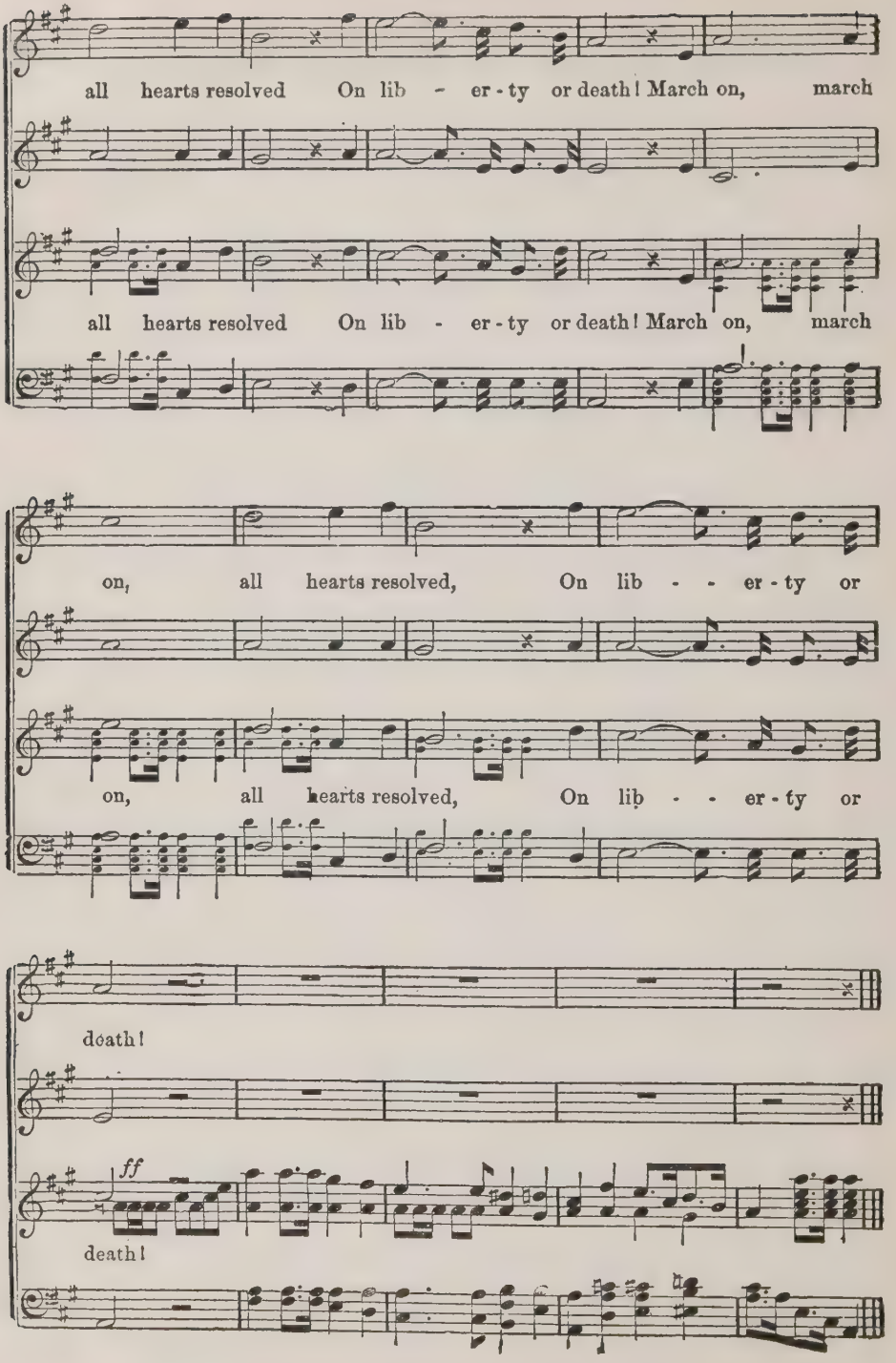
Francis Scott Key. 1814.


Solo or Quartette.
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freeman shall stand Be-tween their loved home and wild
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly
bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd
var's des-o-lation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath
watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No re-fuge could save the hireling and slave From the
made and preserv'd us a nation! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And
Chorus. ff
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, . . say, does that star-span-gled
glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh,
ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
cres.
ff
ban-ner yet wave
long may it wave
tri umph doth wave
tri umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

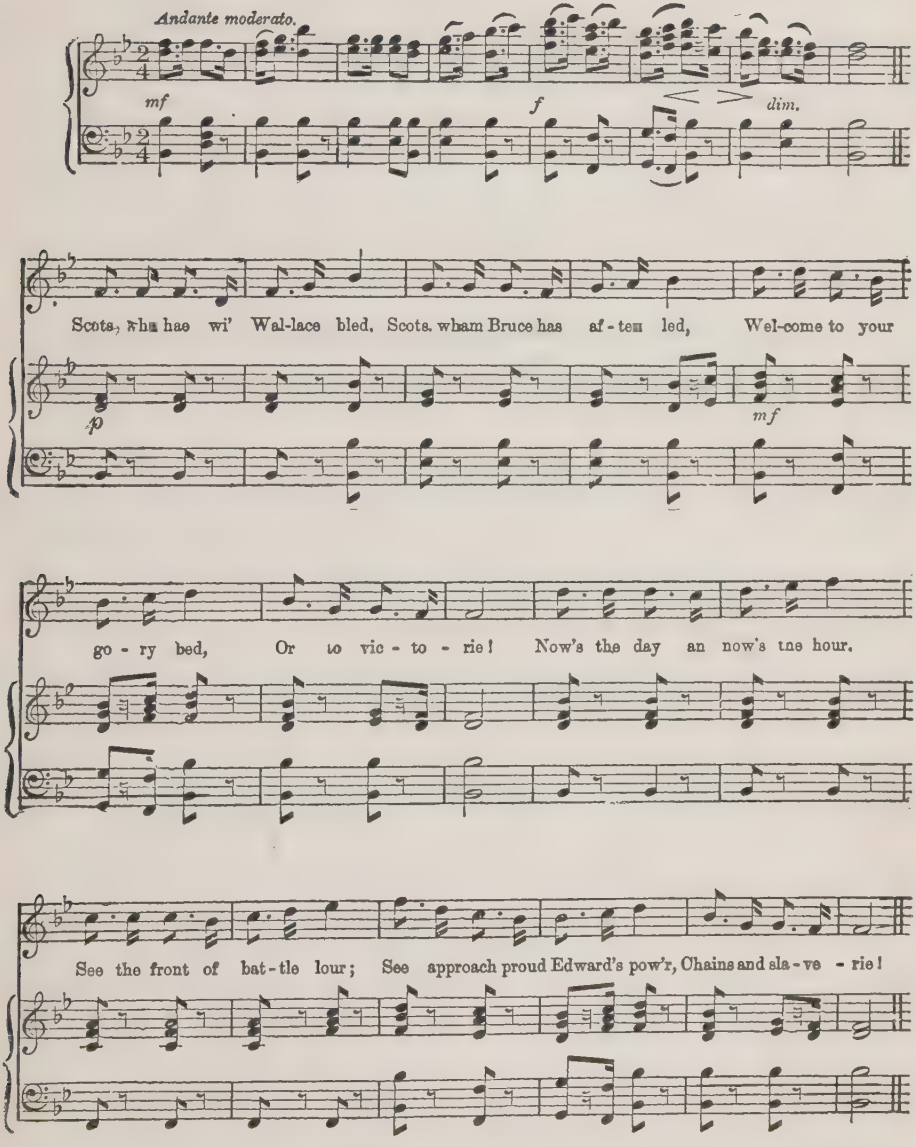
Marseilles Hymn.

QUARTET.


f Soprano.
1. Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, Your children,
f Alto.
f Tenor.
2. Oh, liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants'
f Bass.
wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their
bolts and bars con-fine thee, And thus thy no-ble spir-it tame? And thus thy
tears and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling
no-ble spir-it tame? Too long our country wept, bewailing, The blood-stain'd


host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While
sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
death!
ff
death!

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace Bled.


Andante moderato.
mf
f
dim.
Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led, Wel-come to your
p
mf
go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day an now's the hour.
See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

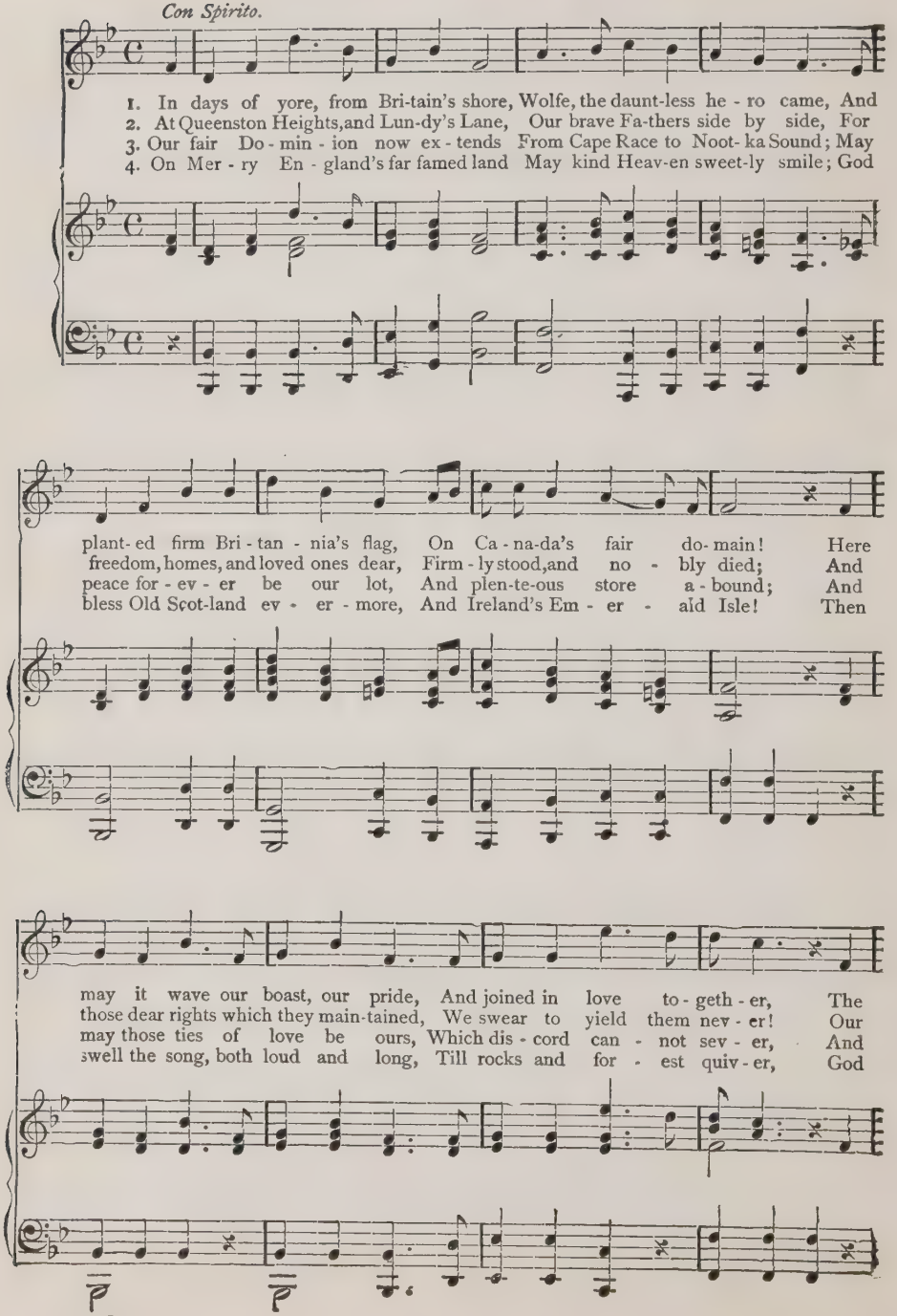
By oppression's woes an' pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or dee!

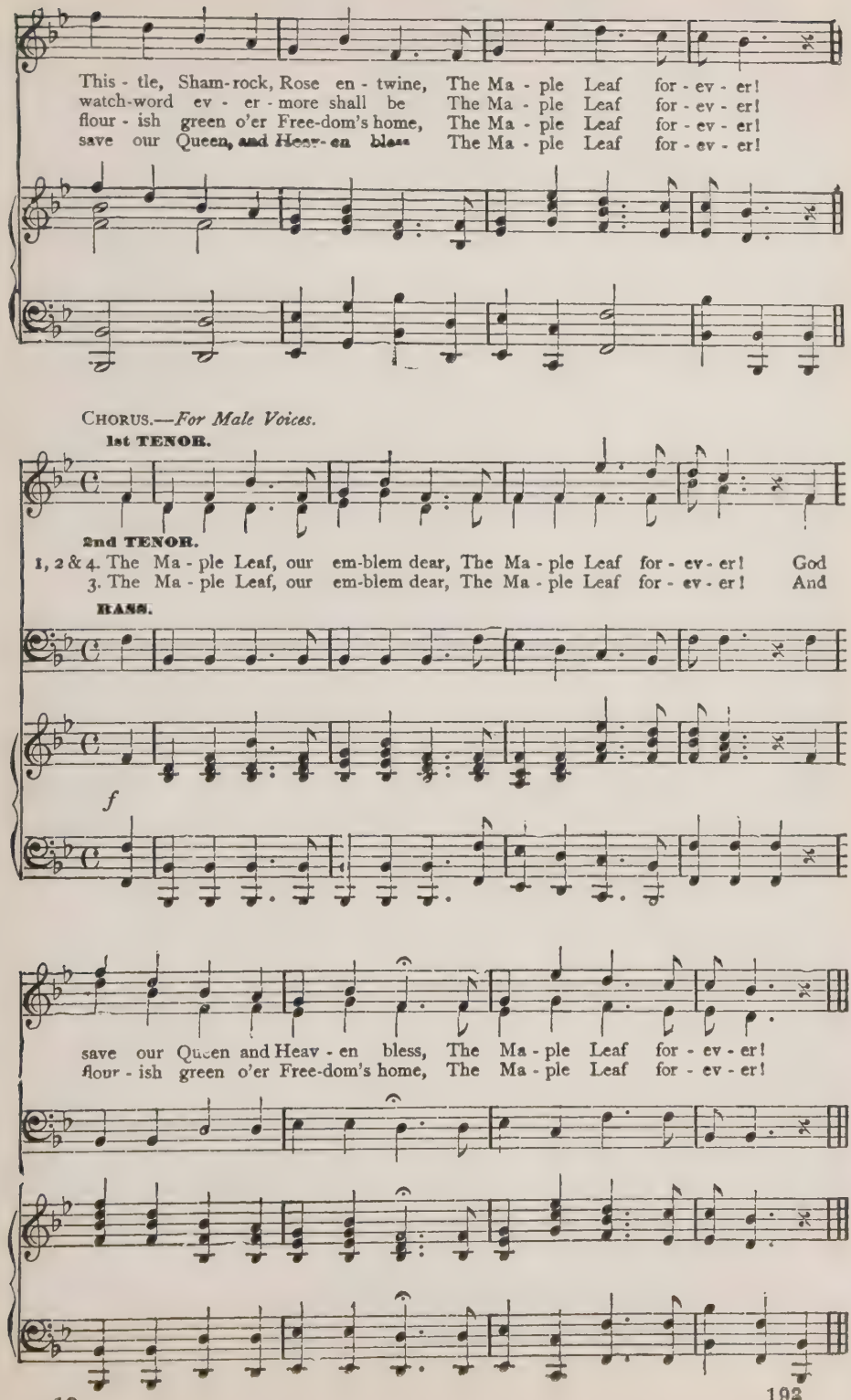
The Maple Leaf Forever.

The National Song of Canada.

Composed by ALEXANDER MUIR.

Con Spirito.

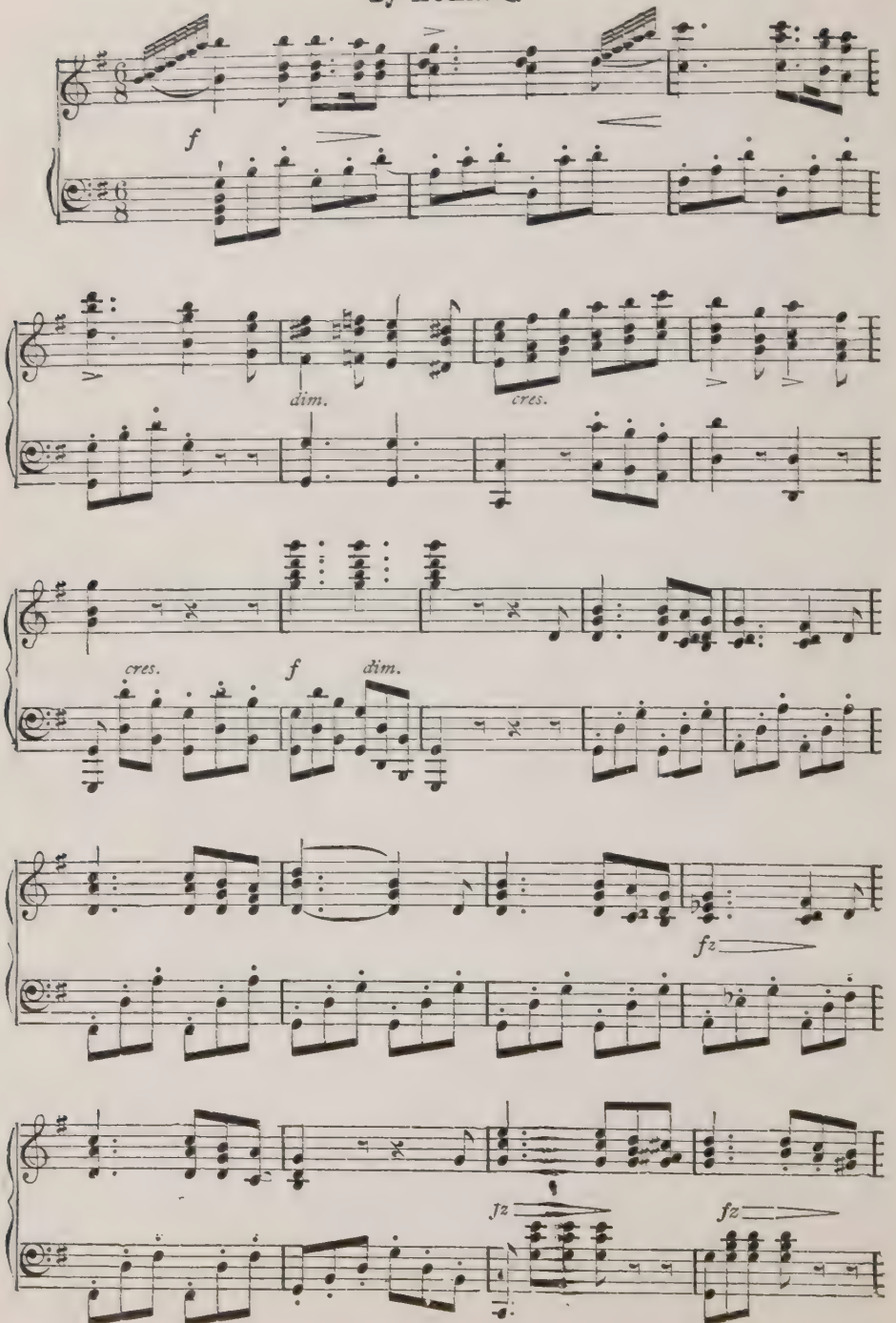

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro came, And
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave Fa-thers side by side, For
3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to Noot- ka Sound; May
4. On Mer - ry En - gland's far famed land May kind Heav-en sweet-ly smile; God
plant- ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag, On Ca - na-da's fair do- main! Here
freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm - ly stood, and no - bly died; And
peace for - ev - er be our lot, And plen-te-ous store a - bound; And
bless Old Scot-land ev - er - more, And Ireland's Em - er - ald Isle! Then
may it wave our boast, our pride, And joined in love to - geth - er, The
those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them nev - er! Our
may those ties of love be ours, Which dis - cord can - not sev - er, And
swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est quiv - er, God


This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
watch-word ev - er - more shall be The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
save our Queen, and Heav-en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
CHORUS.—For Male Voices.
1st TENOR.
2nd TENOR.
1, 2 & 4. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God
3. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! And
BASS.
f
save our Queen and Heav - en bless, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

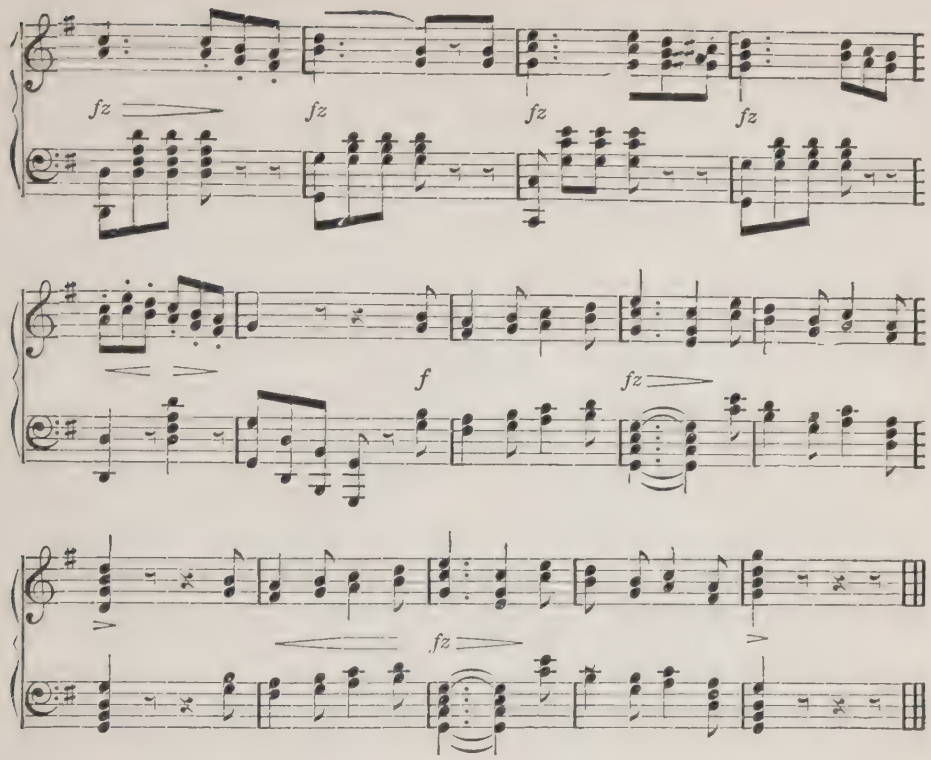
Hymne de Riego.

National Air of Spain

By HUERTA.



From the "Airs of all Nations," by kind permission of John Philip Sousa, late Director of the U. S. Marine Band.



1.

Serenely and with valor
Come raise your manly voices;
For all our land rejoices
In praises of the king.
With patriotic fervor—
Devoted to our nation—
We'll die for her salvation
Her glories let us sing.

CHORUS.—Then soldiers patriotic,
The nation looks to you
To show by deeds of valor,
That to her cause you're true.

2.

The sleeping sword awaken!
By words and deed we're plighted
To save the slave affrighted,
And make our brother free.
Though in the combat gory
A comrade brave should perish,
One thought we'll always cherish,
He died for liberty.—*Chorus.*

3.

The thunder of the cannon,
The bugle of the battle,
Together with the rattle
Of musketry is rife.
The God of war admires
The man who knows no danger,
Whose heart to fear's a stranger,
And is ready for the strife.—*Chorus.*

1.

Serenos alegres,
Valientes yosados
Cantemas soldados
El himno alalid,
De nustros acentos,
El orbe se admire,
Yen nostros mire
Los hijos del cid.

CHORUS.—*Soldados la patria*
Nos llama a la lid,
Juremos par ella
Vencer o morir.

2.

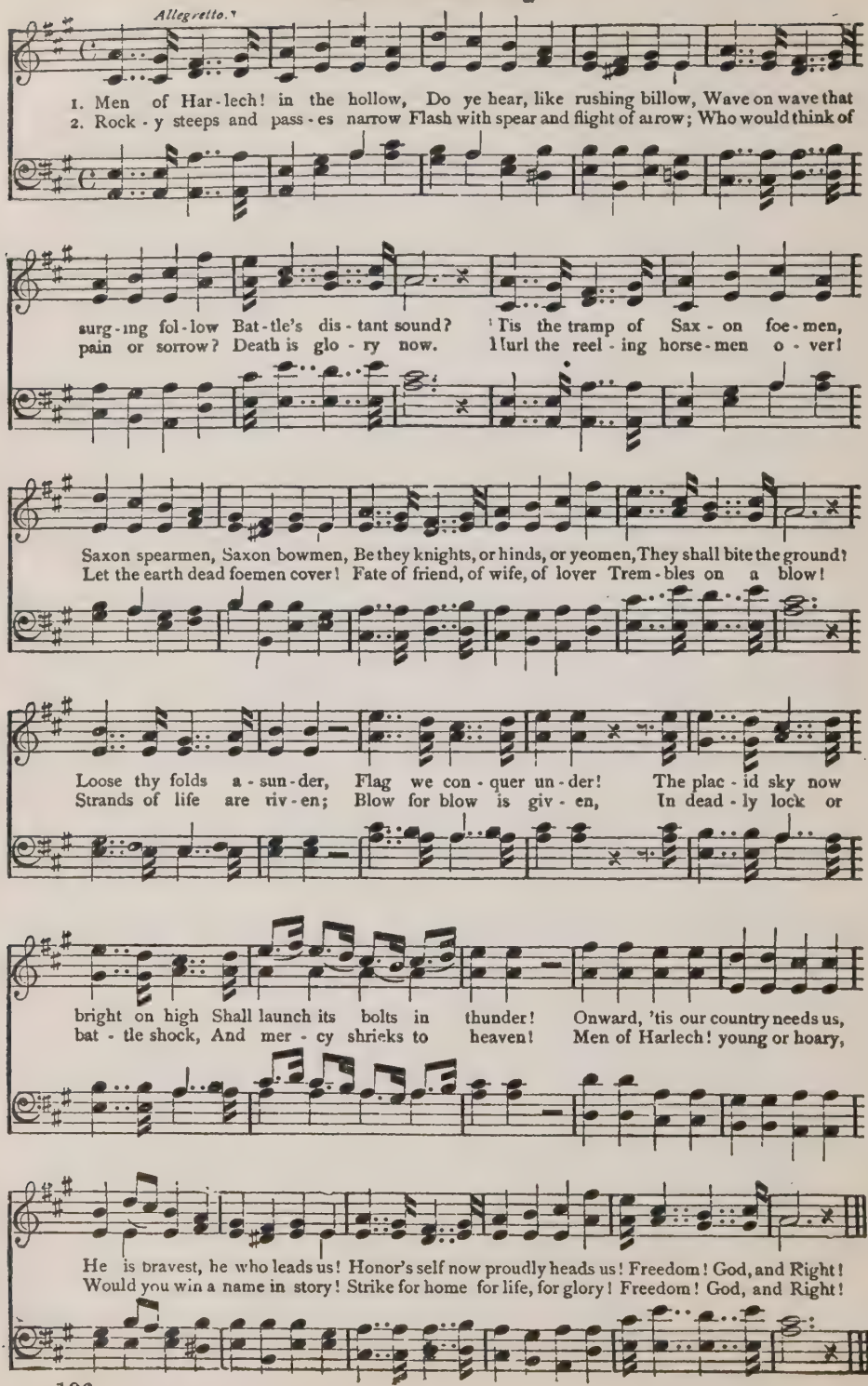
Blandamos el yerro
Del timido esclavo
Del fuerte del bravo
La faz no saber.
Sus huestes cual humo
Vereis disipadas
Y á nuestras espadas
Fugaces correr.—Chorus.

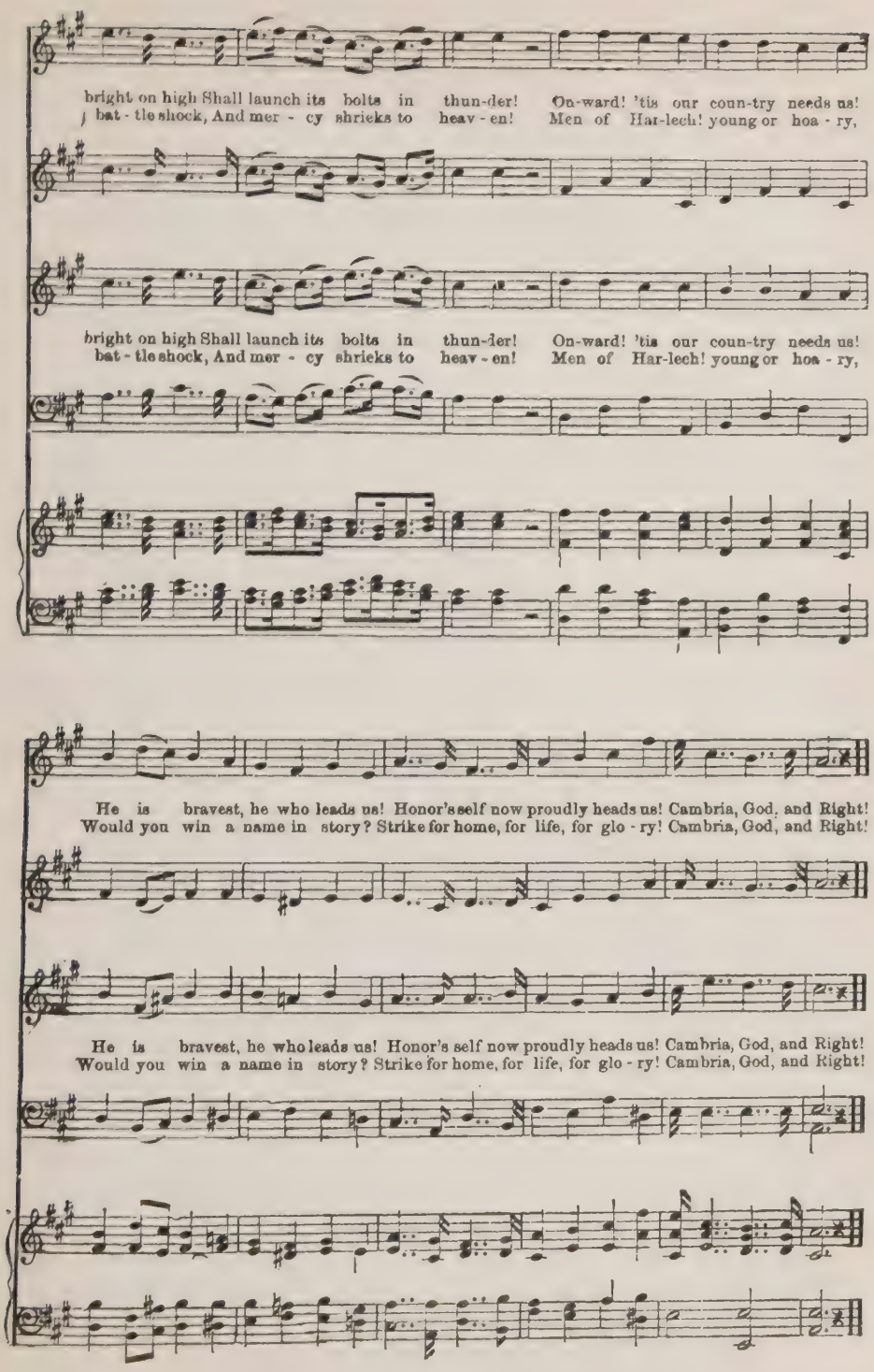
3.

La trompa guerrera
Sus ecos da al viento
Horror al sediento
Ya ruga el canon.
Ya Marte sanudo
La audacia provoca
Y el ingenio invoca
De nuestra nacion.—Chorus.

Men of Harlech.

Famous Welsh Song.

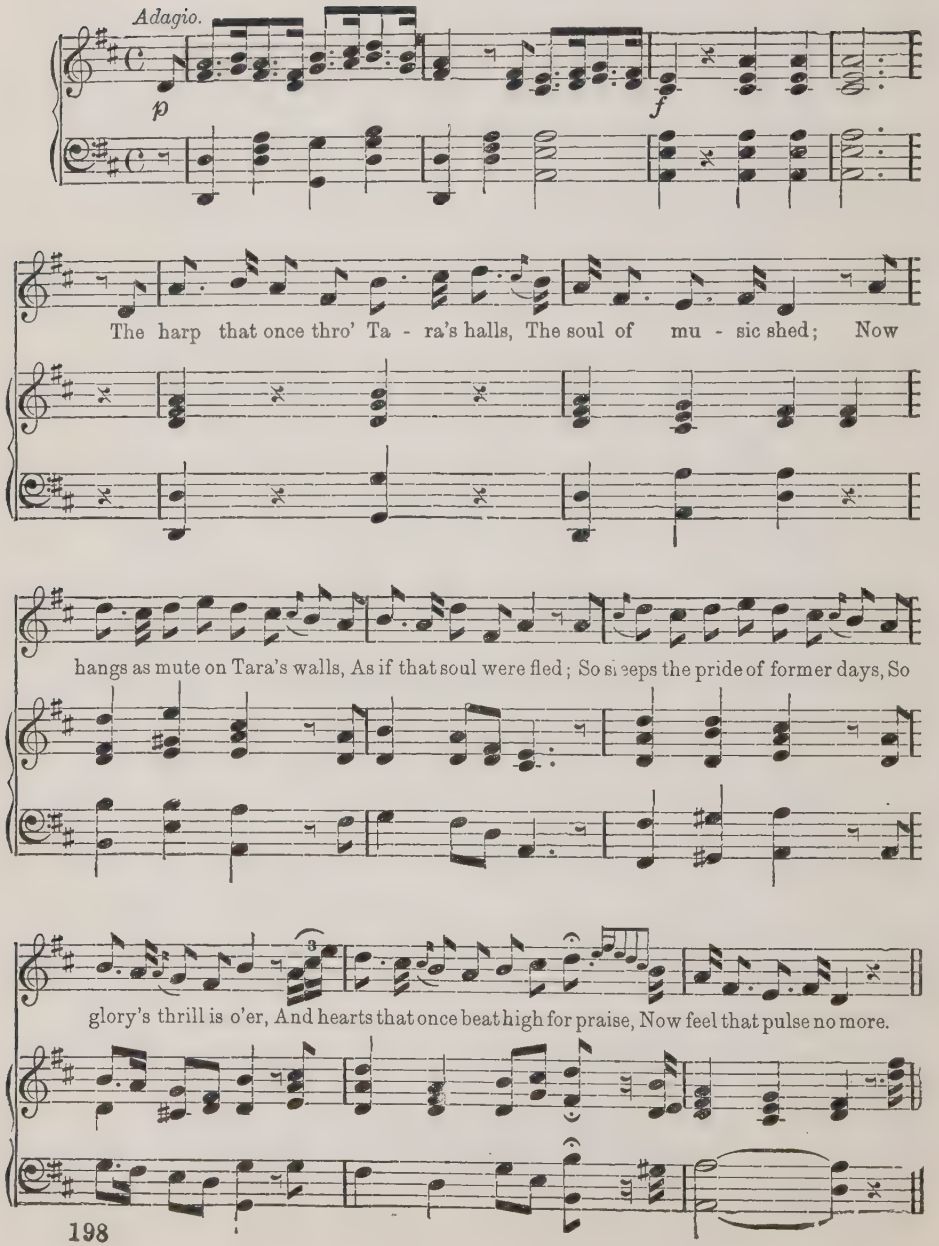

Allegretto.
1. Men of Har-lech! in the hollow, Do ye hear, like rushing billow, Wave on wave that
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es narrow Flash with spear and flight of arrow; Who would think of
surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men,
pain or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now. Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver!
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen, Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the ground!
Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of wife, of lover Trem-bles on a blow!
Loose thy folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The plac-id sky now
Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is giv-en, In dead-ly lock or
bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thunder! Onward, 'tis our country needs us,
bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to heaven! Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
He is bravest, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heads us! Freedom! God, and Right!
Would you win a name in story! Strike for home for life, for glory! Freedom! God, and Right!

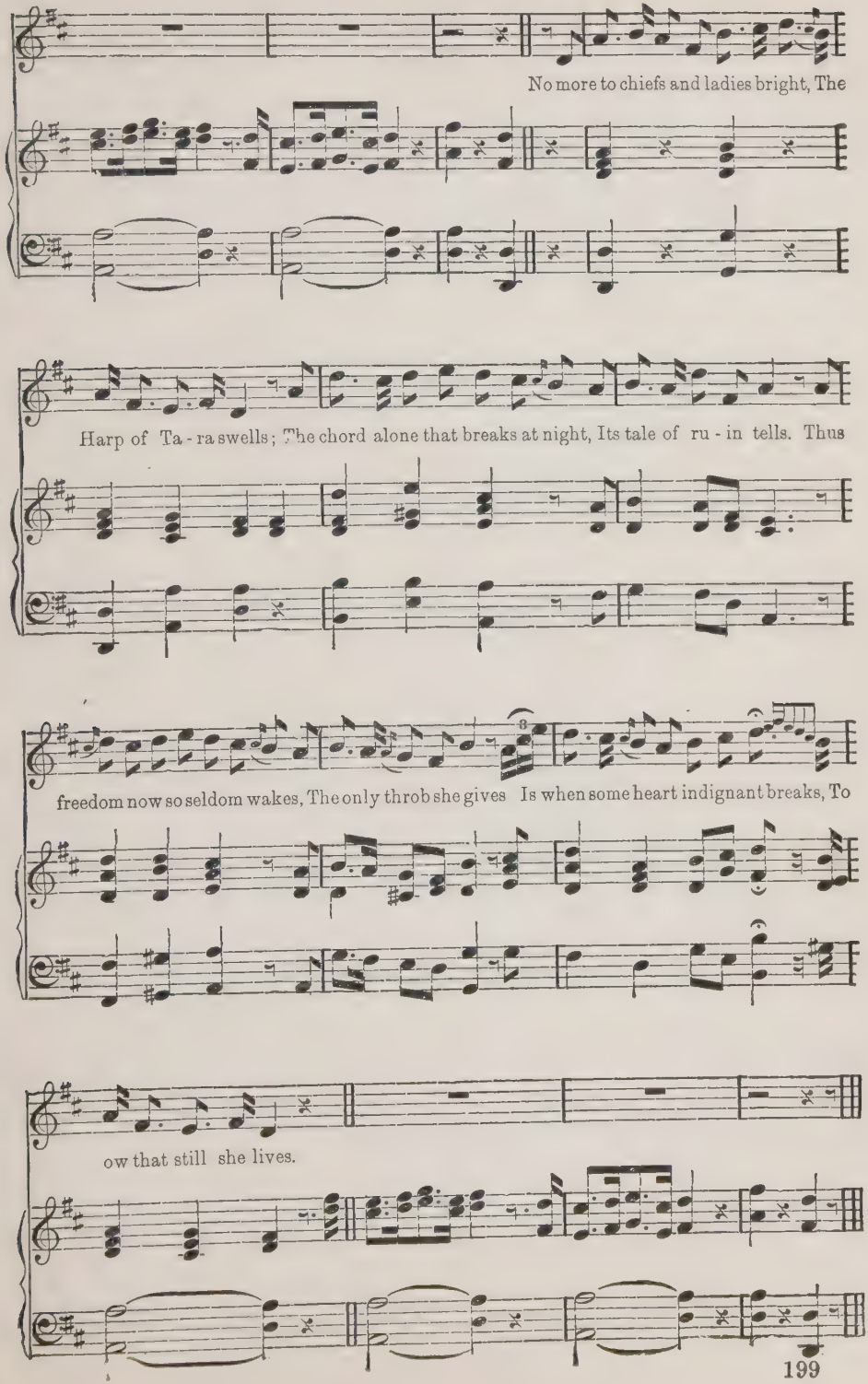

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoa - ry,
bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoa - ry,
He is bravest, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
Would you win a name in story? Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Cambria, God, and Right!
He is bravest, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
Would you win a name in story? Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

(IRISH.)

Words by Moore.

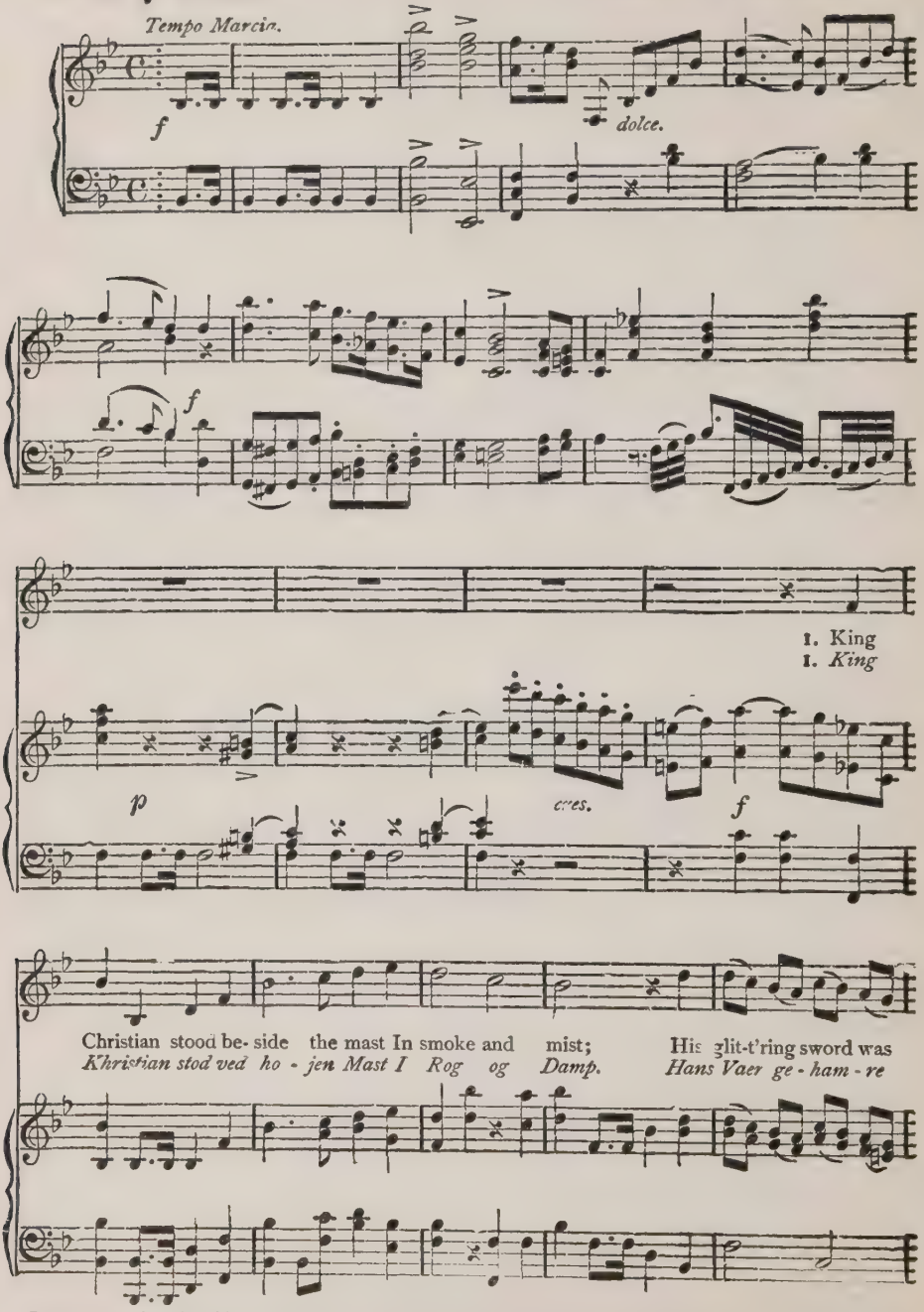

Adagio.
p
f
The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed; Now
hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of former days, So
glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.


No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The
Harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord alone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus
freedom now so seldom wakes, The only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To
ow that still she lives.

King Christian Stood Beside the Mast.

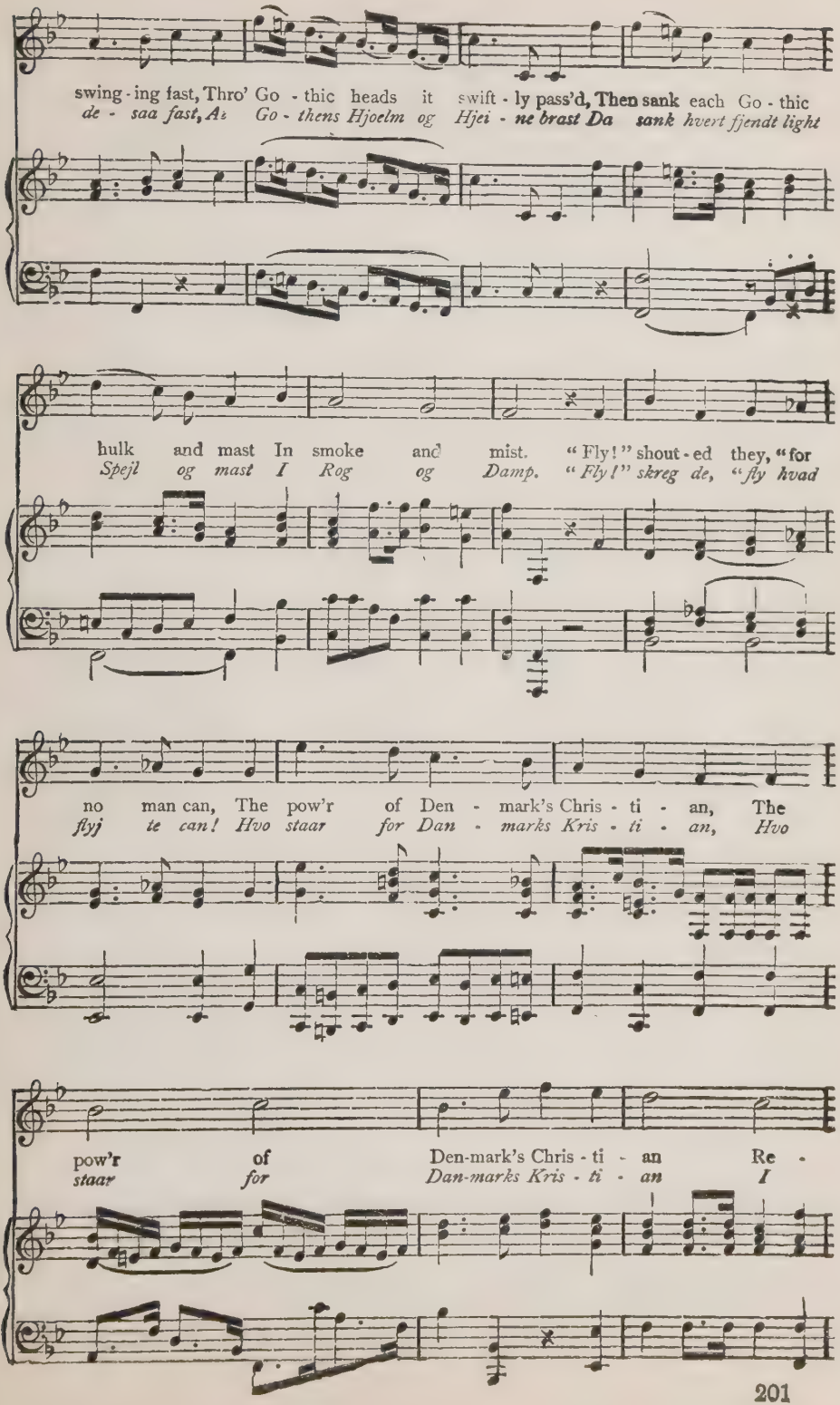
National Song of Denmark.

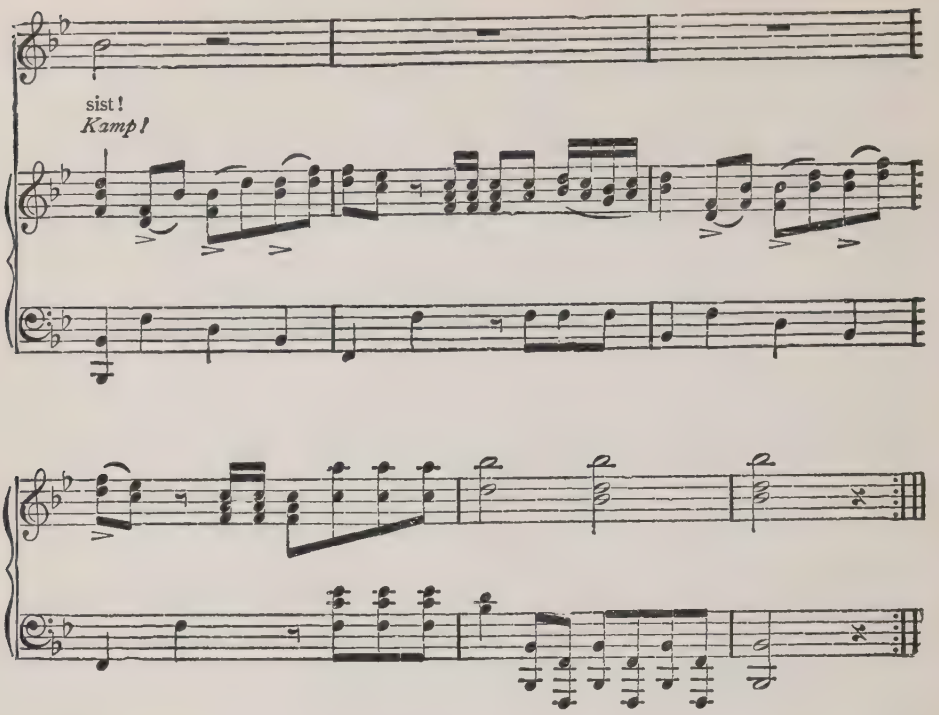
Words by EWALD. Music by HARTMAN.



This song was introduced in an Operetta, "The Fisherman," composed by Johann Hartman, and became very popular throughout Denmark. Hartman was a German, who settled in Copenhagen in 1768, where he died in 1791.—*Engel.*

By permission of John Philip Sousa, late Director of the Band of the U. S. Marine Corps, this arrangement is used here from his book "The Airs of all Nations."


swing - ing fast, Thro' Go - thic heads it swift - ly pass'd, Then sank each Go - thic
de - saa fast, Aa Go - thens Hjoelm og Hjei - ne brast Da sank hvert fjendt light
hulk and mast In smoke and mist. "Fly!" shout - ed they, "for
Spejl og mast I Rog og Damp. "Fly!" skreg de, "fly hvad
no man can, The pow'r of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an, The
flyj te can! Hvo staar for Dan - marks Kris - ti - an, Hvo
pow'r of Den-mark's Chris - ti - an Re -
staar for Dan-marks Kris - ti - an I



2.

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly," shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

3.

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Thordenskiold,
Let each to heaven commend his soul
And fly!

4.

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark rolling wave!
Receive thy friend who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite—
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark rolling wave!
And 'midst thy pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

2.

Nils Juel gav Agt paa Stormens Brag,
Nu er det Tid!
Han hejsede det røde Flag
Og slog paa Fjenden Slag i Slag.
Da skreg de højt blandt Stormens Brag:
"Nu er det Tid!
"Fly," skreg de, "hver som vid et Skjul!
Hvo kan bestaa for Danmarks Juel
I Strid!"

3.

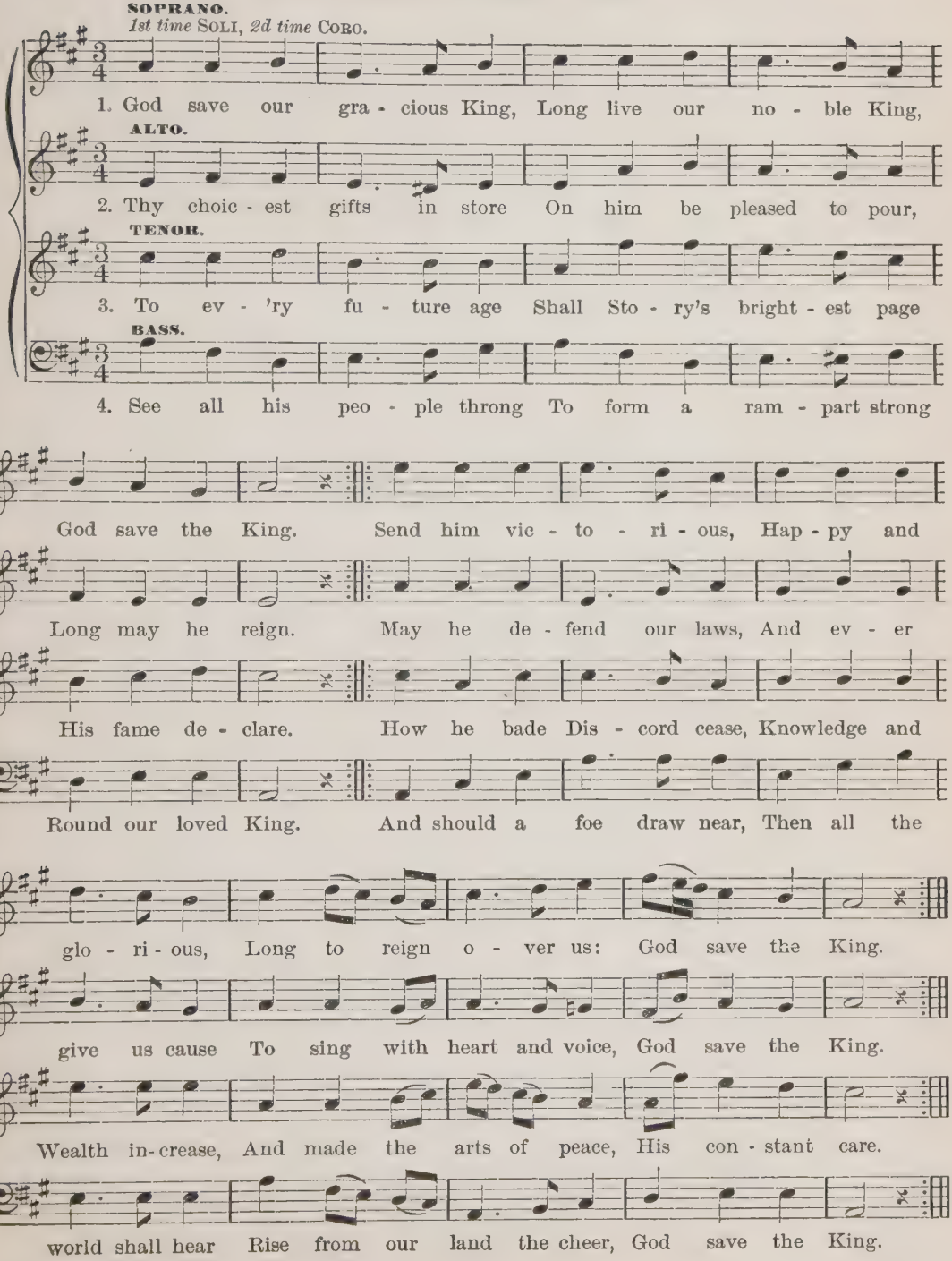
O Nordhav, Glimt af Vessel brød
Din mørke Sky!
Da tyde Kæmper til dit Skjød,
Thi med ham lynte Skrak og Død.
Fra Vallen hortes Vraal, som brød
Den tykke Sky.
Fra Danmark lyner Tordenskjold:
Hver giv sig i Himlens Vold
Og fly!

4.

Du danskes Vej til Ros og Magt
Sortladne Hav!
Modtag din Ven, som uforsagt
Vor mode Faren med Foragt
Saa stolt som du mod Stormens Magt,
Sortlande Hav!
Og rask igjennem Larm og Spil
Og Kamp og Sejer for mig til
Min Grav.

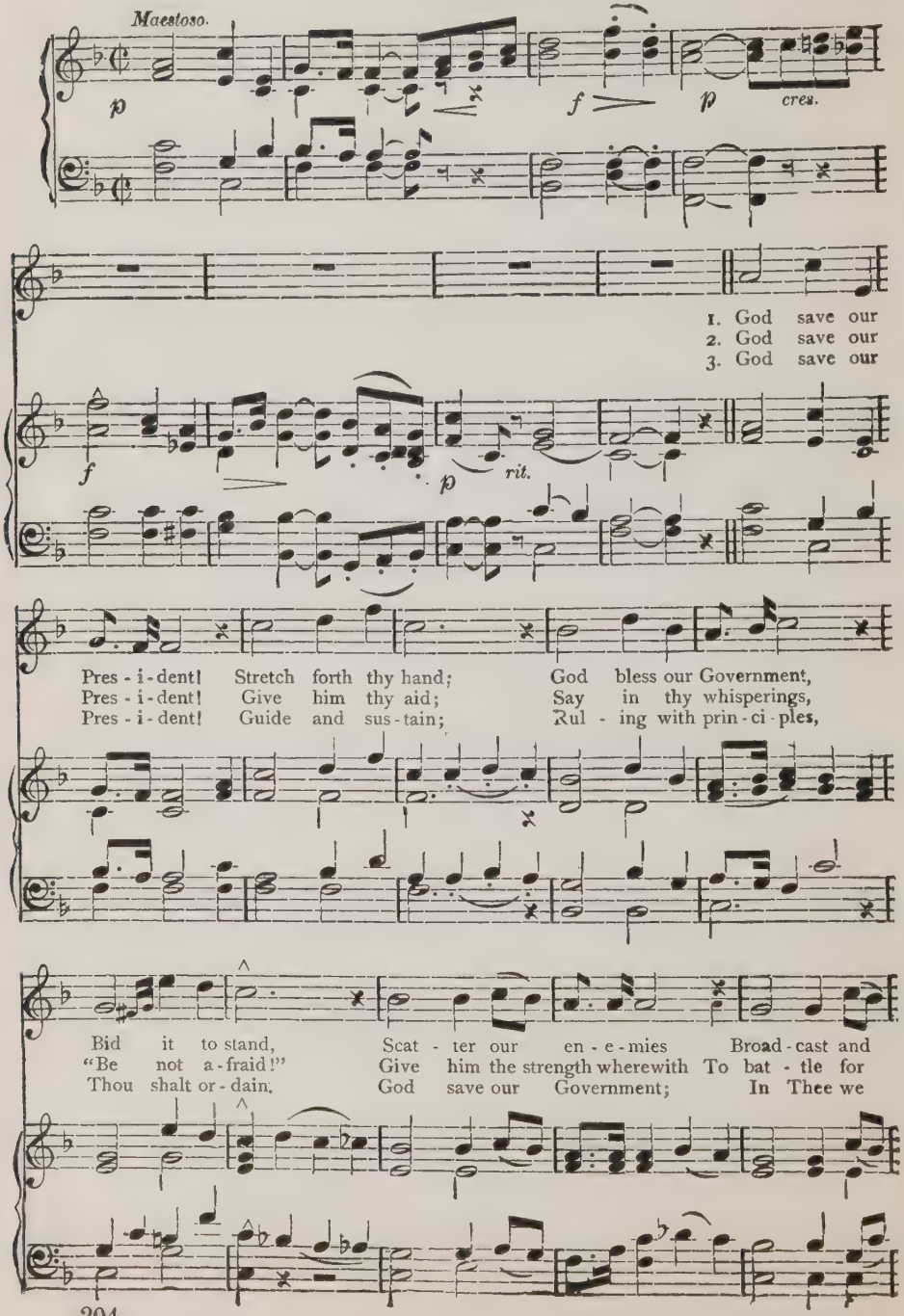
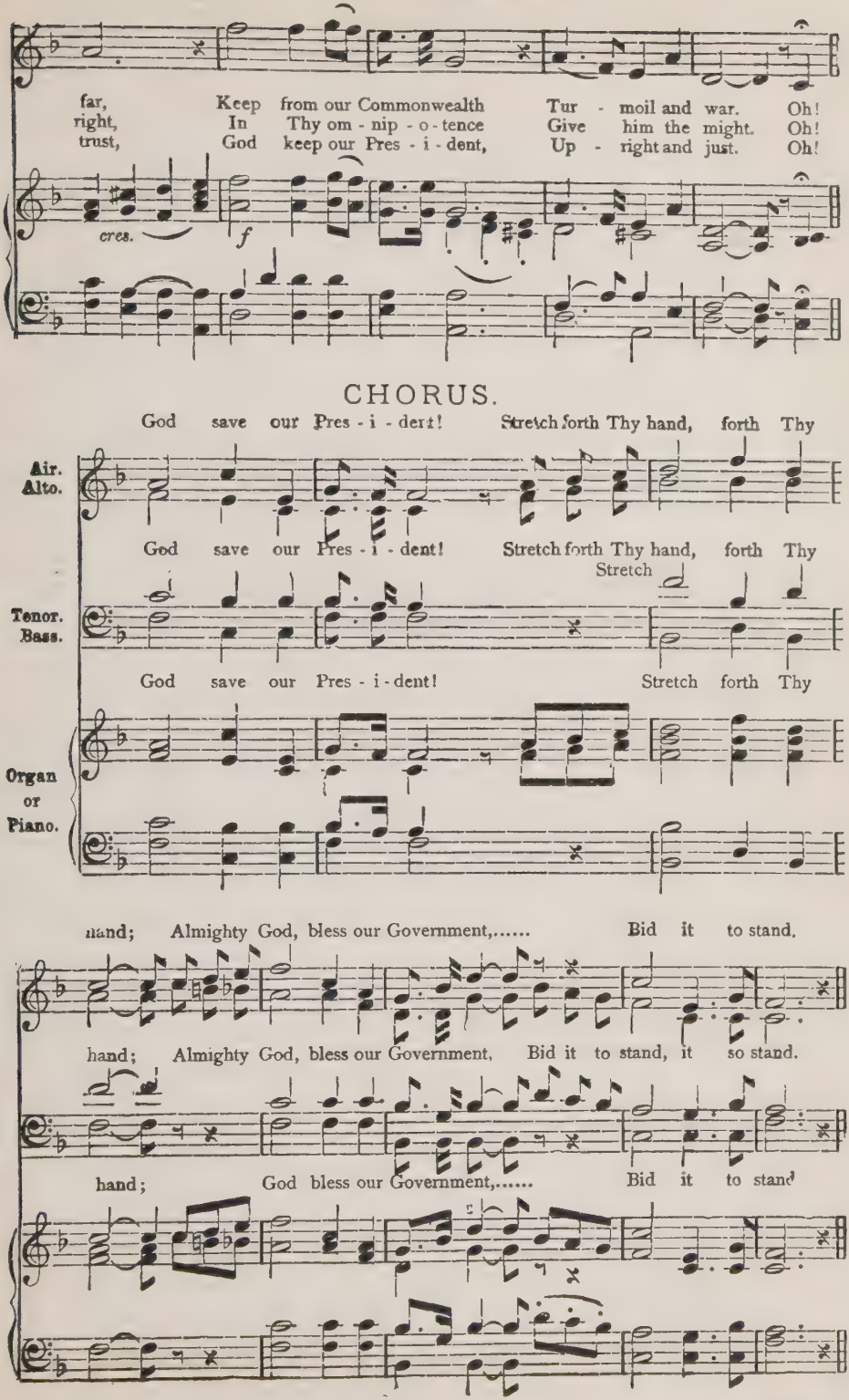
God Save the King.

Words and Music by HENRY CAREY.


SOPRANO.
1st time SOLI, 2d time CORO.
1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
ALTO.
2. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,
TENOR.
3. To ev - 'ry fu - ture age Shall Sto - ry's bright - est page
BASS.
4. See all his peo - ple throng To form a ram - part strong
God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
Long may he reign. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er
His fame de - clare. How he bade Dis - cord cease, Knowledge and
Round our loved King. And should a foe draw near, Then all the
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us: God save the King.
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.
Wealth in-crease, And made the arts of peace, His con - stant care.
world shall hear Rise from our land the cheer, God save the King.

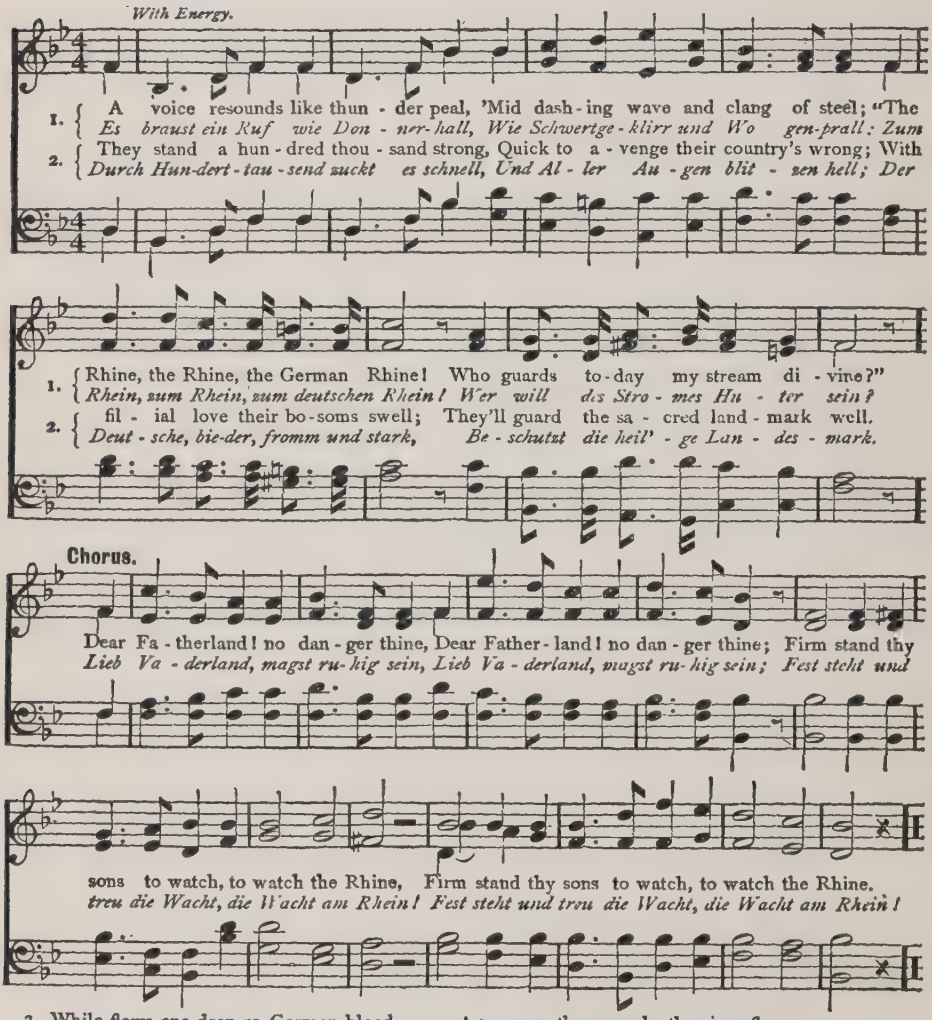
God Save our President!

A NATION'S PRAYER.

By SEPTIMUS WINNER.

Maestoso.
p
f
p
cres.
1. God save our
2. God save our
3. God save our
f
p
rit.
Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth thy hand; God bless our Government,
Pres - i - dent! Give him thy aid; Say in thy whisperings,
Pres - i - dent! Guide and sus - tain; Rul - ing with prin - ci - ples,
Bid it to stand, Scat - ter our en - e - mies Broad - cast and
"Be not a - fraid!" Give him the strength wherewith To bat - tle for
Thou shalt or - dain. God save our Government; In Thee we

far, Keep from our Commonwealth Tur - moil and war. Oh!
right, In Thy om - nip - o - tence Give him the might. Oh!
trust, God keep our Pres - i - dent, Up - right and just. Oh!
cres.
f
CHORUS.
God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth Thy hand, forth Thy
Air.
Alto.
God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth Thy hand, forth Thy
Stretch
Tenor.
Bass.
God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth Thy
Organ
or
Piano.
hand; Almighty God, bless our Government,..... Bid it to stand.
hand; Almighty God, bless our Government, Bid it to stand, it so stand.
hand; God bless our Government,..... Bid it to stand

The Watch on the Rhine.

Words by Max Schneckenburger. Music by Carl Wilhelm.


With Energy.
1. A voice resounds like thun - der peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel; "The
Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner-hall, Wie Schwertge - klirr und Wo gen-prall: Zum
2. They stand a hun - dred thou - sand strong, Quick to a - venge their country's wrong; With
Durch Hun-dert - tau - send zuckt es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen blit - zen hell; Der
1. Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di - vine?"
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein?
2. fil - ial love their bo-soms swell; They'll guard the sa - cred land - mark well.
Deut - sche, bie-der, fromm und stark, Be - schutzt die heil' - ge Lan - des - mark.
Chorus.
Dear Fa - therland! no dan - ger thine, Dear Father - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - derland, magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va - derland, magst ru-hig sein; Fest steht und
sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

3. While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!—*Cho.*

3. *So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch gluht,*
Noch eine Faust den Degen sieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Buchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.—Chō.

4. Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!—*Cho.*

4. *Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,*
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!—Cho.

Part VII.

SONGS OF RETROSPECT AND EXILE.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

IT has often been asked: "Where are the old songs we heard so often when you and I were boys? What has become of the old familiar melodies?"

Gone with the hopes, and the joys and the roses,
Nursed in the early dawn's smile;
Gone like the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile;
Gone with the Janes and the Anns and Elizas,
Down the back hallway of time.

How the Janes, Anns, and Elizas used to sing them to us, youngsters then—oldsters now! And where are the fair singers who so delighted the audience of one, leaning over the piano or sitting entranced on the sofa? "Singing to the young-eyed cherubim" or crooning lullabies to grandchildren. The old songs have been thrust out of fashion by Italian and French importations; operatic gems from "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Mikado;" and by an infinite variety of vocal trash. A large volume might be compiled of *forgotten* American songs alone.

Some of these old songs, thus driven into hopeless oblivion, have a history attached which lends them an additional charm—at least to their old friends. "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was composed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.

Among the better class of popular songs belongs Thomas Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," of which 1,500,000 copies have been sold in this country. It is a universal favorite, the words and air both being considered beautiful, and it is still in much demand.

"The Last Rose of Summer" is one of the most exquisite, as well as one of the most widely popular songs which Moore wrote for old airs, and published under the general title of "Irish Melodies." Its air is altered from an old one called "The Groves of Blarney."

Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," who had a passionate fondness for the Irish national melodies, especially admired "The Last Rose of Summer," and wrote the following little story as an introduction to it:

"This is the grave of Dermid. He was the best

minstrel among us all—a youth of romantic genius and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety.

"One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtfulness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent,—when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance.

"Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them,—it was the merriest of his collection. The ring was formed; all looked eagerly toward the quarter from which he was to arrive determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer.

"But they were checked the instant he appeared. He came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments. His harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments; then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced without quickening his pace to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence.

"After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends. He first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp, then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused. Then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part. It was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear.

"He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody. It was about a lonely rose that had outlived all his companions. This he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village. He seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the churchyard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave."

Thomas Haynes Bayly has been called "The Mantalini of song writers"; he wrote upward of eight hundred songs.

The reputation of Haynes Bayly has great tenacity of life. He had real tenderness, which he displayed in such songs as "Long, Long Ago" and "Oh, no, we never mention her," and considerable wit and humor, but his sentiment was too often mere sentimentalism, his love lackadaisical, and his melancholy very genteel and effeminate—wearing white kid gloves and wiping its eyes, in which there were no tears, with highly perfumed cambric pocket-handkerchief—a very Mantalini of the art of poetastry. Perhaps his best lyric is "Isle of Beauty."

It is said of "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls" that about nine hundred years before Christ, Ollav Folla, King of Ireland, founded schools of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, medicine, and history. He also organized a species of parliament, by a triennial assemblage of chiefs, priests, and bards at Teamor, or Tara, and the record of their laws was called "The Psalter of Tara." Thomas Moore's song recalling the departed glories of the ancient meeting-place of clan and king is set to the plaintive old air of "Grammachree."

'In reading over the songs that were sung by our English grandfathers," says a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, "we naturally divide them into three classes: the ballad, the convivial, and the madrigal. The first still remains with us, occupying about the same position as of yore; the second class has almost succumbed to the latter day temperance movement, only the most incorrigible daring to indulge in anything bacchanalian; while the third, often very silly, has given way to those mournful ditties which inform us of the precise spot in which the remains of the angelic Lilly Dale do rest, or impart to us the anxiety of some young man regarding his 'mother now.'

"As now, so in our grandfathers' time, a lively, pretty air would cover a multitude of sins in the poetry it accompanied; and if the notes were but free and jingling, a country boor would not mind confessing—in language there was not a possibility of his understanding—the terrible effects the glances of the beautiful Daphne had produced upon his too susceptible heart. Especially in the amative songs was the language apt to be excrutiatingly flowery; where to-day we are satisfied with singing the praises of plain Nelly Gray or Kitty Clyde, then nothing would satisfy short of Chloe, Cynthia, or Phillis, which seem to have been the favorites, while at times their Pegasus would reach a Musidora, Sparabella, Blandusia, or Manxelinda. We can easily believe that any young lady who had survived such a name as either of these must have been above the common, and worthy of all tribute.

"Then, as now, love formed the great theme of the poet's song, and we are forced to the conclusion that, however unfortunate these poets may have been in other respects, they were each and every one of them especially favored in possessing the handsomest of the female sex to love and cherish, and further, that 'handsomest young ladies' were as numerous then as 'handsomest babies' are now. What is there in the soft passion that allies it so to poetry? Men who never attempted anything of the kind, either before or after, have been guilty of metrifying the charms of their first love. Fortunately a large proportion of such poetry is cast into the stove when their 'heart's treasure' first proves fickle, followed by old bouquets, hair-pins, and other mementos they have surreptitiously become possessed of. Still sufficient remains to prevent our complaining of any scarcity. How many pairs of lips have been compared to cherries, or sets of teeth to strings of pearls; how many eyes have been called heavenly blue, and how many heads of red hair have been entered as golden tresses? One ancient lover, who seems to have been in a very bad way, sings:

> "'Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone,
> I sigh, and think myself undone;
> But when the lovely nymph is here,
> I'm pleased, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.'

"Further on, after dying with grief when she leaves him, he revives at her return, while, all in the same space of time, he smiles, freezes, pants, and burns. Another unfortunate exclaims:

> "'Enchanted by your voice and face,
> In pleasing dreams I fainting lie;
> I bleed, fair nymph, I bleed, apace,
> And, oh I languish! oh! I die!'

According to another authority, if he bleed long enough he will probably recover, for he tells us:

> "'Love's a distemper that comes with high feeding,
> And is cur'd, like a fever, by emptying and bleeding.'"

Forming an important feature in the comic songs of to-day are the negro, Irish, and Yankee melodies. Of the first and last

of these, our grandfathers were entirely wanting, while they had but few of the second in comparison with ourselves. In looking over the songs of the past we are quickly struck with this absence, and it leaves the impression on the mind of a scarcity of comic songs, which is really the case.

They were not altogether wanting in dialectic songs, the most admired of which were the Scotch and Welsh. A quite favorite Scotch comic song, to those with sufficient linguistic powers to master it, was "Let us a' to the Bridal," which describes the great goings on at the wedding of Jockie to Maggie, a list of the company present, and the bill of fare of the feast.

It has been said that in the words of her "Love Not!" Mrs. Caroline Norton might well have embalmed her own bitter experiences. The music was composed by John Blockley.

The century-old song, known as "Days of Absence," "Rousseau's Dream," or "Greenville," owes its words and music to Jean Jacques Rousseau, the celebrated French author, in 1775. He was born in Geneva, June 28, 1712, and was descended from a family of Paris booksellers and Protestant refugees. His mother, the daughter of a clergyman, died when he was born, and his grief that he should have met so bitter a loss was often referred to by him. Although he was a very delicate boy, before he was nine years old he had spent whole nights in reading novels with his father, who had a visionary and restless disposition. From an engineer, a lawyer, and an engraver, with whom he lived successively, he picked up a varied fund of information.

After a series of adventures of the most romantic and miserable sort, he devoted himself to the study of music, which he afterward taught, and invented a new system of musical notation. He published several operas and musical works before he turned his whole attention to the writings for which he is chiefly known. Rousseau died at Ermonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. His melody has now been so long associated in our minds with its hymn-book title of "Greenville," that it seems odd to connect it with this French love-song.

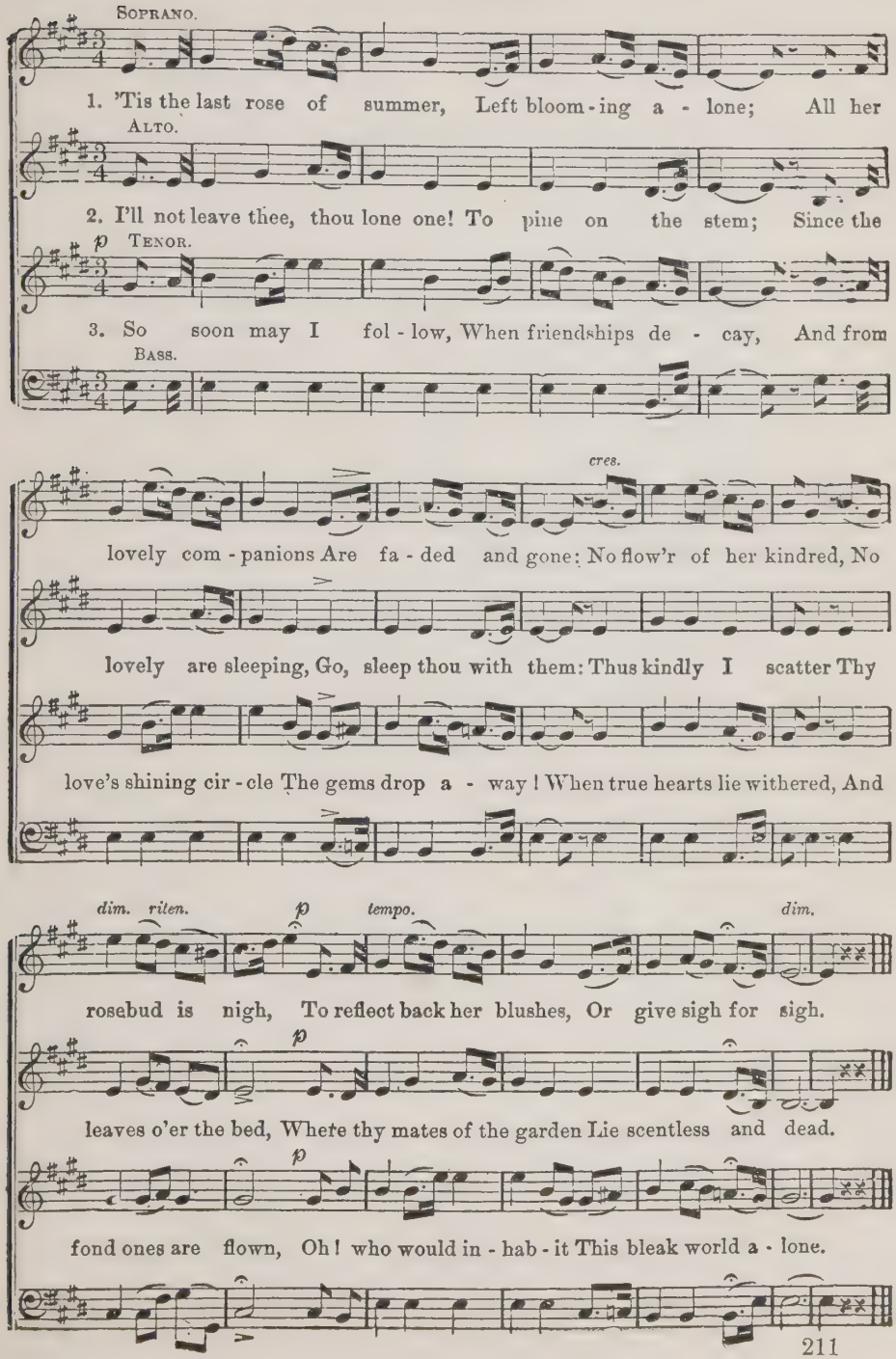
Closely connected with the subject of the antiquity of certain tunes is their transmigration. Under "Songs of the Church" this theme has been briefly touched, but some equally strange "transmogrifications" have taken place in secular melodies.

Some songs, it has been said, are older than the common law, as old as custom, hoarier than manners. Such airs, with varying names and varied strains, are like the ballads, the proverbs, and the sayings of the people. They may be tracked back and back until the track is lost. Origin or author they have never had. They have been harped and blown and fiddled, thrummed, and danced by the ages. Antiquarians have searched diligently for author and origin for the ballads and for the saws, proverbs, and sayings of the people. The search has only established that these always were just as they are, with minor variations.

Who composed "Rack Back, Davie," "Old Granny," "Rye Straw," "Forked Deer," "Leather Breeches," "Old Zip Coon," "Natchez-under-the-Hill," "Billy in the Low Grounds," and hundreds of other popular country fiddler airs? Their names have changed and their strains have been varied, but they may be heard fiddled out and danced out the world over. They might have been heard centuries ago.

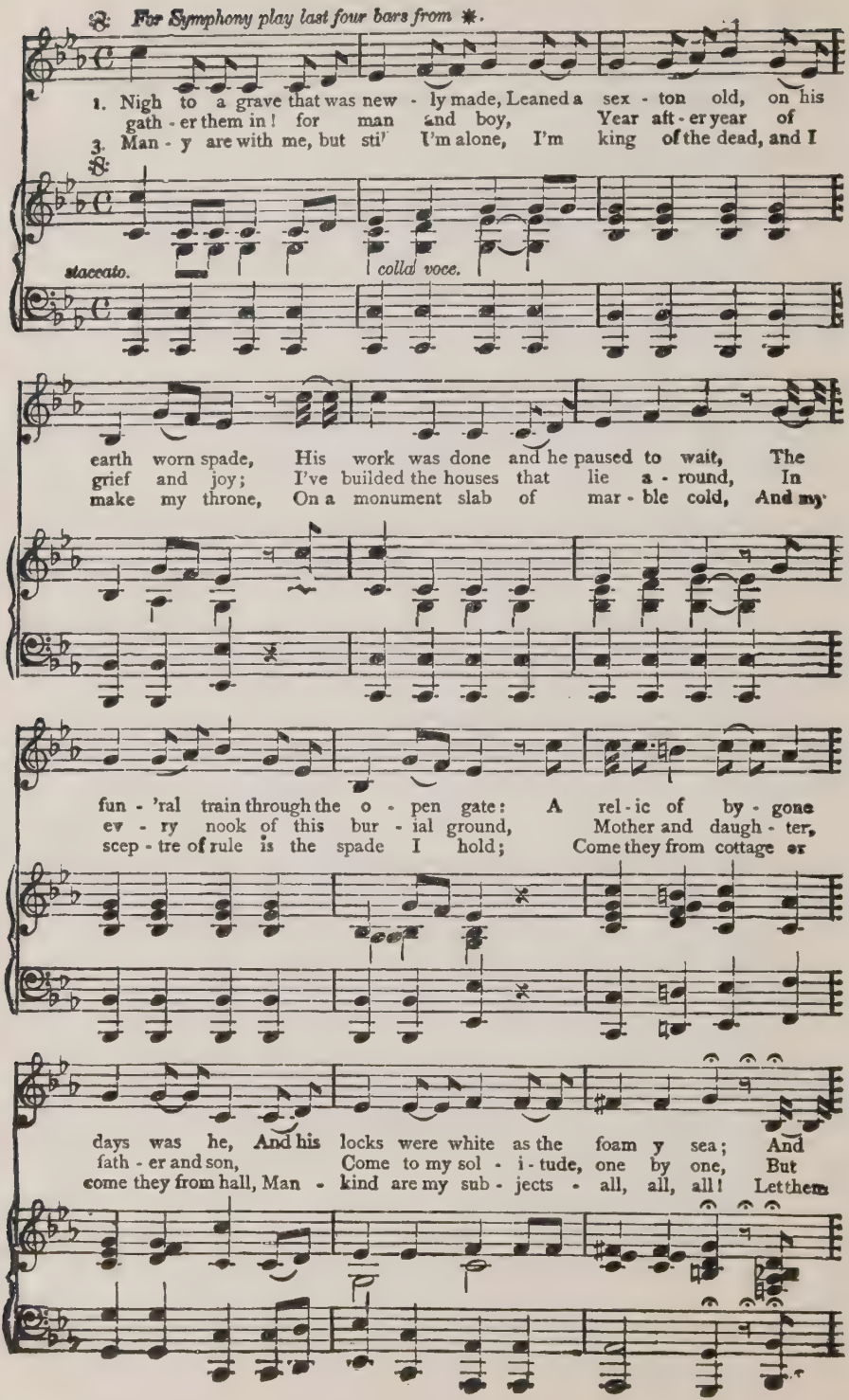
The Last Rose of Summer.

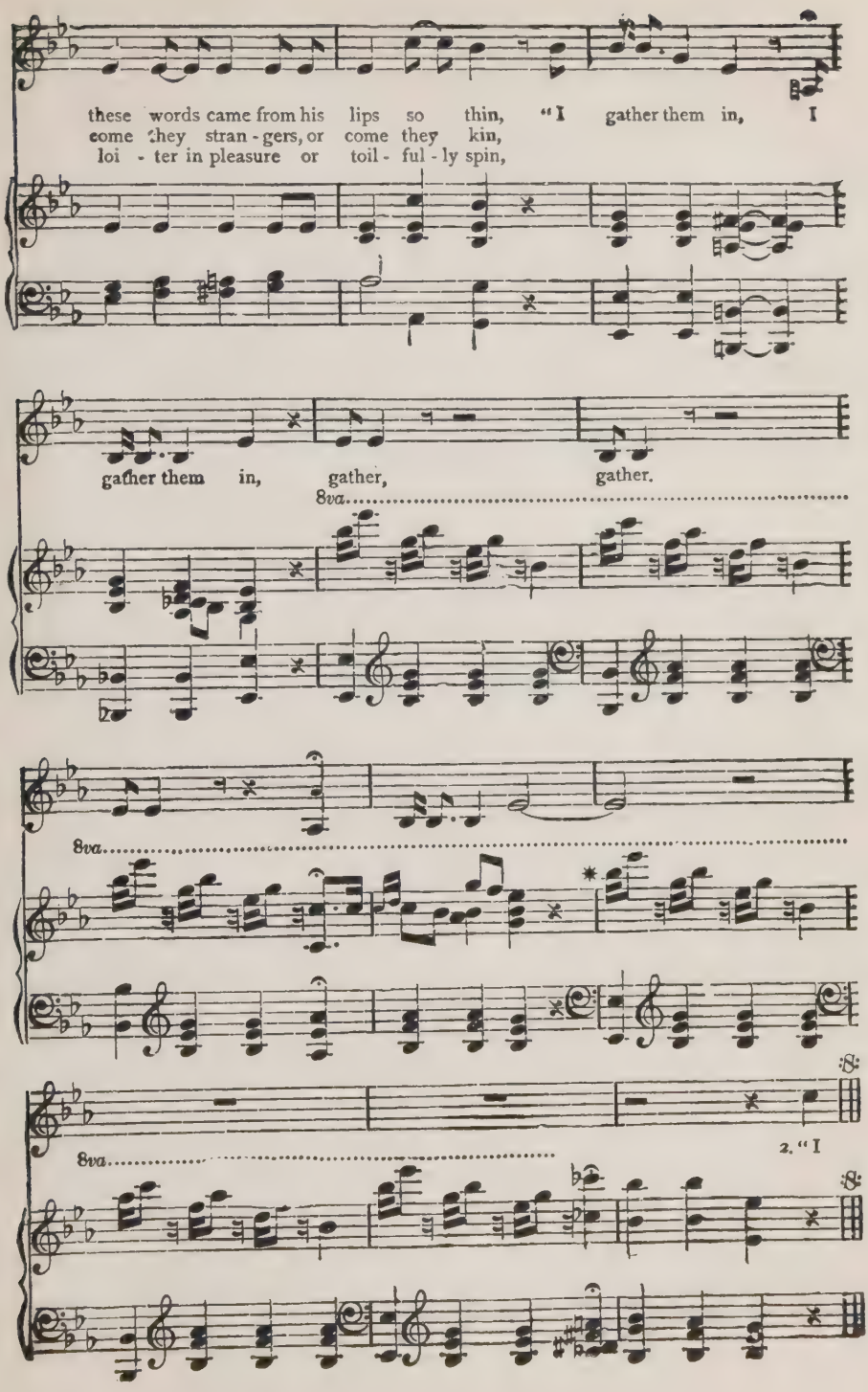
FLOTOW.


Soprano.
1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her
Alto.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the
p Tenor.
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from
Bass.
cres.
lovely com - panions Are fa - ded and gone: No flow'r of her kindred, No
lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them: Thus kindly I scatter Thy
love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, And
dim. riten.
p
tempo.
dim.
rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
p
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.
p
fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

The Old Sexton.

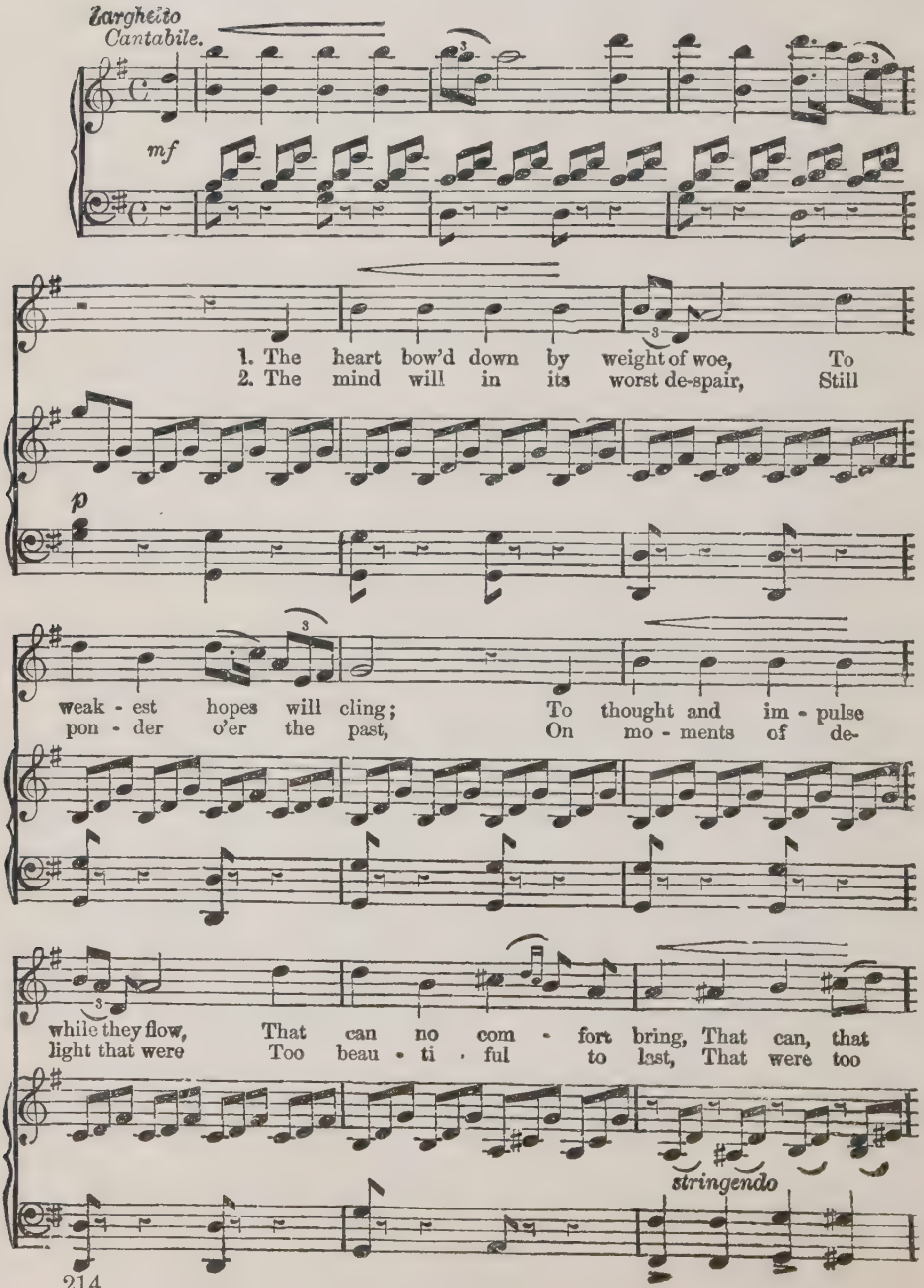
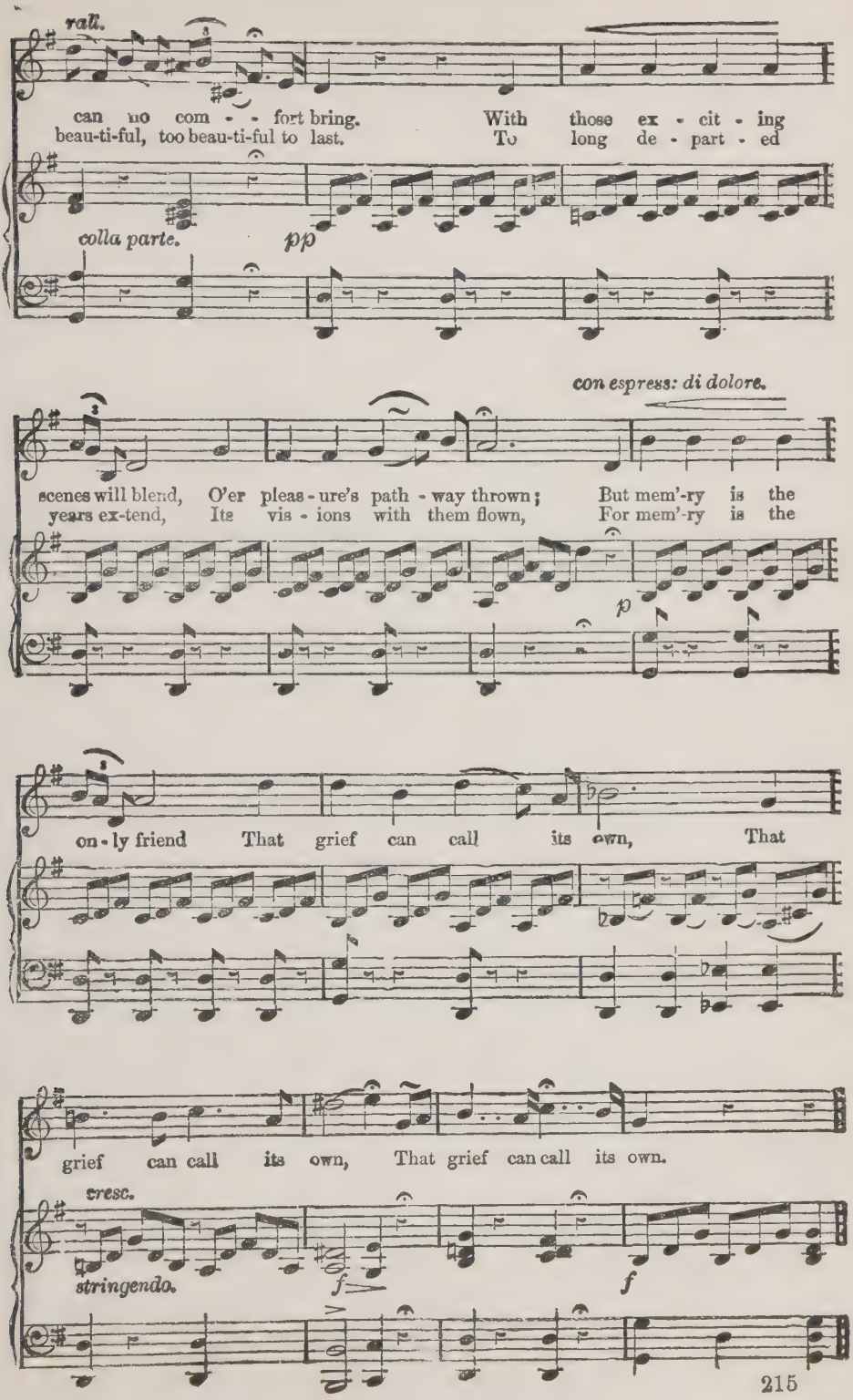
H. RUSSELL.


For Symphony play last four bars from *.
1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Leaned a sex - ton old, on his
gath - er them in! for man and boy, Year aft - er year of
3. Man - y are with me, but sti' I'm alone, I'm king of the dead, and I
staccato.
colla voce.
earth worn spade, His work was done and he paused to wait, The
grief and joy; I've builded the houses that lie a - round, In
make my throne, On a monument slab of mar - ble cold, And my
fun - 'ral train through the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone
ev - ry nook of this bur - ial ground, Mother and daugh - ter,
scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cottage or
days was he, And his locks were white as the foam y sea; And
fath - er and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one, But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects - all, all, all! Let them


these words came from his lips so thin, "I gather them in, I
come they stran - gers, or come they kin,
loi - ter in pleasure or toil - ful - ly spin,
gather them in, gather, gather.
8va
8va
8va
2. "I

Heart Bowed Down

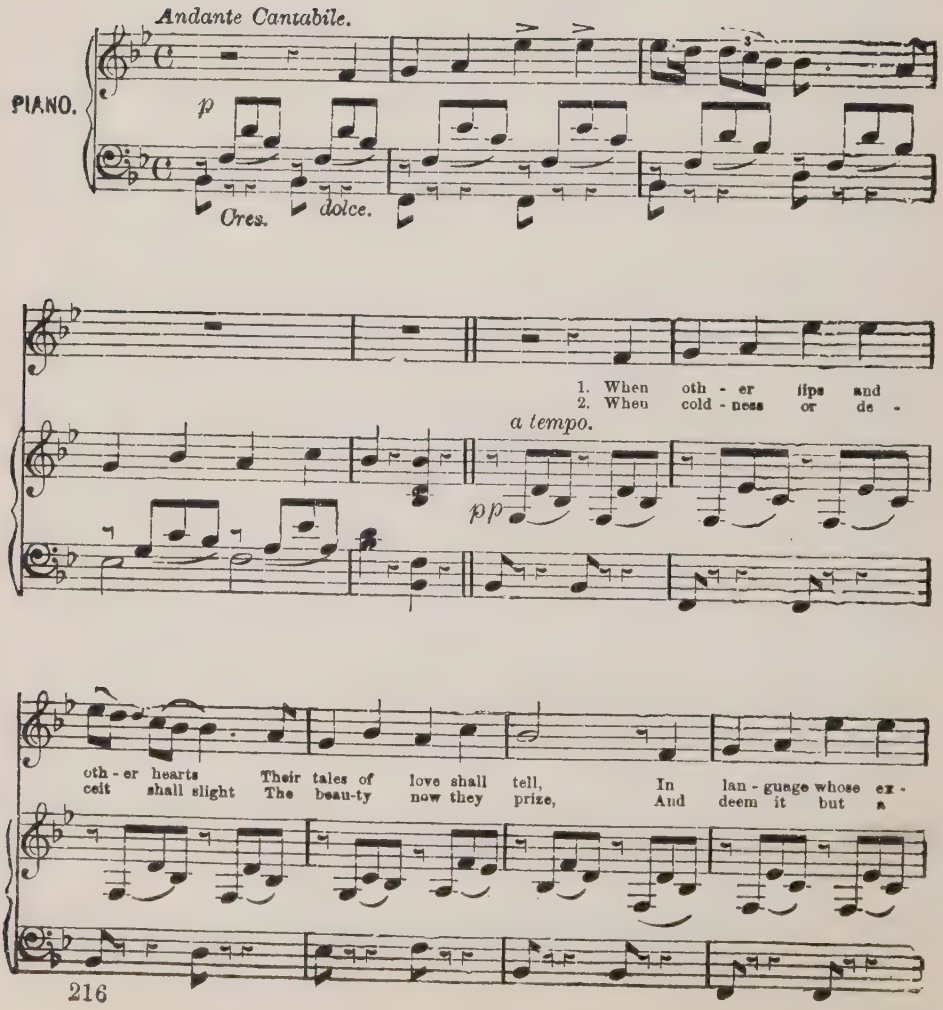
FROM THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

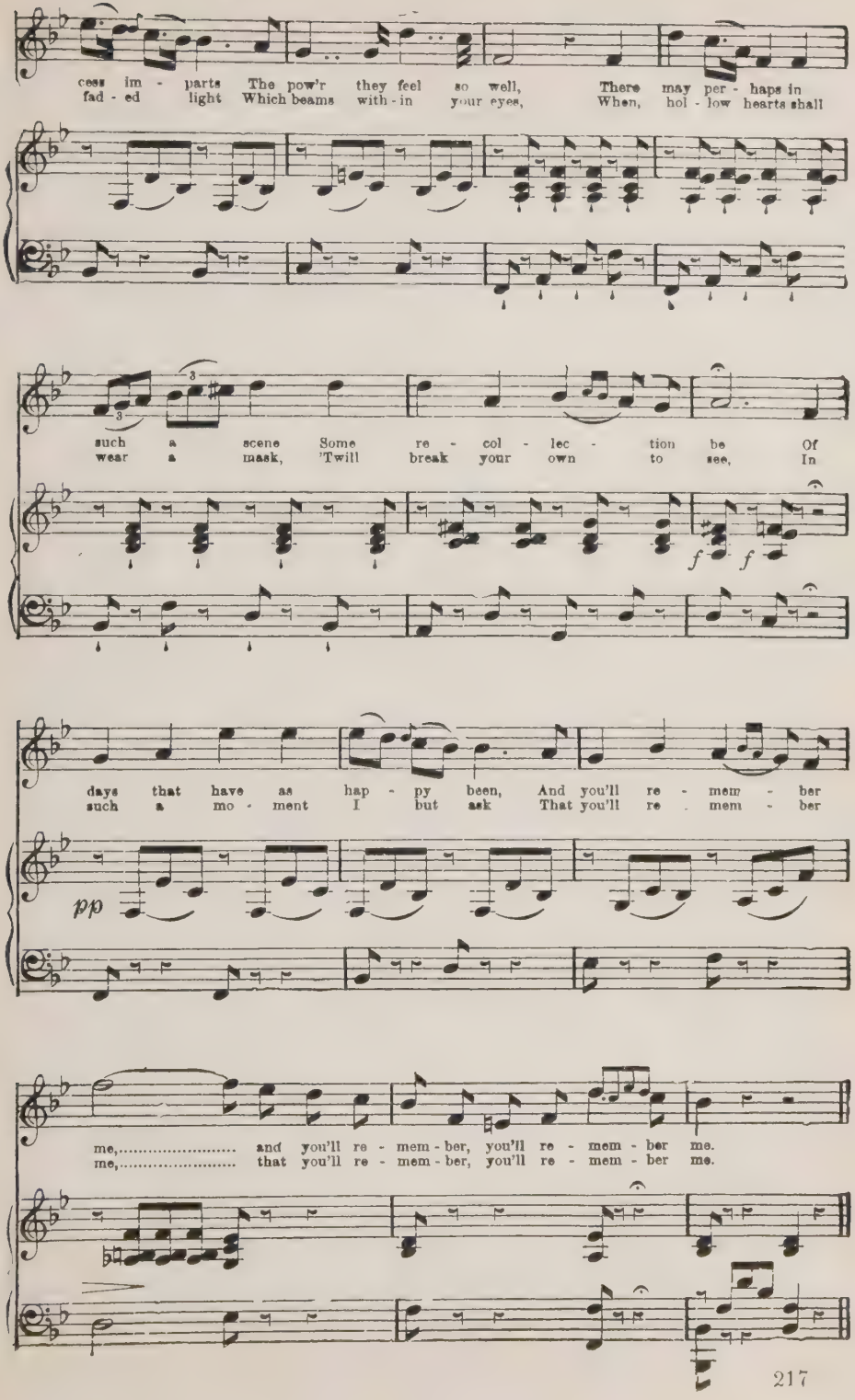
M. W. BALFE

Larghetto
Cantabile.
mf
1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still
p
weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de-
while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, That can, that
light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, That were too
stringendo

rall.
can no com - - fort bring. With those ex - cit - ing
beau-ti-ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de - part - ed
colla parte.
pp
con espress: di dolore.
scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem'-ry is the
years ex-tend, Its vis - ions with them flown, For mem'-ry is the
p
on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That
grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.
cresc.
stringendo.
f
f

Then You'll Remember Me

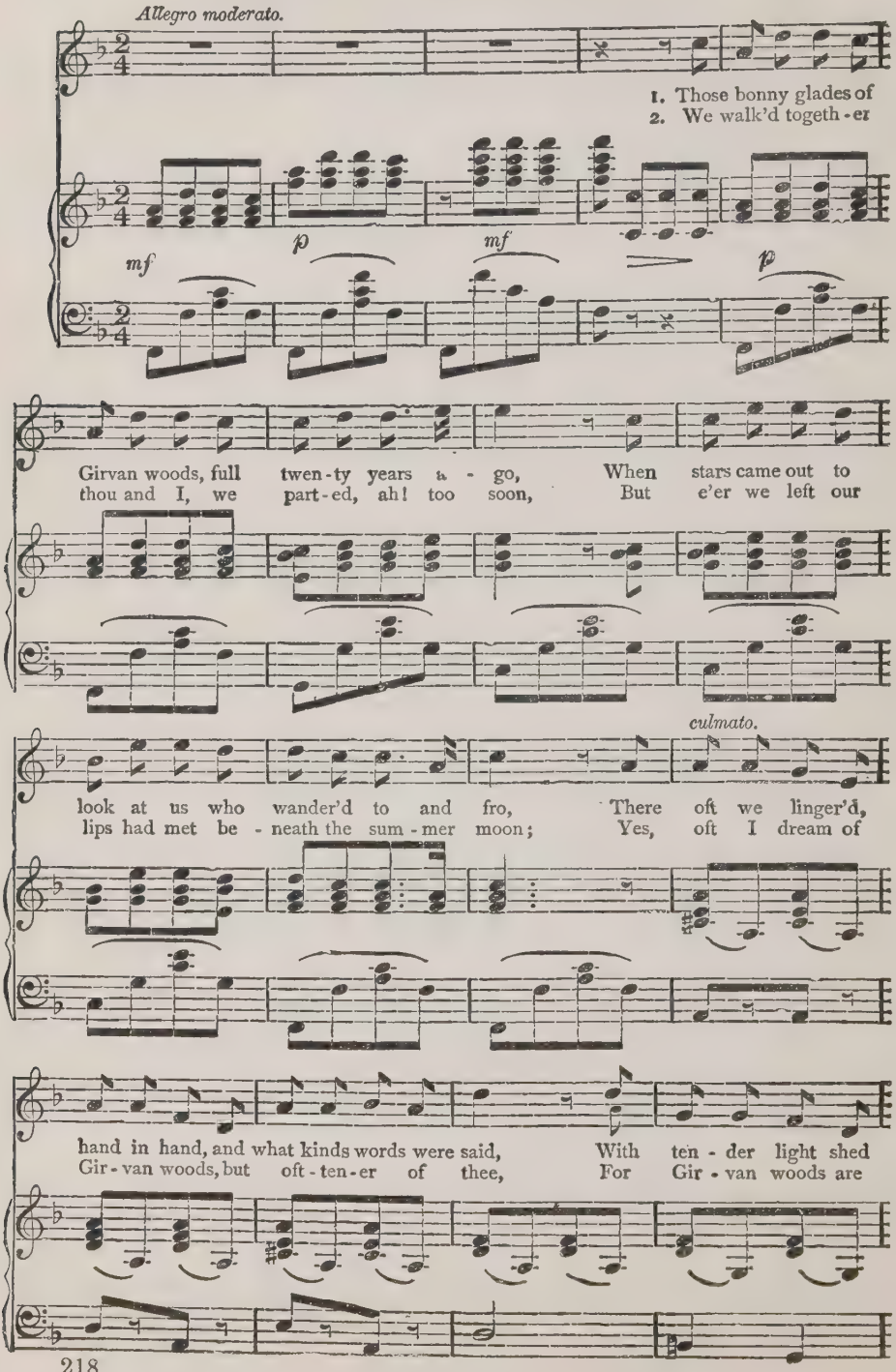
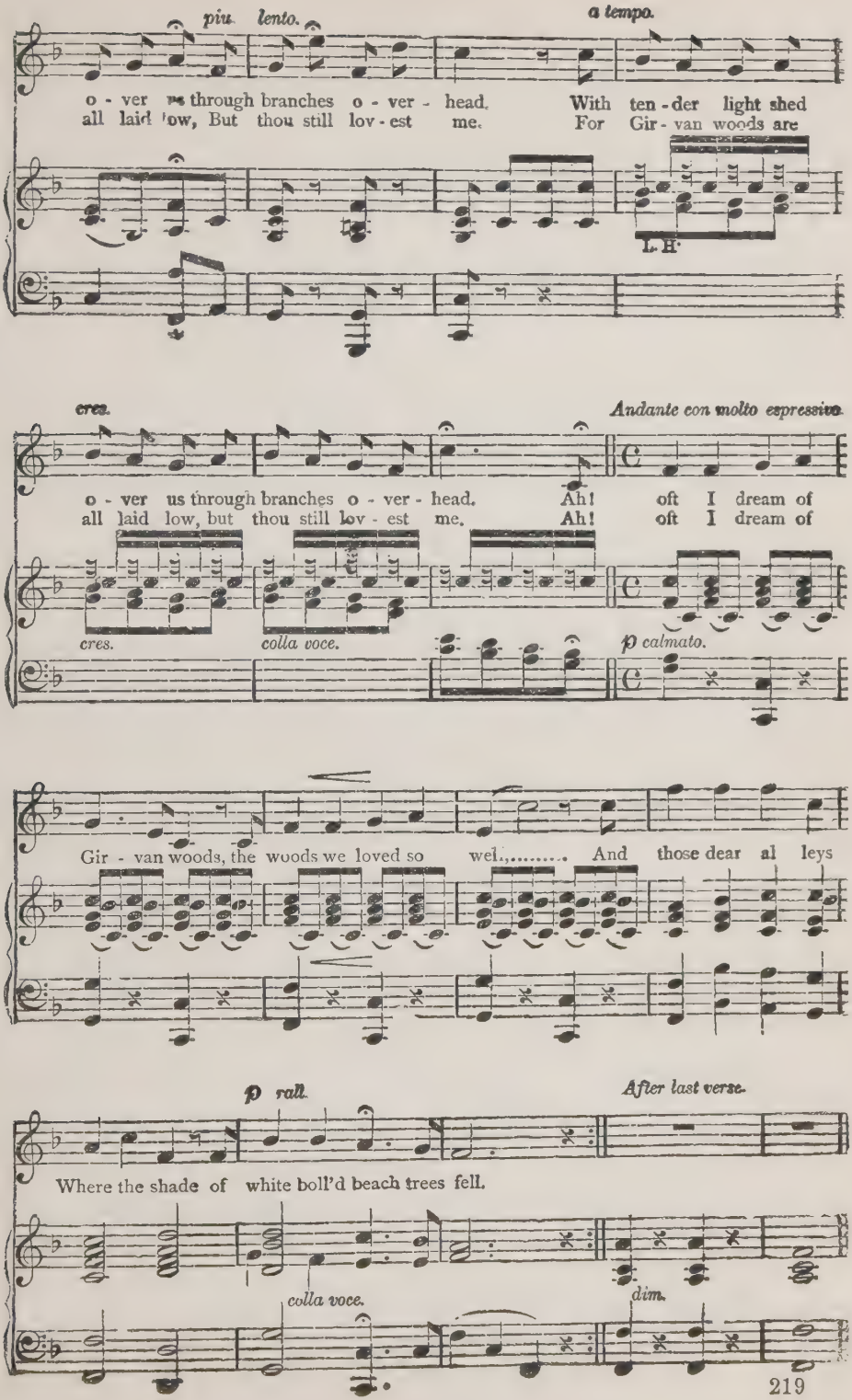
AS SUNG IN THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

Words by ALFRED BUNN, Esq. Music by M. W. BALFE


Andante Cantabile.
PIANO.
p
Ores.
dolce.
1. When oth - er lips and
2. When cold - ness or de -
a tempo.
pp
oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In
ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they prize, And
lan - guage whose ex -
deem it but a


cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may per - haps in
fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes, When, hol - low hearts shall
such a scene Some re - col - lec - tion be Of
wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In
f f
days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber
pp
me,..... and you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... that you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

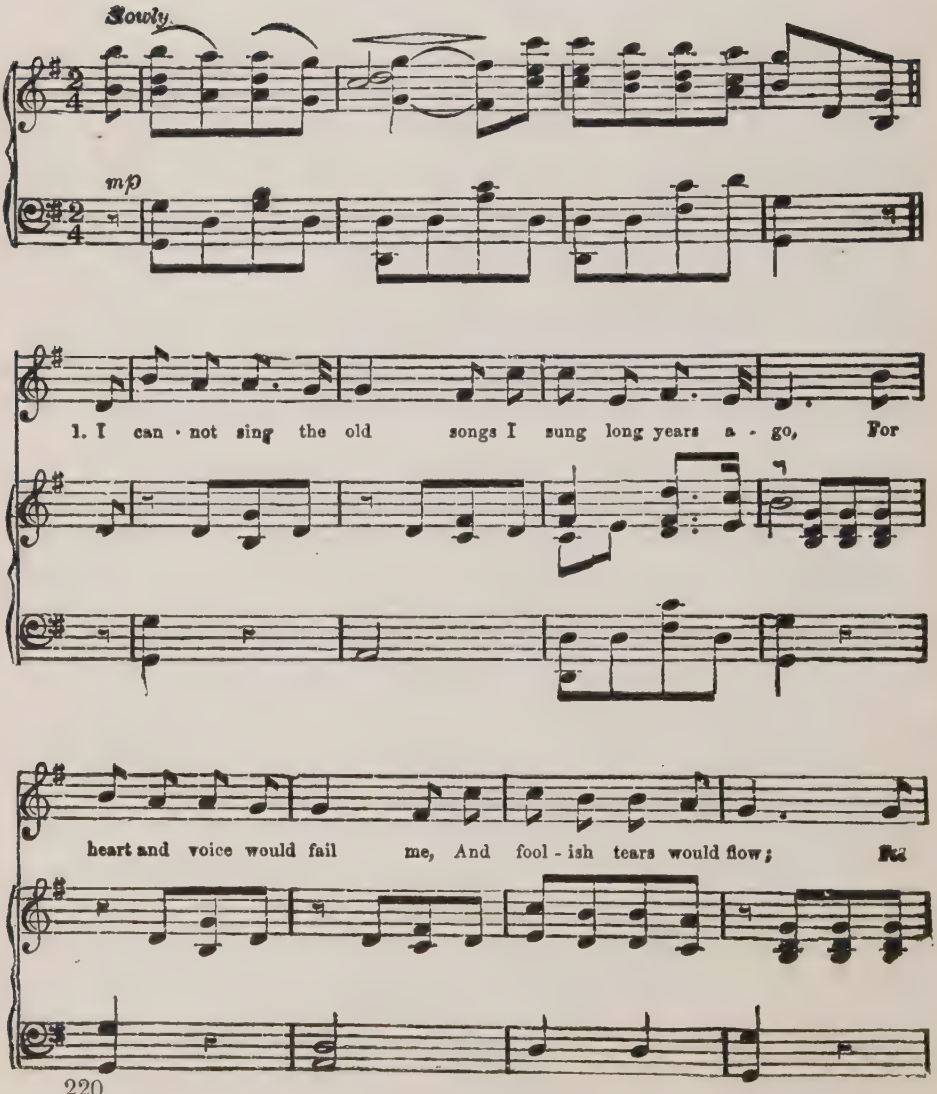
Twenty Years Ago.

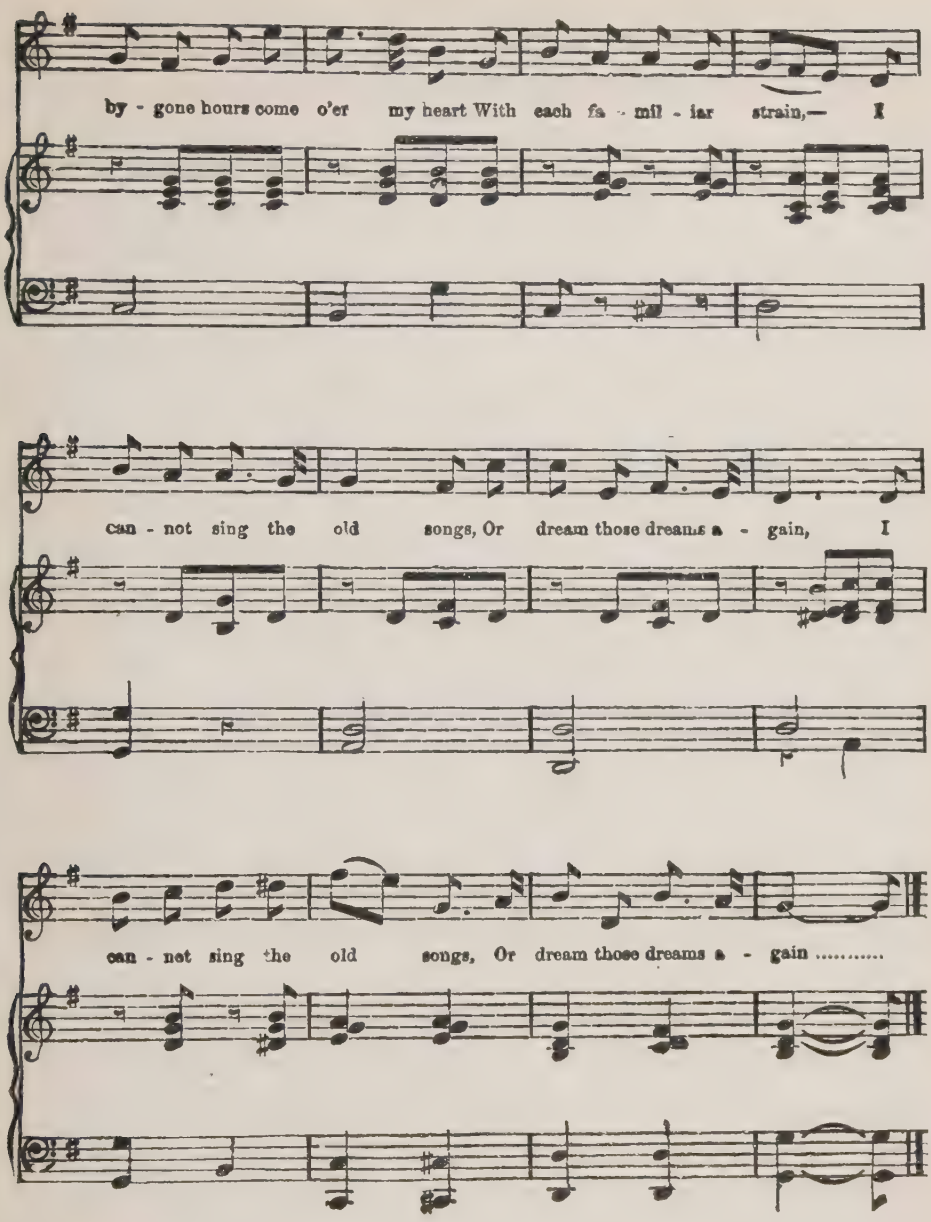
Words by G. J. CHESTER. Music by A. SCOTT GATTY

Allegro moderato.
1. Those bonny glades of
2. We walk'd togeth-er
mf
p
mf
p
Girvan woods, full twen-ty years a - go, When stars came out to
thou and I, we part-ed, ah! too soon, But e'er we left our
culmato.
look at us who wander'd to and fro, There oft we linger'd,
lips had met be - neath the sum-mer moon; Yes, oft I dream of
hand in hand, and what kinds words were said, With ten - der light shed
Gir-van woods, but oft-ten-er of thee, For Gir-van woods are

più lento.
a tempo.
o - ver us through branches o - ver - head. With ten - der light shed
all laid low, But thou still lov - est me. For Gir - van woods are
L. H.
cres.
Andante con molto espressivo.
o - ver us through branches o - ver - head. Ah! oft I dream of
all laid low, but thou still lov - est me. Ah! oft I dream of
cres.
colla voce.
p calmato.
Gir - van woods, the woods we loved so wel.,..... And those dear al leys
p rall.
After last verse.
Where the shade of white boll'd beach trees fell.
colla voce.
dim.

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

BALLAD.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.



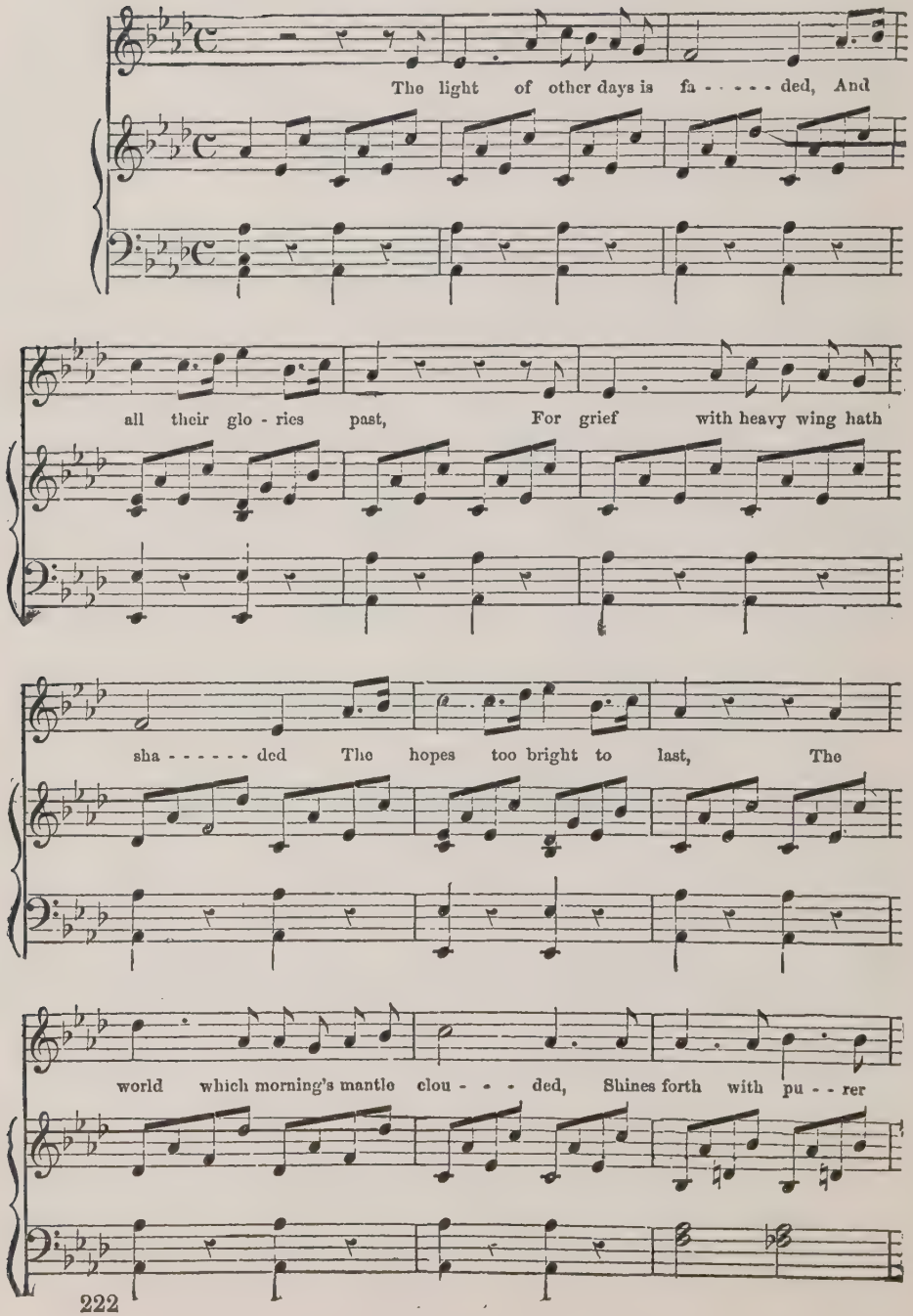
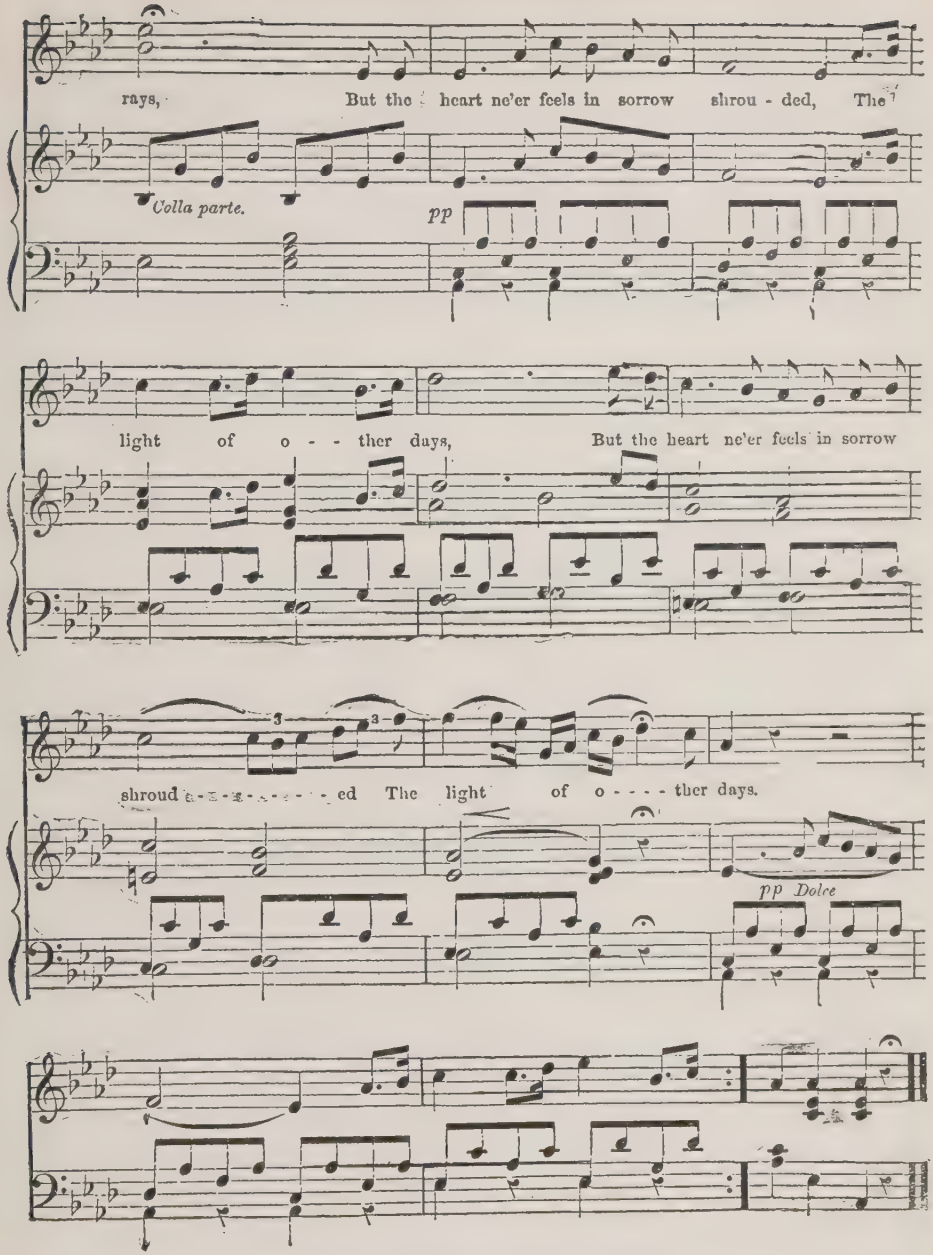

by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain,— I
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain .....

I cannot sing the old songs,
  Their charm is sad and deep
Their melodies would waken
  Old sorrows from their sleep
And though all unforgotten still,
  And sadly sweet they be,
I cannot sing the old songs,
  They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
  For visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
  And years of weary pain;
Perhaps when earthly fetters,
  Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs
  For all eternity.

The Light of Other Days.

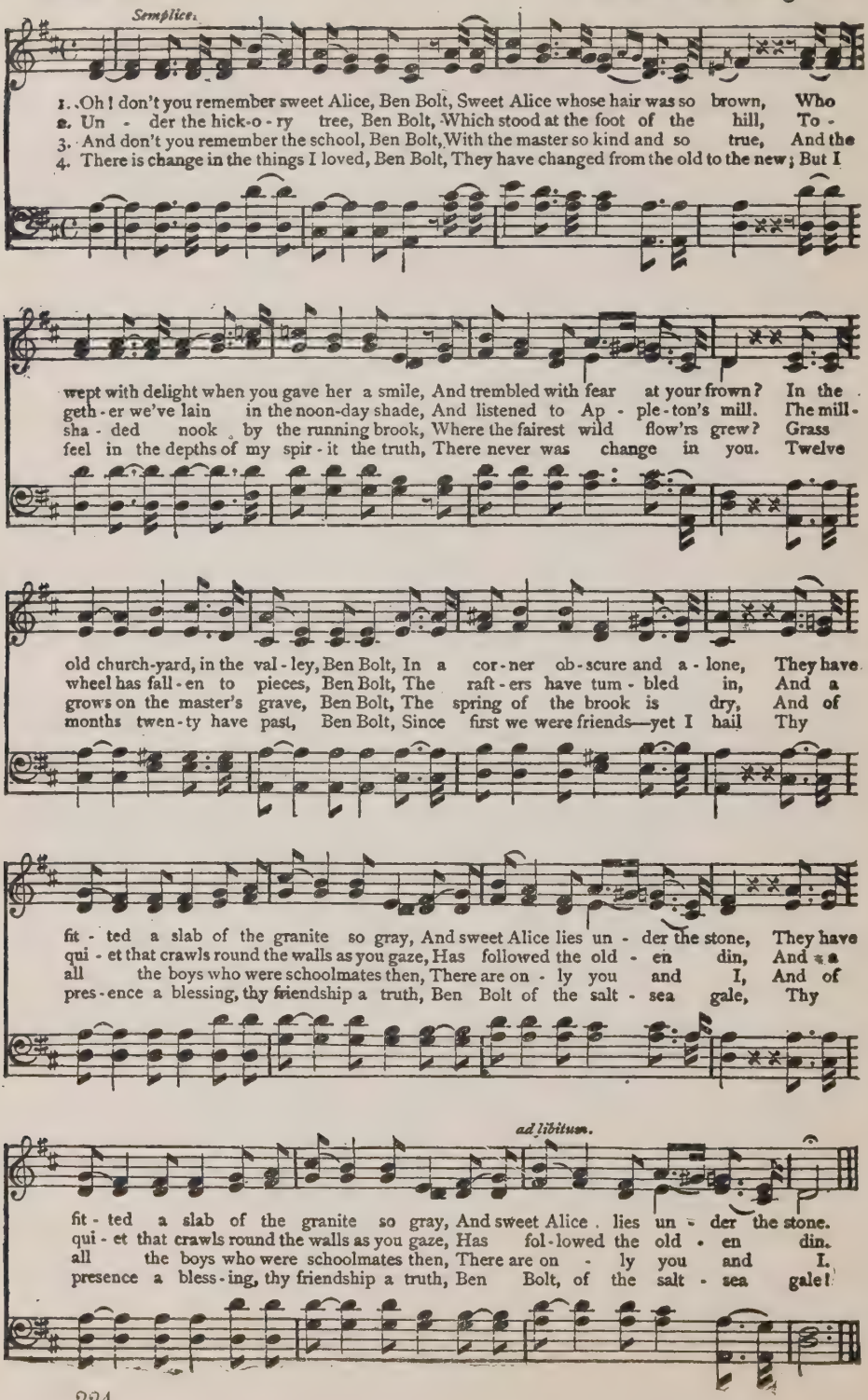
W. W. Balfe.


The light of other days is fa - - - - - ded, And
all their glo - ries past, For grief with heavy wing hath
sha - - - - - - ded The hopes too bright to last, The
world which morning's mantle clou - - - ded, Shines forth with pu - - rer

rays, But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrou - ded, The
Colla parte.
pp
light of o - - ther days, But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow
shroud - - - - - - - - ed The light of o - - - - ther days.
pp Dolce

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter winds are past, come hither,
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloom, full life displays;
But the heart, alone, sees no renewing
The light of other days.

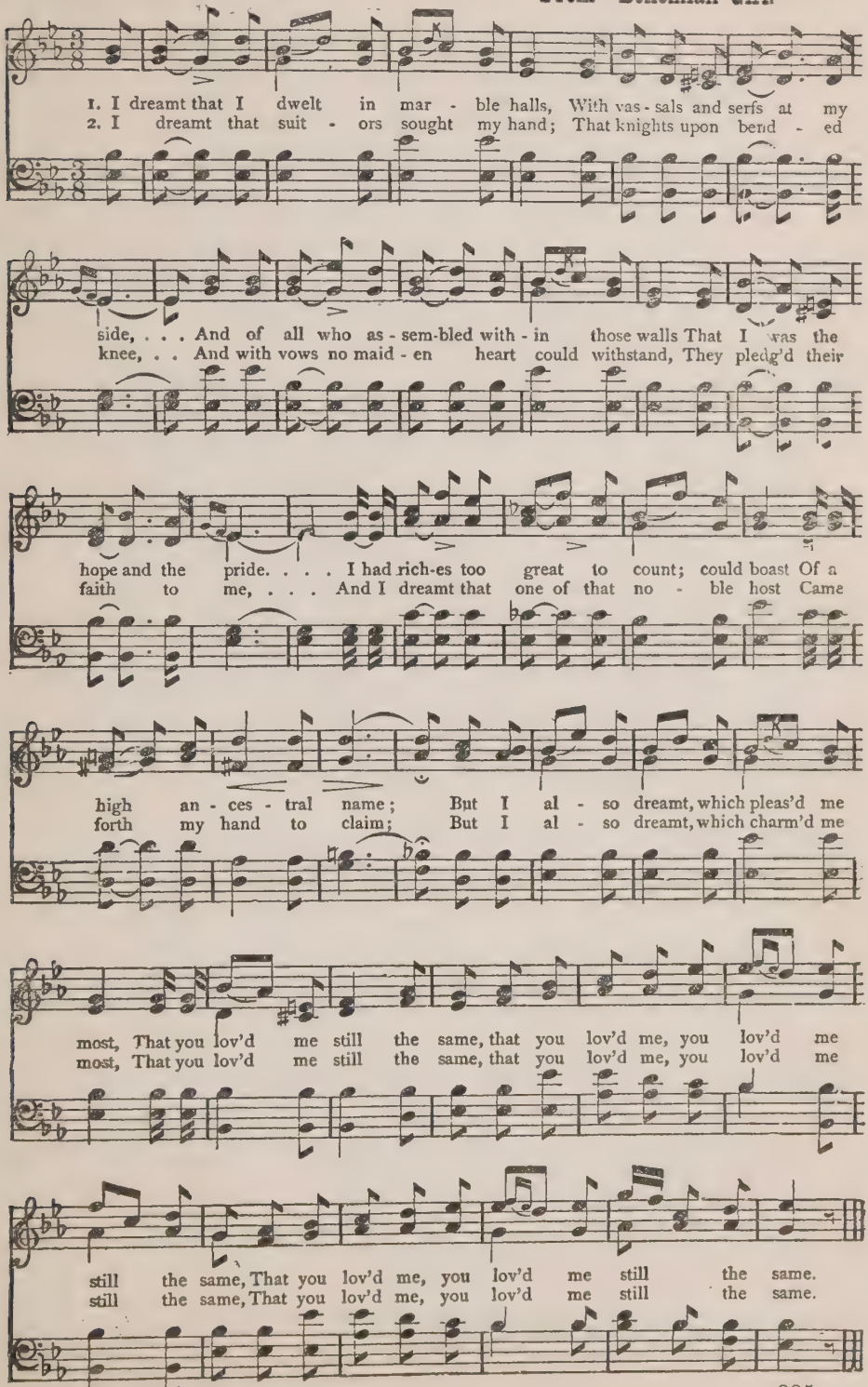
Ben Bolt.

Nelson Kneass. Thomas Dunn English.


Semplice.
1. Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
3. And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so kind and so true, And the
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I
wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
geth - er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And listened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The mill -
sha - ded nook by the running brook, Where the fairest wild flow'rs grew? Grass
feel in the depths of my spir - it the truth, There never was change in you. Twelve
old church-yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have
wheel has fall - en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum - bled in, And a
grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of
months twen - ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy
fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone, They have
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din, And a
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I, And of
pres - ence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale, Thy
ad libitum.
fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din.
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I.
presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt - sea gale!

I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls

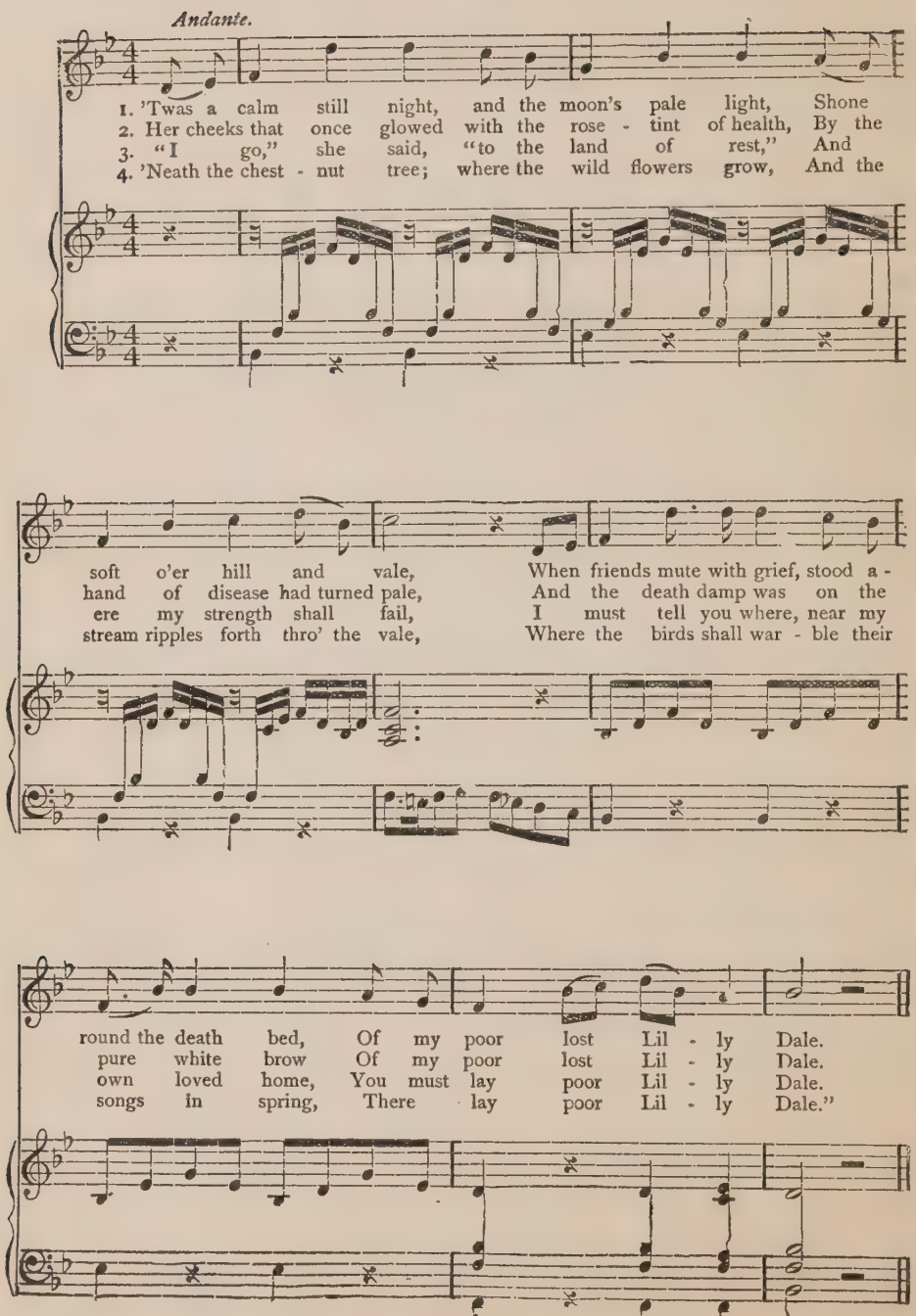
M. W. Balfe. From "Bohemian Girl."

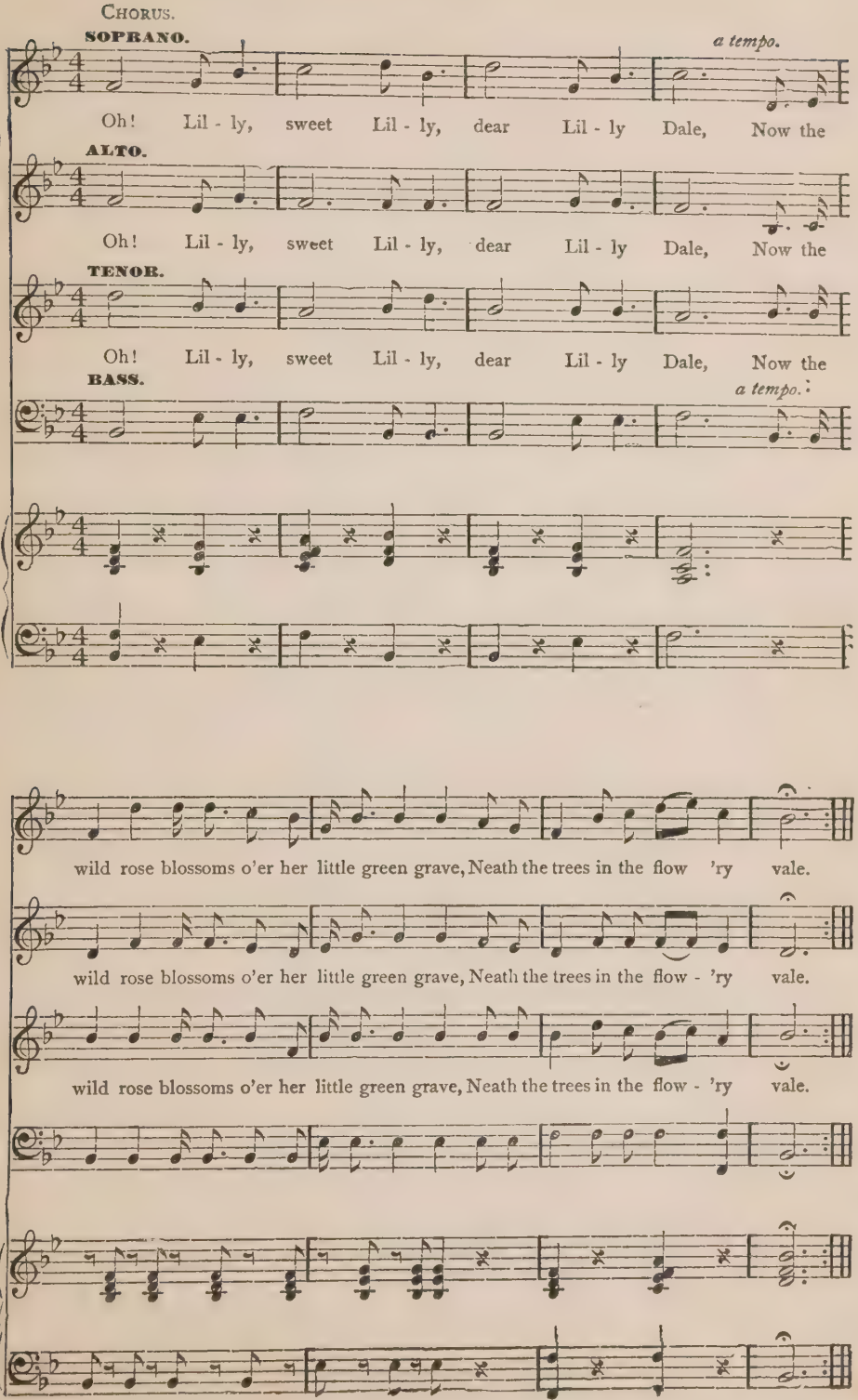

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights upon bend - ed
side, . . . And of all who as - sem-bled with - in those walls That I was the
knee, . . . And with vows no maid - en heart could withstand, They pledg'd their
hope and the pride. . . . I had rich-es too great to count; could boast Of a
faith to me, . . . And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came
high an - ces - tral name; But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me
forth my hand to claim; But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me
most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me
most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

Lilly Dale.

H. S. THOMPSON.

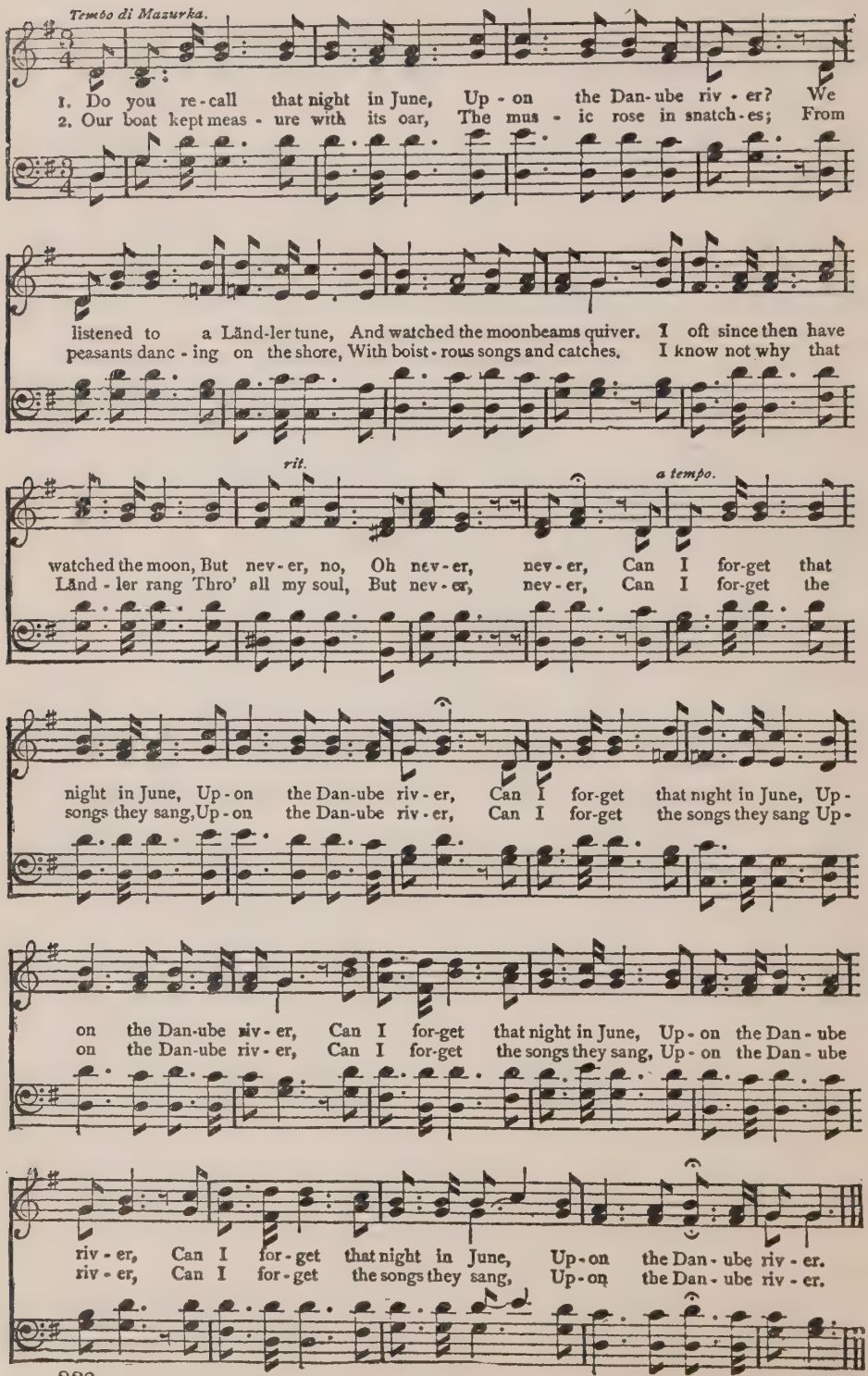
Andante.


1. 'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's pale light, Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose - tint of health, By the hand of disease had turned pale,
3. "I go," she said, "to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall fail,
4. 'Neath the chest - nut tree; where the wild flowers grow, And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
When friends mute with grief, stood a - round the death bed,
And the death damp was on the pure white brow
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
Where the birds shall war - ble their songs in spring,
Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
You must lay poor Lil - ly Dale.
There lay poor Lil - ly Dale."


Chorus.
SOPRANO.
a tempo.
Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the
ALTO.
Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the
TENOR.
Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the
BASS.
a tempo.
wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow 'ry vale.
wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.
wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

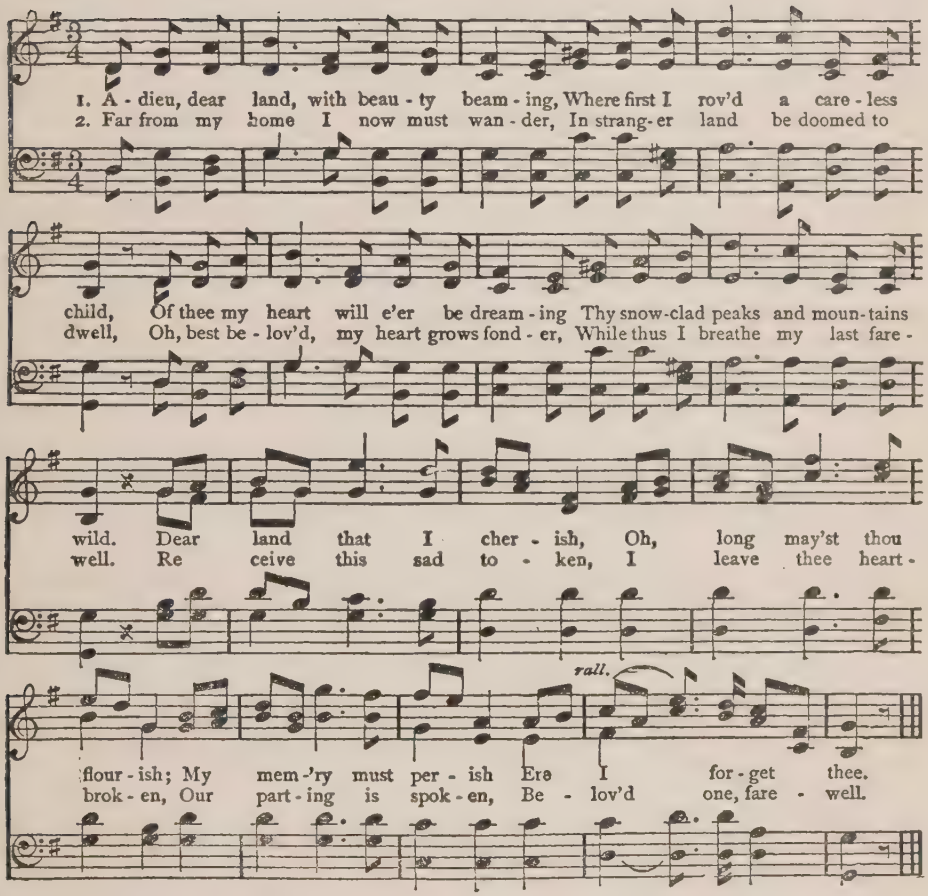
The Danube River.

Hamilton Aide.


Tempo di Mazurka.
1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er? We
2. Our boat kept meas-ure with its oar, The mus-ic rose in snatch-es; From
listened to a Länd-ler tune, And watched the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have
peasants danc-ing on the shore, With boist-rous songs and catches. I know not why that
rit.
a tempo.
watched the moon, But nev-er, no, Oh nev-er, nev-er, Can I for-get that
Länd-ler rang Thro' all my soul, But nev-er, nev-er, Can I for-get the
night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-
songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang Up-
on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube
on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube
riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er.
riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er.

The Switzer's Farewell.

G. Linley.


1. A - dieu, dear land, with beau - ty beam - ing, Where first I rov'd a care - less
2. Far from my home I now must wan - der, In strang - er land be doomed to
child, Of thee my heart will e'er be dream - ing Thy snow-clad peaks and moun - tains
dwell, Oh, best be - lov'd, my heart grows fond - er, While thus I breathe my last fare -
wild. Dear land that I cher - ish, Oh, long may'st thou
well. Re ceive this sad to - ken, I leave thee heart -
rall.
flour - ish; My mem - 'ry must per - ish Ere I for - get thee.
brok - en, Our part - ing is spok - en, Be - lov'd one, fare - well.

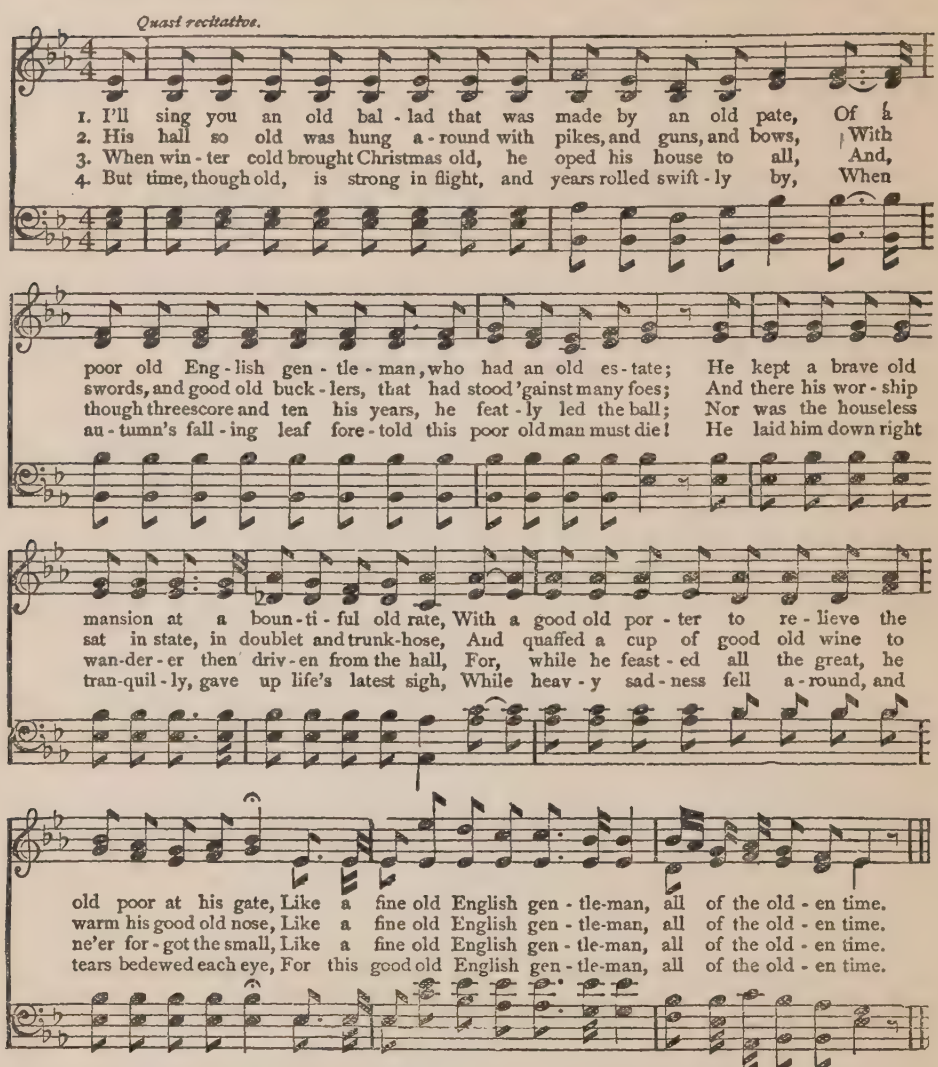
Adieu, dear land, with beauty beaming,
Where first I rov'd a careless child,
Of thee my heart will e'er be dreaming,
Thy snow-clad peaks and mountains wild.

Dear land that I cherish,
Oh, long may'st thou flourish;
My mem'ry must perish
Ere I forget thee.

Far from my home I now must wonder,
In stranger land be doomed to dwell,
Oh, best belov'd, my heart grows fonder,
While thus I breathe my last farewell.

Receive this sad token,
I leave thee heart-broken,
Our parting is spoken,
Beloved one, farewell.

Fine Old English Gentleman.


Quasi recitativo.
1. I'll sing you an old bal - lad that was made by an old pate, Of a
2. His hall so old was hung a - round with pikes, and guns, and bows, With
3. When win - ter cold brought Christmas old, he oped his house to all, And,
4. But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swift - ly by, When
poor old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, who had an old es - tate; He kept a brave old
swords, and good old buck - lers, that had stood 'gainst many foes; And there his wor - ship
though threescore and ten his years, he feat - ly led the ball; Nor was the houseless
au - tumn's fall - ing leaf fore - told this poor old man must die! He laid him down right
mansion at a boun - ti - ful old rate, With a good old por - ter to re - lieve the
sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose, And quaffed a cup of good old wine to
wan-der - er then driv - en from the hall, For, while he feast - ed all the great, he
tran-quil - ly, gave up life's latest sigh, While heav - y sad - ness fell a - round, and
old poor at his gate, Like a fine old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
warm his good old nose, Like a fine old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
ne'er for - got the small, Like a fine old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
tears bedewed each eye, For this good old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.

I'll sing you an old ballad that was made by an old pate,
Of a poor old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
He kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a find old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

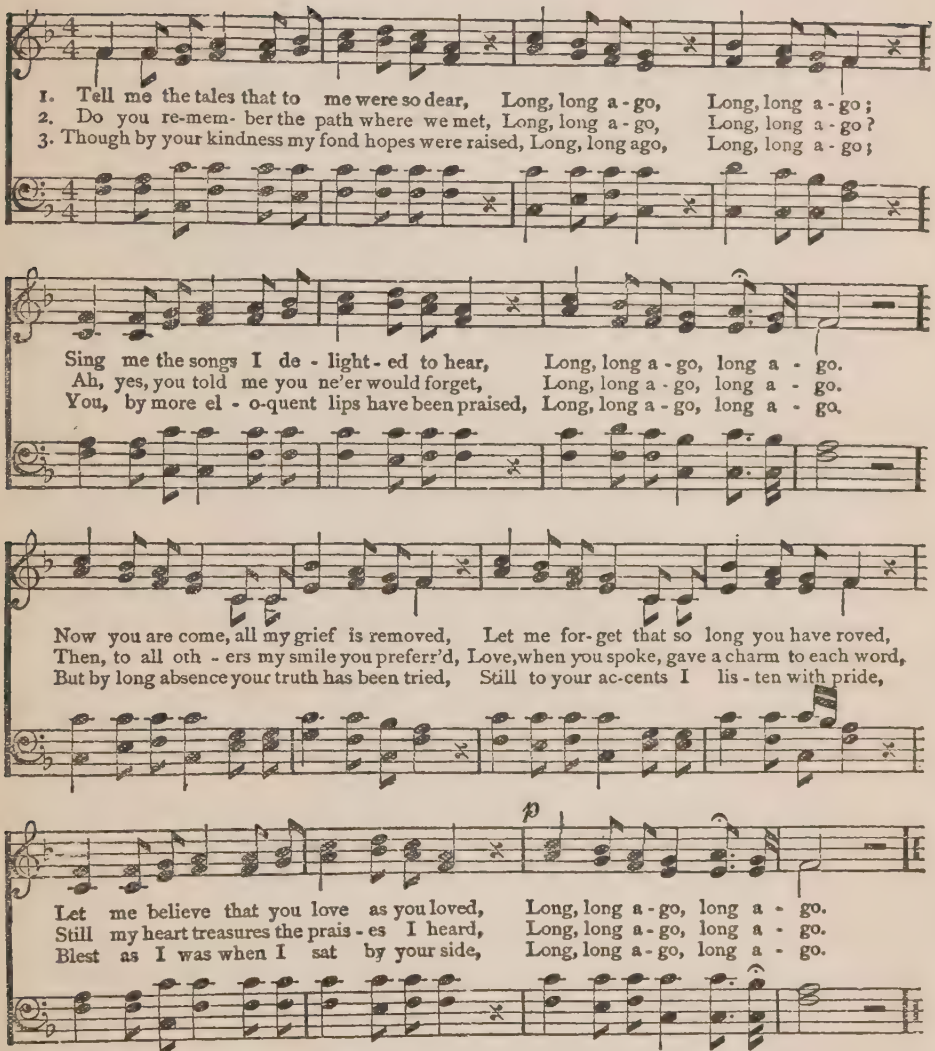
His hall so old was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
With swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood 'gainst many foes;
And there his worship sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he op'd his house to all,
And, though threescore and ten his years, he featly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall,
For, while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swiftly by,
When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
While heavy sadness fell around, and tears bedewed each eye,
For this good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

Long, Long Ago.

Carl Matz, arr.


1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
2. Do you re-mem- ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long ago, Long, long a - go;
Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
You, by more el - o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me for- get that so long you have roved,
Then, to all oth - ers my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis - ten with pride,
p
Let me believe that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Still my heart treasures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

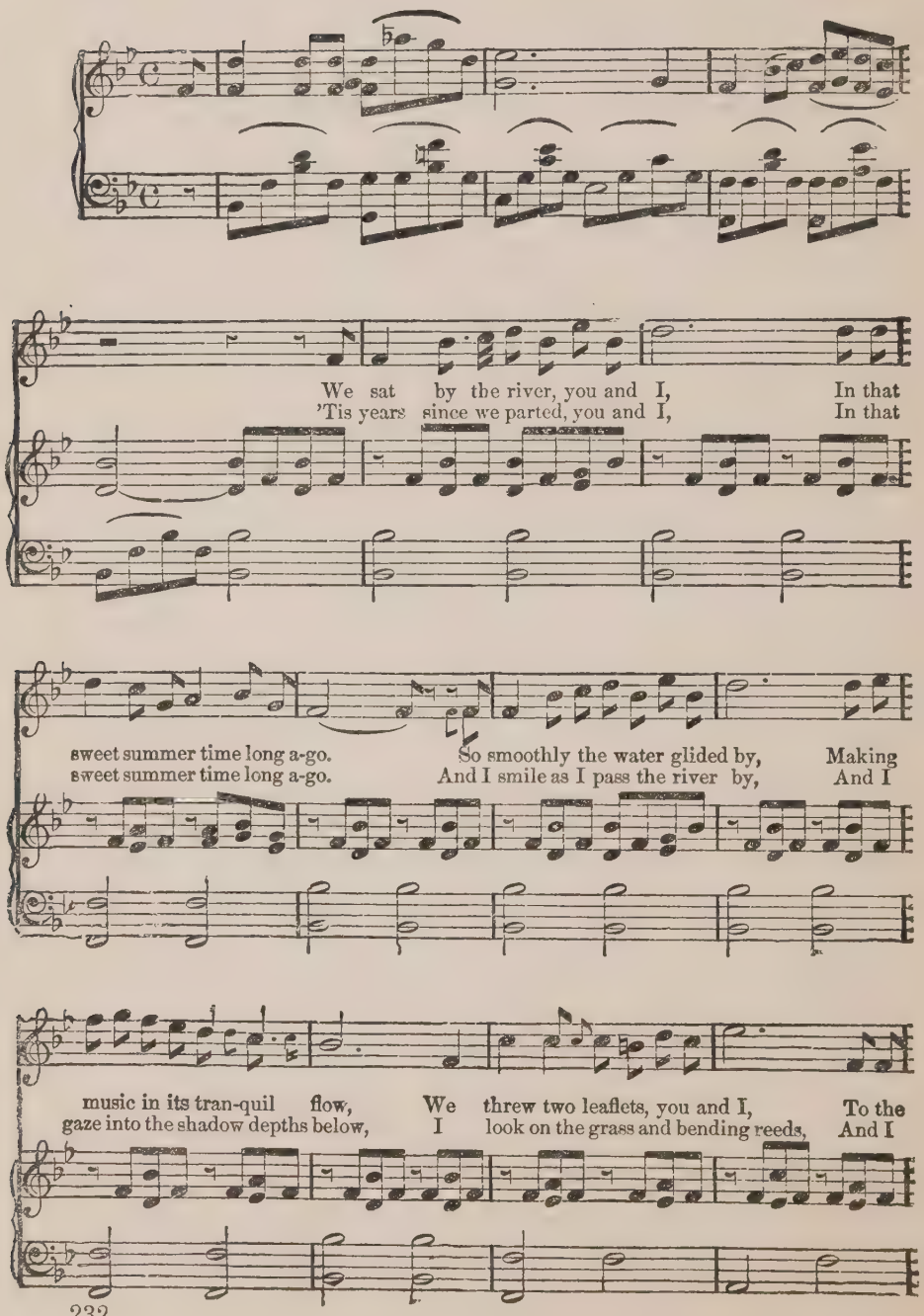
Tell me tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago. long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago long ago.

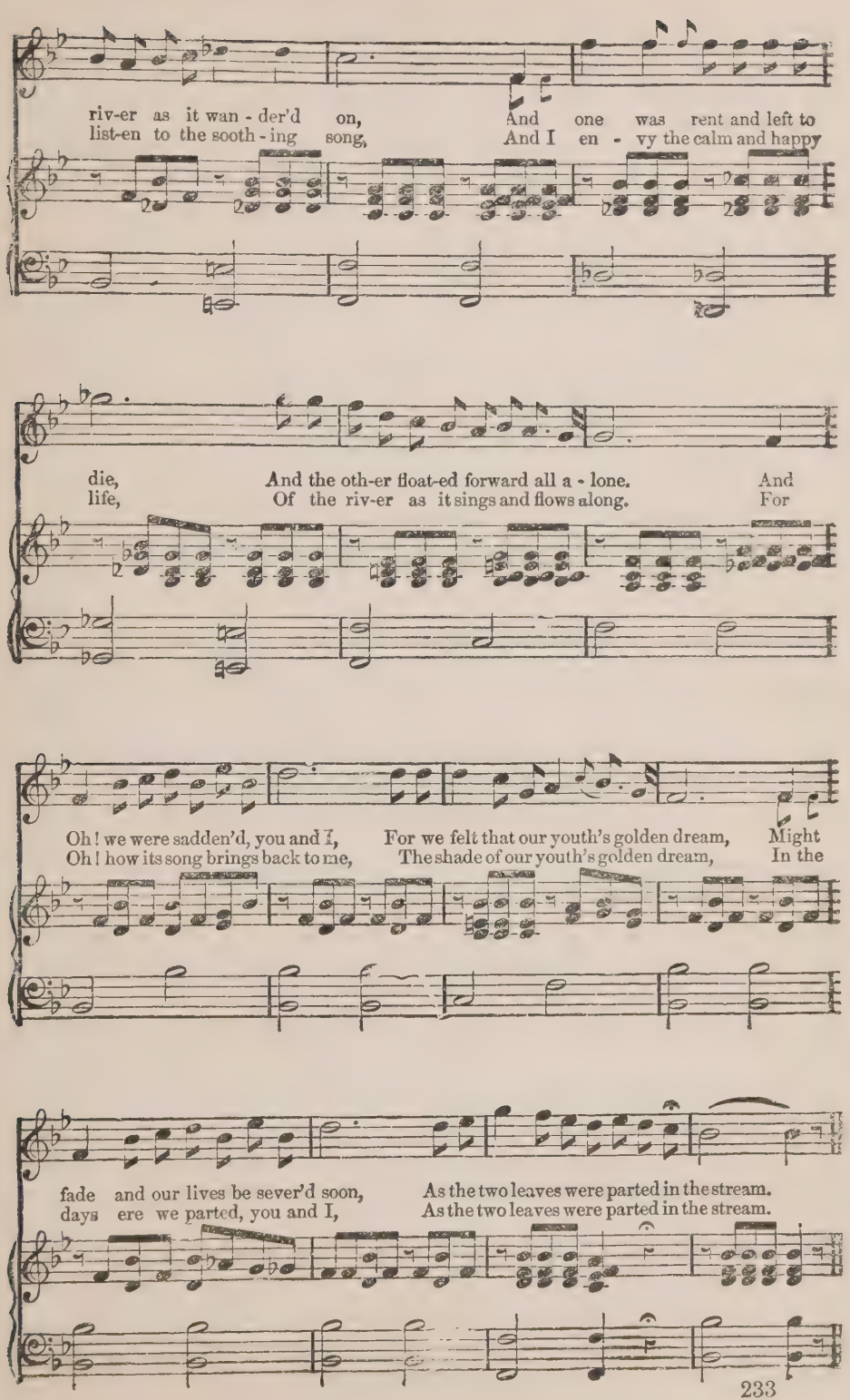
Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then, to all others my smile you preferr'd
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
You, by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

We Sat by the River.

CLARIBEL.

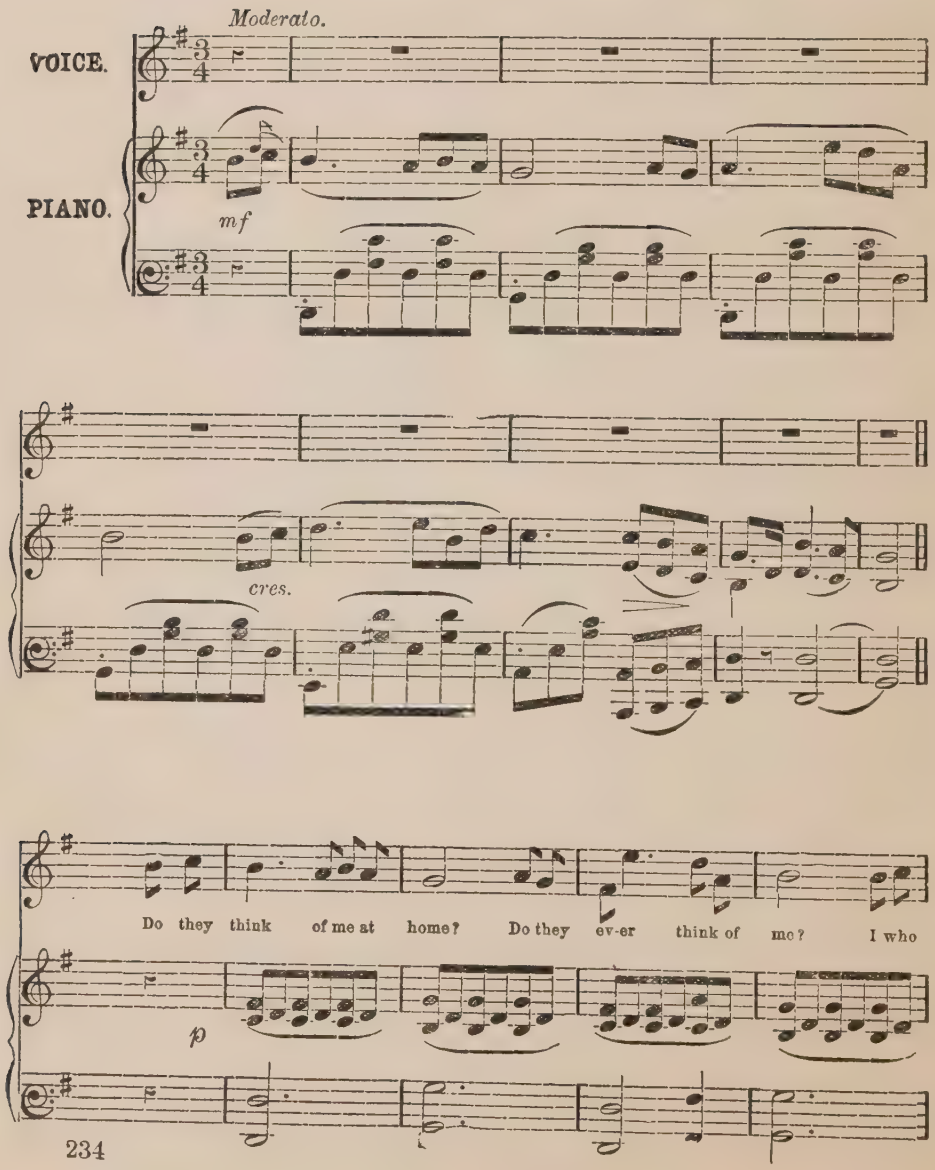

We sat by the river, you and I, In that
'Tis years since we parted, you and I, In that
sweet summer time long a-go. So smoothly the water glided by, Making
sweet summer time long a-go. And I smile as I pass the river by, And I
music in its tran-quil flow, We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the
gaze into the shadow depths below, I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I

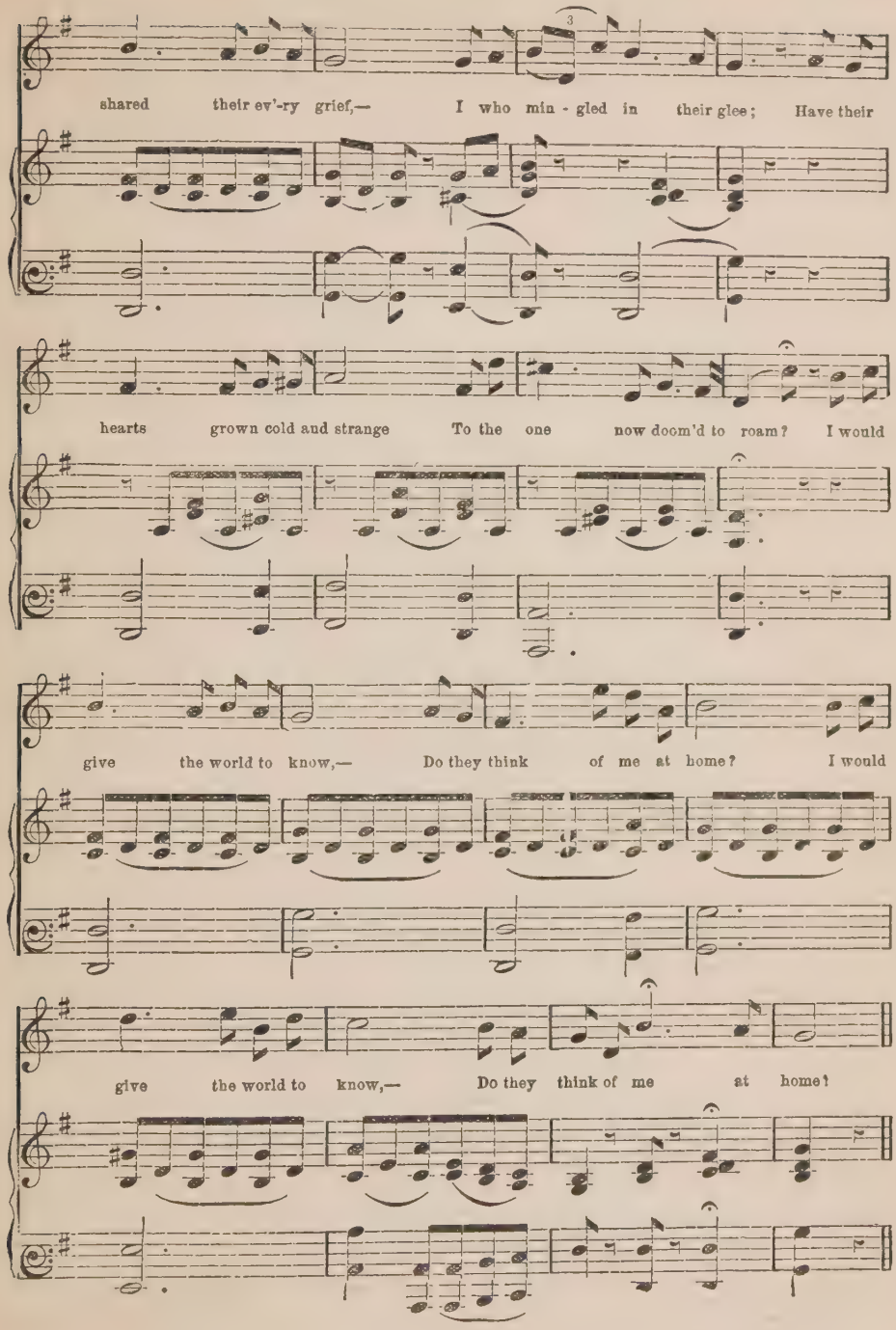

riv-er as it wan - der'd on,
list-en to the sooth - ing song,
And one was rent and left to
And I en - vy the calm and happy
die,
life,
And the oth-er float-ed forward all a - lone.
Of the riv-er as it sings and flows along.
And
For
Oh! we were sadden'd, you and I,
Oh! how its song brings back to me,
For we felt that our youth's golden dream,
The shade of our youth's golden dream,
Might
In the
fade and our lives be sever'd soon,
days ere we parted, you and I,
As the two leaves were parted in the stream.
As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

Do they think of me at Home?

POPULAR BALLAD.

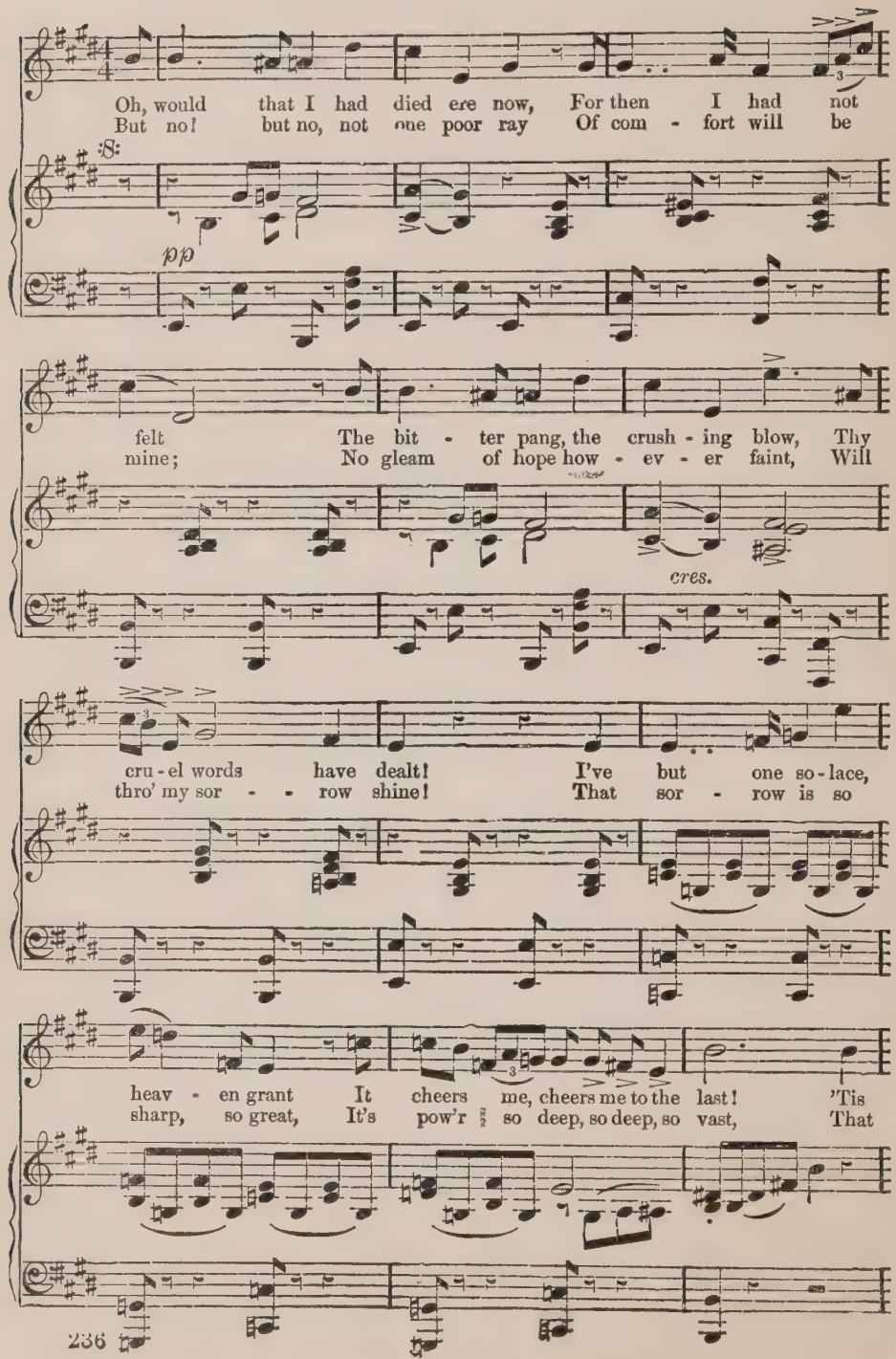
Music by G. W. GLOVER.

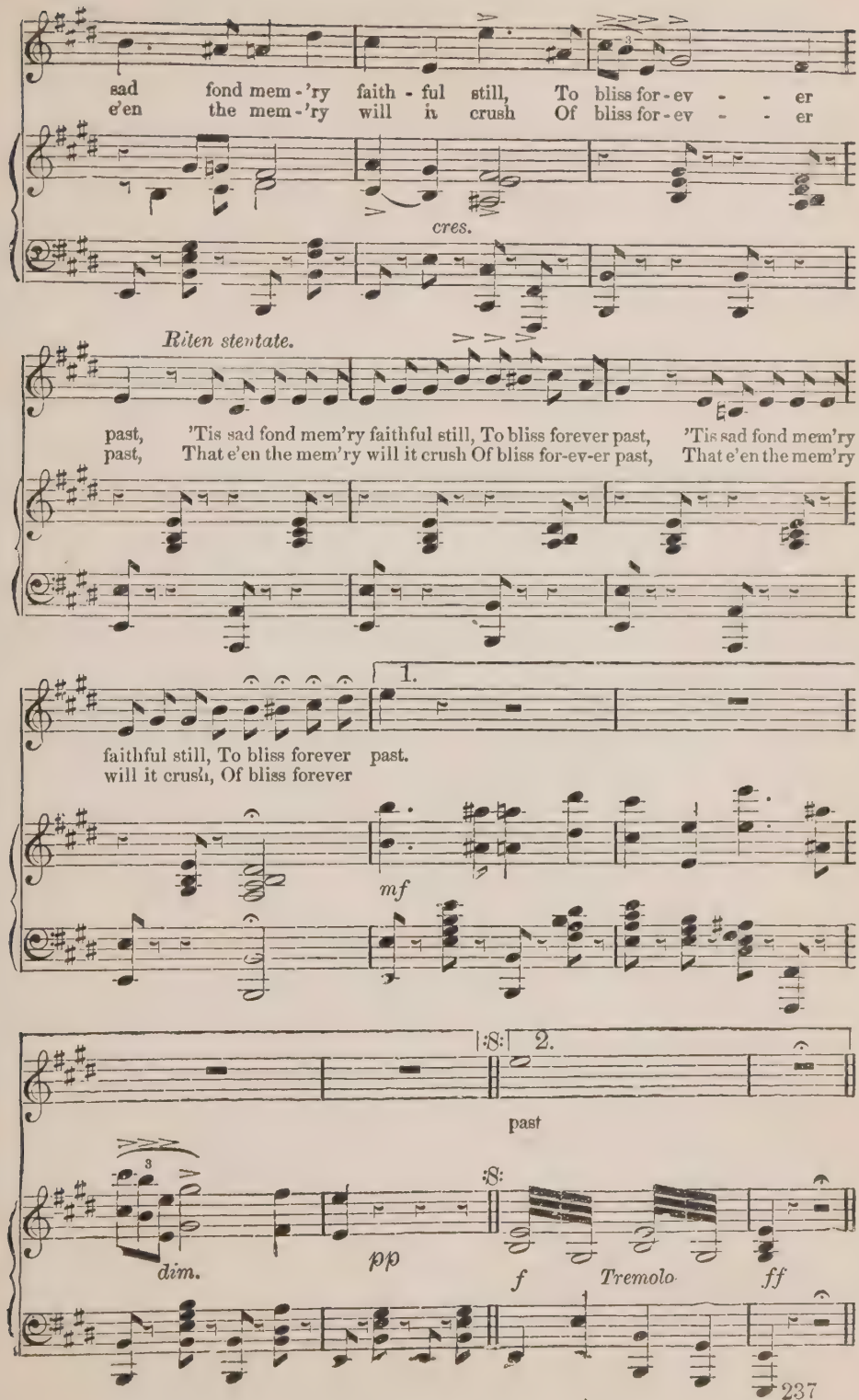



shared their ev'-ry grief,— I who min - gled in their glee; Have their
hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would
give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home? I would
give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home?

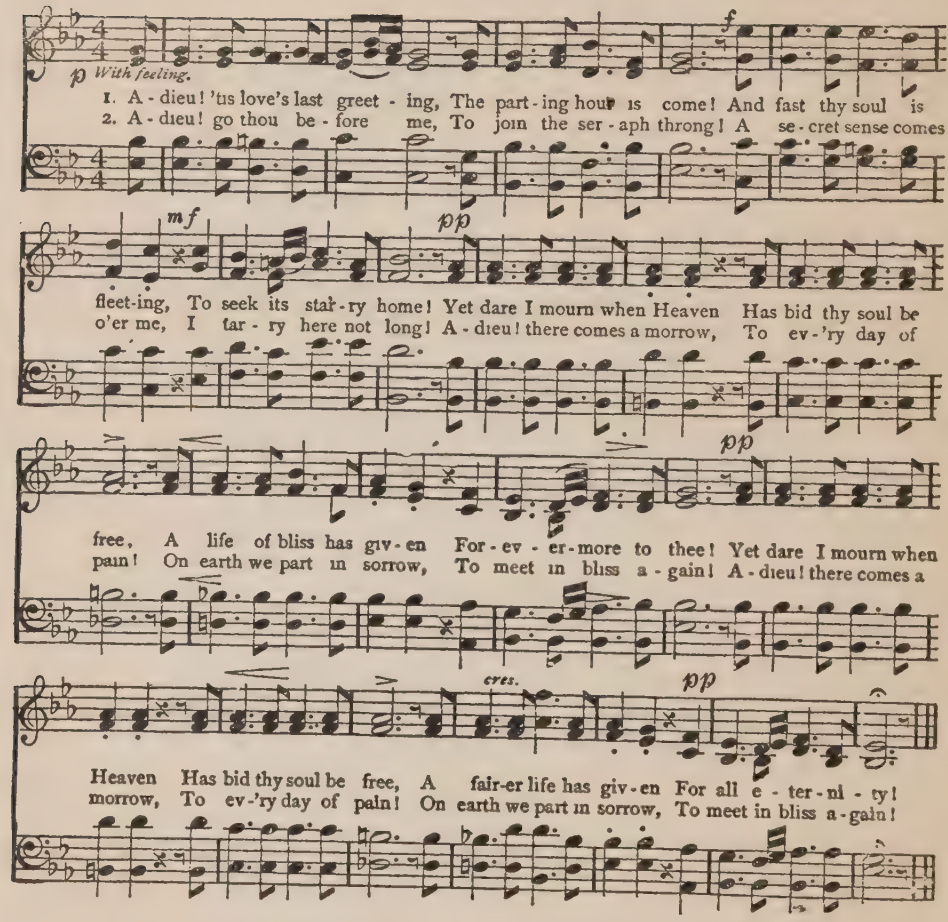
Bliss Forever Past.

By M. W. BALFE.


Oh, would that I had died ere now, For then I had not
But no! but no, not one poor ray Of com - fort will be
:S:
pp
felt The bit - ter pang, the crush - ing blow, Thy
mine; No gleam of hope how - ev - er faint, Will
cres.
cru - el words have dealt! I've but one so - lace,
thro' my sor - - row shine! That sor - row is so
heav - en grant It cheers me, cheers me to the last! 'Tis
sharp, so great, It's pow'r so deep, so deep, so vast, That


sad fond mem-'ry faith-ful still, To bliss for-ev-er
e'en the mem-'ry will it crush Of bliss for-ev-er
cres.
Riten stentate.
past, 'Tis sad fond mem'ry faithful still, To bliss forever past, 'Tis sad fond mem'ry
past, That e'en the mem'ry will it crush Of bliss for-ev-er past, That e'en the mem'ry
1.
faithful still, To bliss forever past.
will it crush, Of bliss forever
mf
:S: 2.
past
:S:
dim.
pp
f
Tremolo
ff

The Last Greeting.

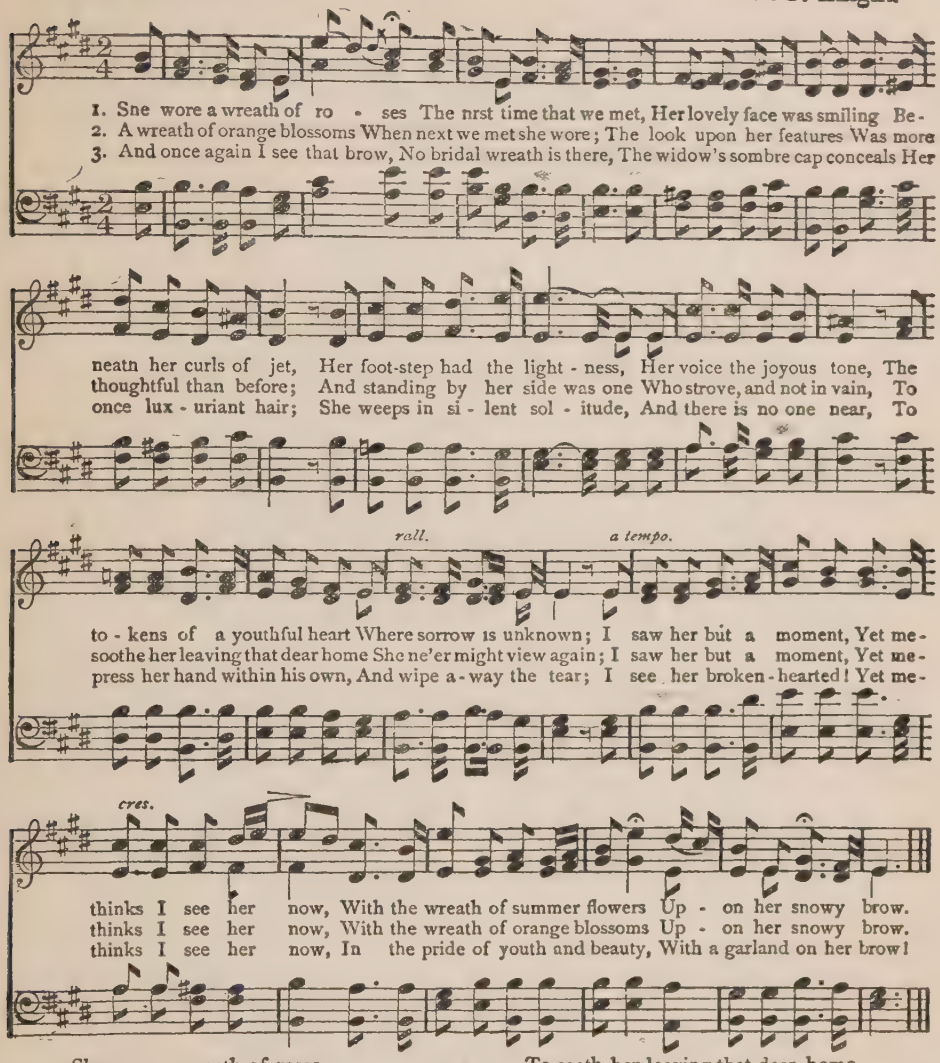
Franz Schubert.

p With feeling.
f
1. A - dieu! 'tis love's last greet - ing, The part - ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is
2. A - dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throng! A se - cret sense comes
mf
pp
fleet-ing, To seek its star - ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a morrow, To ev - 'ry day of
pp
free, A life of bliss has giv - en For - ev - er - more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when
pain! On earth we part in sorrow, To meet in bliss a - gain! A - dieu! there comes a
cres.
pp
Heaven Has bid thy soul be free, A fair-er life has giv - en For all e - ter - ni - ty!
morrow, To ev - 'ry day of pain! On earth we part in sorrow, To meet in bliss a - gain!

Adieu! 'tis love's last greeting,
The parting hour is come!
And fast thy soul is fleeting,
To seek its starry home!
Yet dare I mourn when Heaven
Has bid thy soul be free,
A life of bliss has given
For evermore to thee!
Yet dare I mourn when Heaven
Has bid thy soul be free,
A fairer life has given
For all eternity!

Adieu! go thou before me,
To join the seraph throng!
A secret sense comes o'er me,
I tarry here not long!
Adieu! there comes a morrow,
To ev'ry day of pain!
On earth we part in sorrow,
To meet in bliss again!
Adieu! there comes a morrow,
To ev'ry day of pain!
On earth we part in sorrow,
To meet in bliss again!

She Wore a Wreath of Roses.

Thomas Haynes Bayly. Jos. P. Knight.


1. She wore a wreath of ro - ses The nrst time that we met, Her lovely face was smiling Be-
2. A wreath of orange blossoms When next we met she wore; The look upon her features Was more
3. And once again I see that brow, No bridal wreath is there, The widow's sombre cap conceals Her
neath her curls of jet, Her foot-step had the light - ness, Her voice the joyous tone, The
thoughtful than before; And standing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To
once lux - uriant hair; She weeps in si - lent sol - itude, And there is no one near, To
rall.
a tempo.
to - kens of a youthful heart Where sorrow is unknown; I saw her but a moment, Yet me-
soothe her leaving that dear home She ne'er might view again; I saw her but a moment, Yet me-
press her hand within his own, And wipe a - way the tear; I see her broken - hearted! Yet me-
cres.
thinks I see her now, With the wreath of summer flowers Up - on her snowy brow.
thinks I see her now, With the wreath of orange blossoms Up - on her snowy brow.
thinks I see her now, In the pride of youth and beauty, With a garland on her brow!

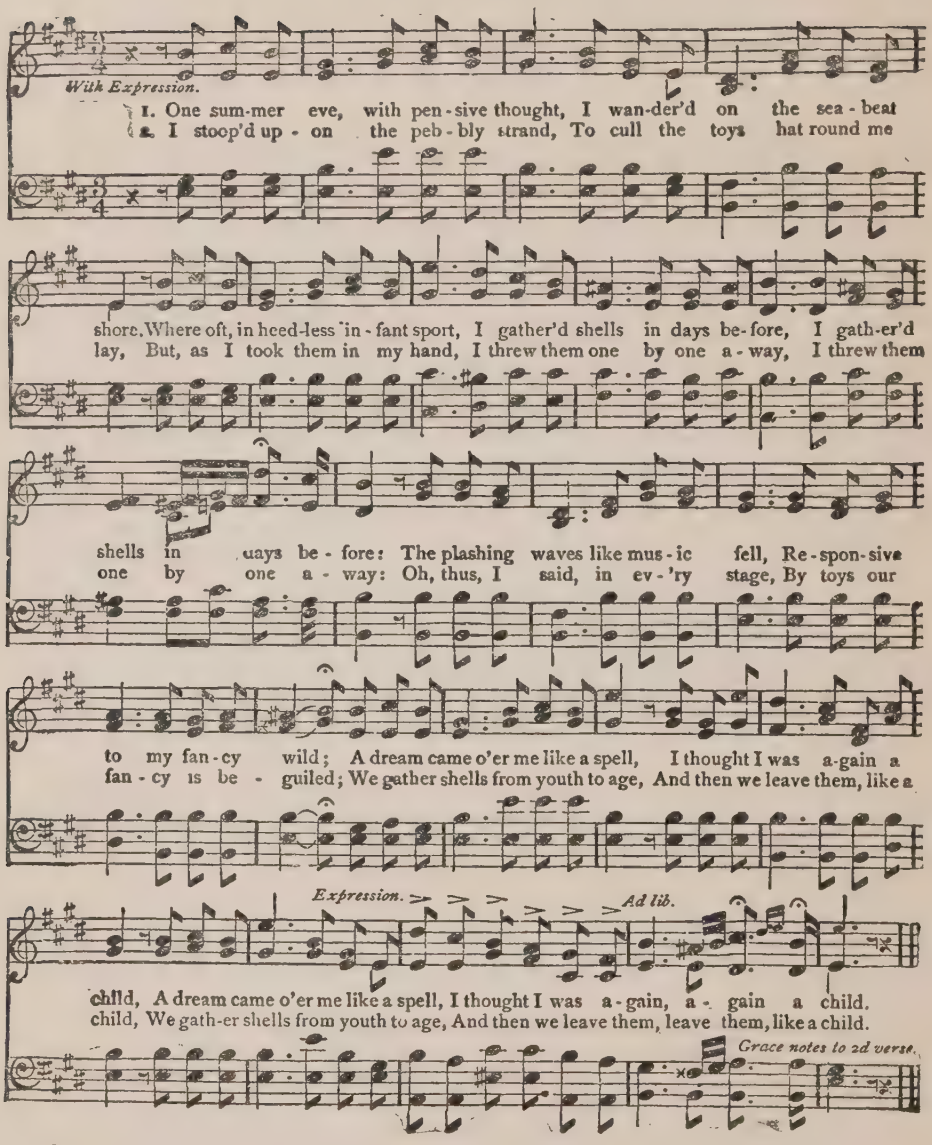
She wore a wreath of roses
The first time that we met,
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of jet,
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossems
When next we met she wore;
The look upon her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To sooth her leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near,
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear;
I see her broken-hearted!
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow!

Shells of Ocean.

J. W. Merry.

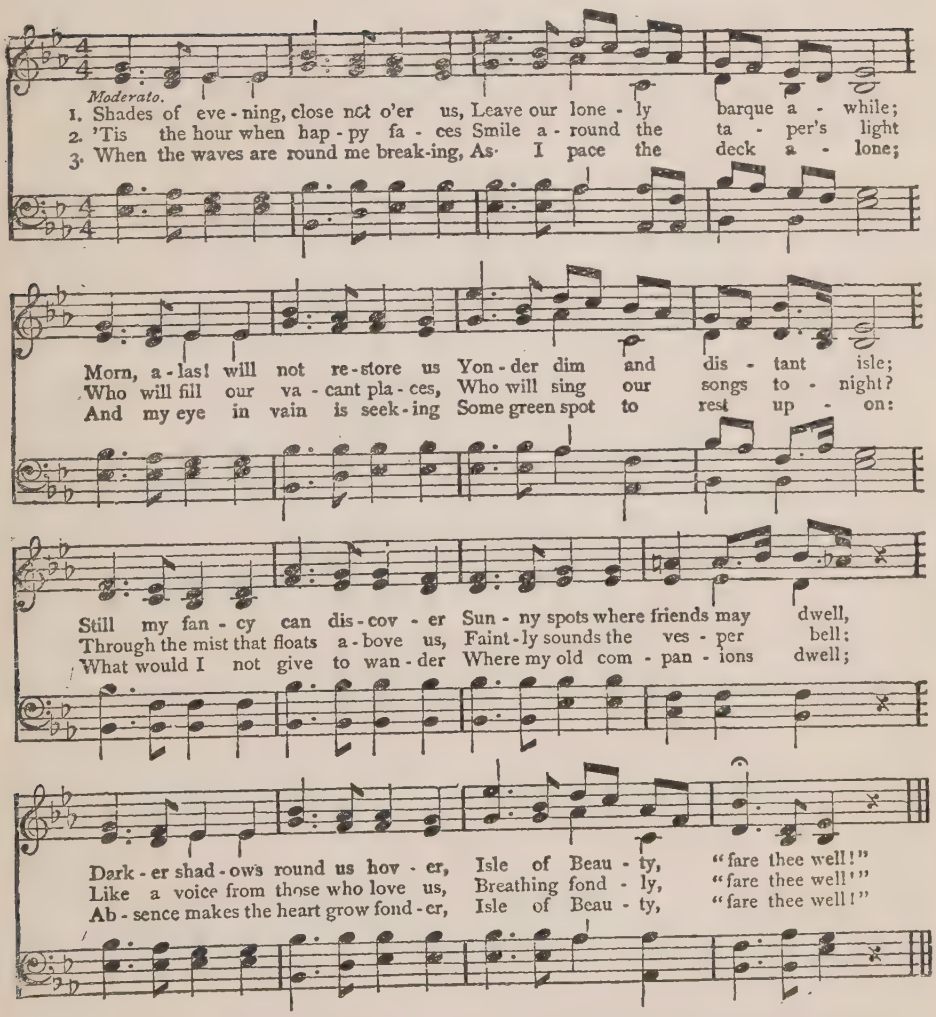

With Expression.
1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wan-der'd on the sea-beat
2. I stoop'd up-on the peb-bly strand, To cull the toys hat round me
shore. Where oft, in heed-less in-fant sport, I gather'd shells in days be-fore, I gath-er'd
lay, But, as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-way, I threw them
shells in days be-fore: The plashing waves like mus-ic fell, Re-spon-sive
one by one a-way: Oh, thus, I said, in ev-'ry stage, By toys our
to my fan-cy wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a
fan-cy is be-guiled; We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, like a
Expression.
Ad lib.
child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain, a-gain a child.
child, We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them, like a child.
Grace notes to 2d verse.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gather'd shells in days before,
I gather'd shells in days before:
The splashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild;
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
But, as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away,
I threw them one by one away:
Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled;
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them, like a child,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them, like a child.

Isle of Beauty

Thos. H. Bayly


Moderato.
1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light
3. When the waves are round me break-ing, As I pace the deck a - lone;
Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on:
Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,
Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;
Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"
Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond - ly, "fare thee well!"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"

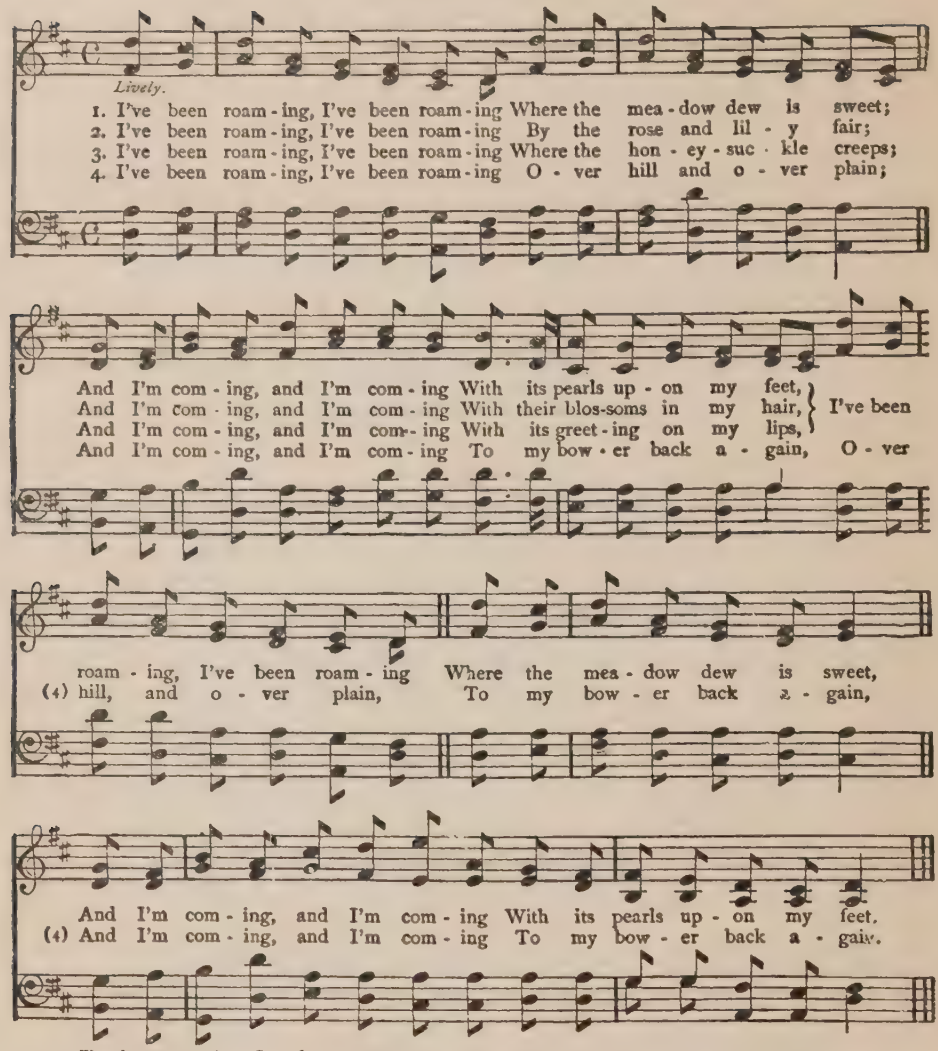
Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely barque awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light
Who will fill our vacant places,
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, "fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone;
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green spot to rest upon:
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

I've been Roaming.

Chas. E. Horn.


Lively.
1. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mea - dow dew is sweet;
2. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing By the rose and lil - y fair;
3. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the hon - ey - suc - kle creeps;
4. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing O - ver hill and o - ver plain;
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet,
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With their blos-soms in my hair,
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its greet - ing on my lips,
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow - er back a - gain,
I've been
O - ver
roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mea - dow dew is sweet,
(4) hill, and o - ver plain, To my bow - er back a - gain,
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet.
(4) And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow - er back a - gain.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet:
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet,
I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

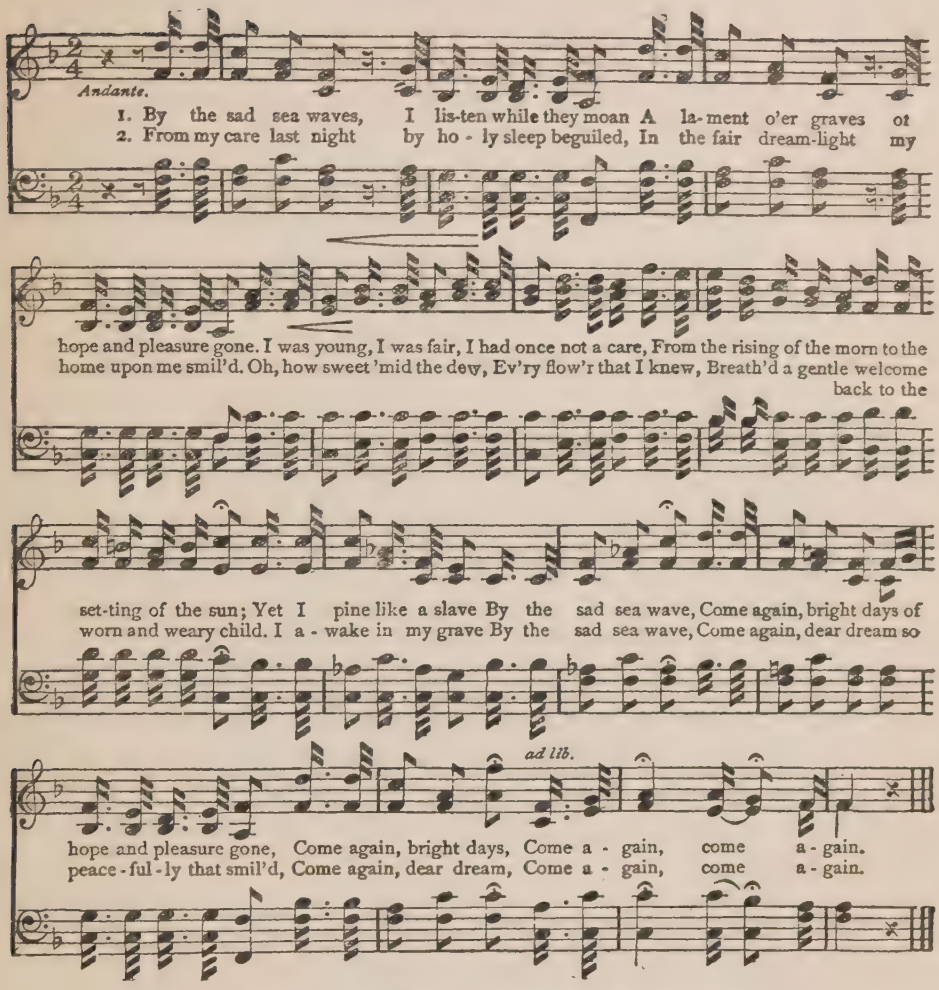
I've been roaming, I've been roaming
By the rose and lily fair;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With their blossoms in my hair,
I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the honeysuckle creeps;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its greeting on my lips,
I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Over hill and over plain;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
To my bower back again,
Over hill and over plain,
To my bower back again,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
To my bower back again.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

J. Benedict.

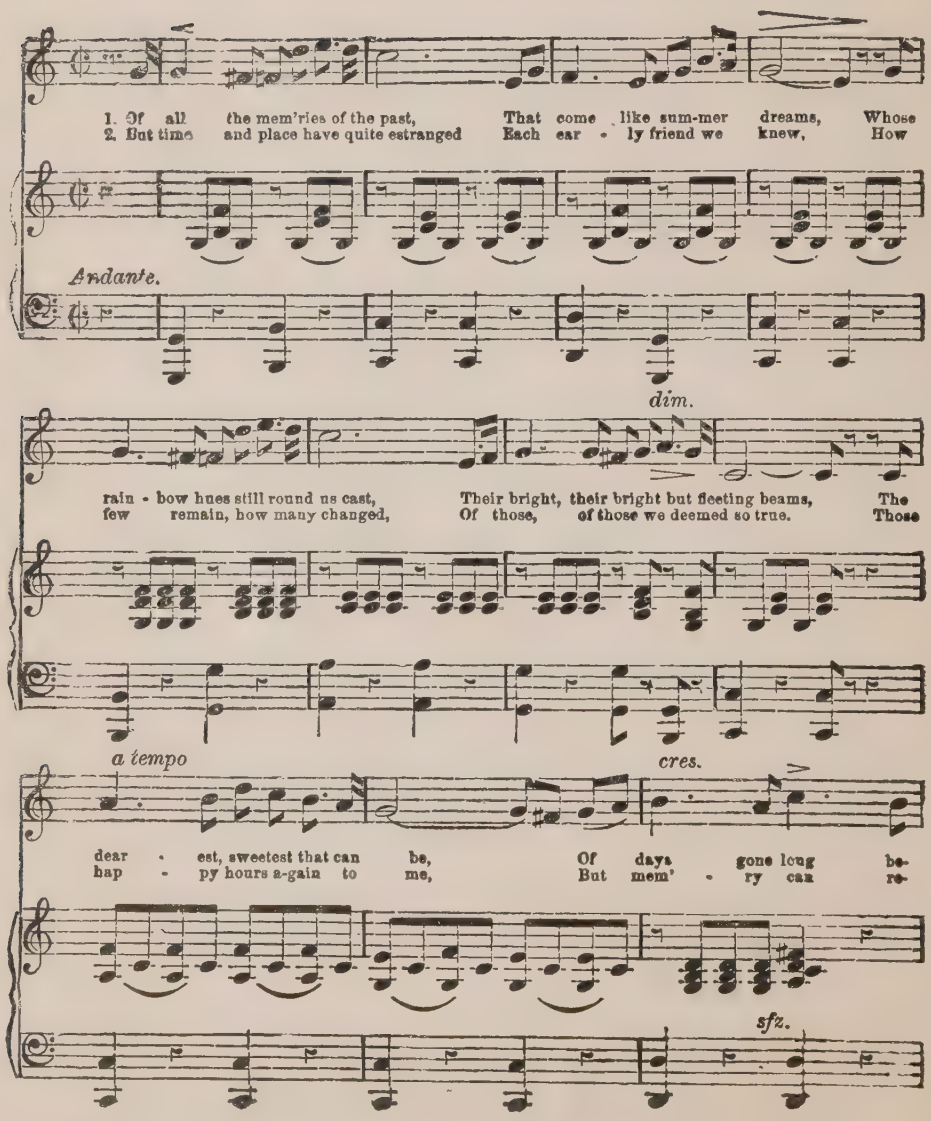

Andante.
1. By the sad sea waves, I lis-ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of
2. From my care last night by ho - ly sleep beguiled, In the fair dream-light my
hope and pleasure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the rising of the morn to the
home upon me smil'd. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev'ry flow'r that I knew, Breath'd a gentle welcome
back to the
set-ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave By the sad sea wave, Come again, bright days of
worn and weary child. I a - wake in my grave By the sad sea wave, Come again, dear dream so
ad lib.
hope and pleasure gone, Come again, bright days, Come a - gain, come a - gain.
peace-ful-ly that smil'd, Come again, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

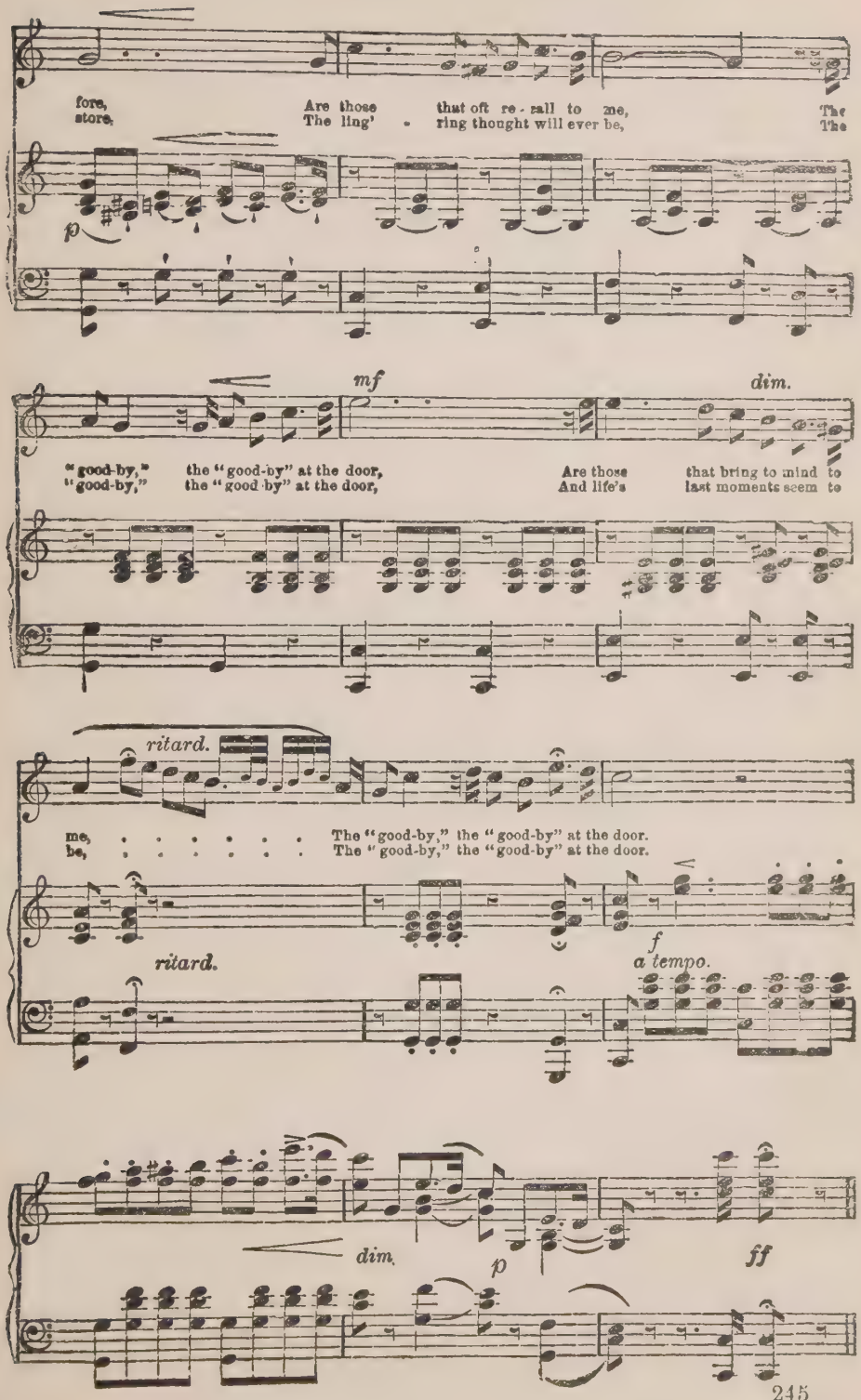
By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan
A lament o'er the graves of hope and pleasure gone.
I was young, I was fair,
I had once not a care,
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun;
Yet I pine like a slave
By the sad sea wave,
Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone,
Come again, bright days,
Come again, come again.

From my care last night by holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream-light my home upon me smil'd.
Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew,
Ev'ry flow'r that I knew,
Breath'd a gentle welcome back to the worn and weary child.
I awake in the grave
By the sad sea wave,
Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smil'd,
Come again, dear dream,
Come again, come again.

The Good-Bye at the Door.

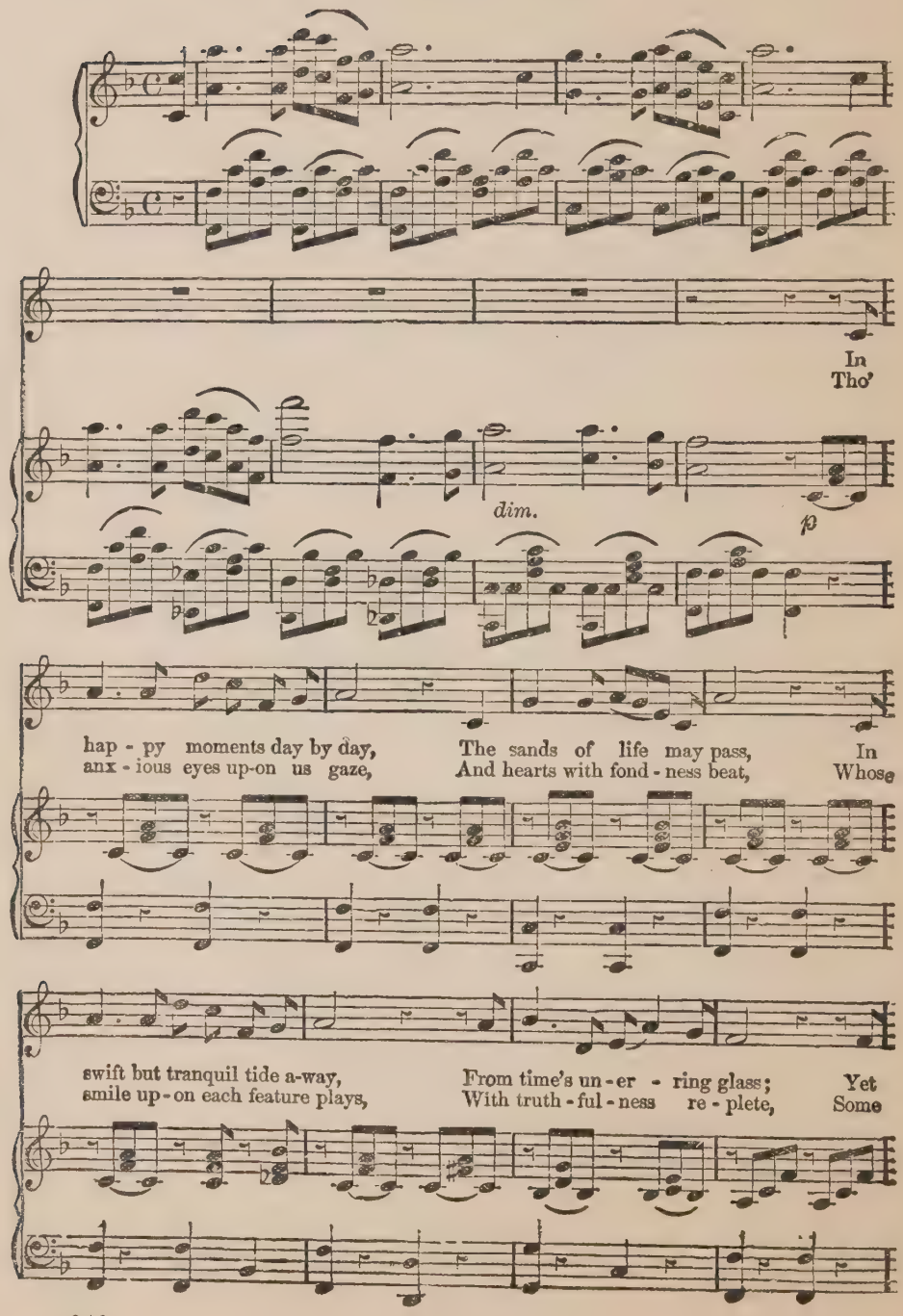
Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

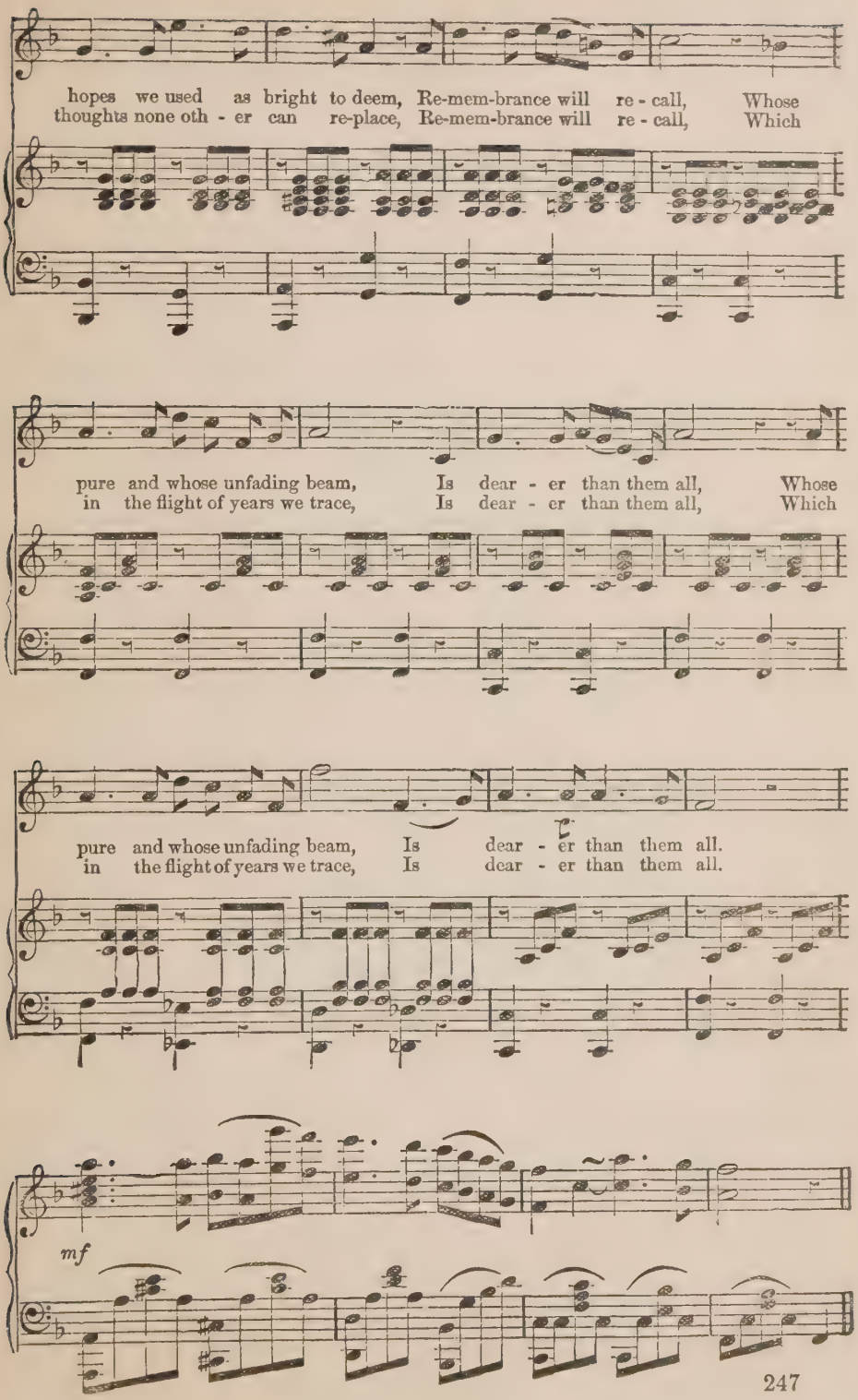

1. Of all the mem'ries of the past, That come like sum-mer dreams, Whose
2. But time and place have quite estranged Each ear - ly friend we knew, How
Andante.
dim.
rain - bow hues still round us cast, Their bright, their bright but fleeting beams, The
few remain, how many changed, Of those, of those we deemed so true. Those
a tempo
cres.
dear - est, sweetest that can be, Of days gone long be-
hap - py hours a-gain to me, But mem' - ry can re-
sfz.


fore,
store,
Are those
The ling'
that oft re - call to me,
ring thought will ever be,
The
The
p
mf
dim.
"good-by,"
"good-by,"
the "good-by" at the door,
the "good-by" at the door,
Are those
And life's
that bring to mind to
last moments seem to
ritard.
me,
be,
The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.
The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.
ritard.
f
a tempo.
dim.
p
ff

In Happy Moments.

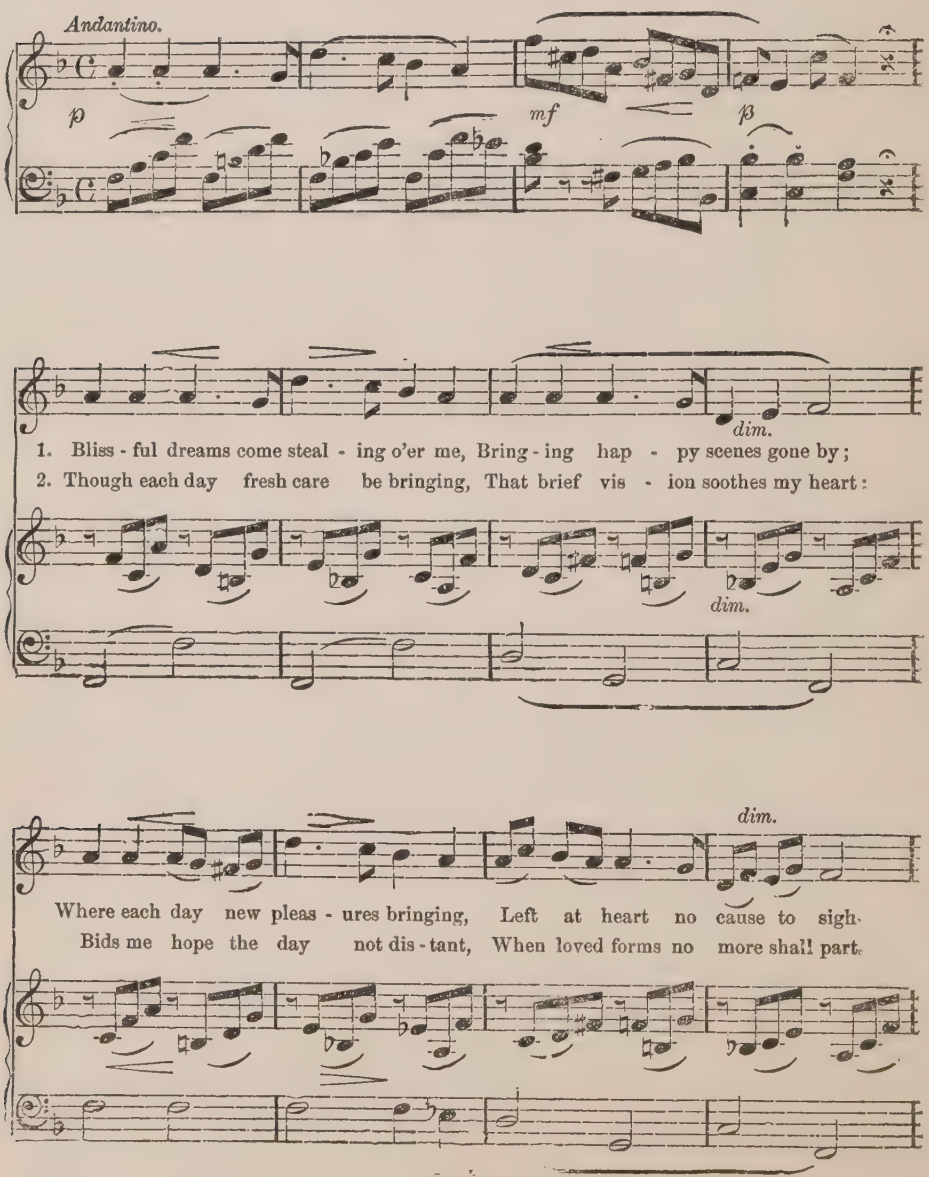
Composed by W. V. WALLACE.

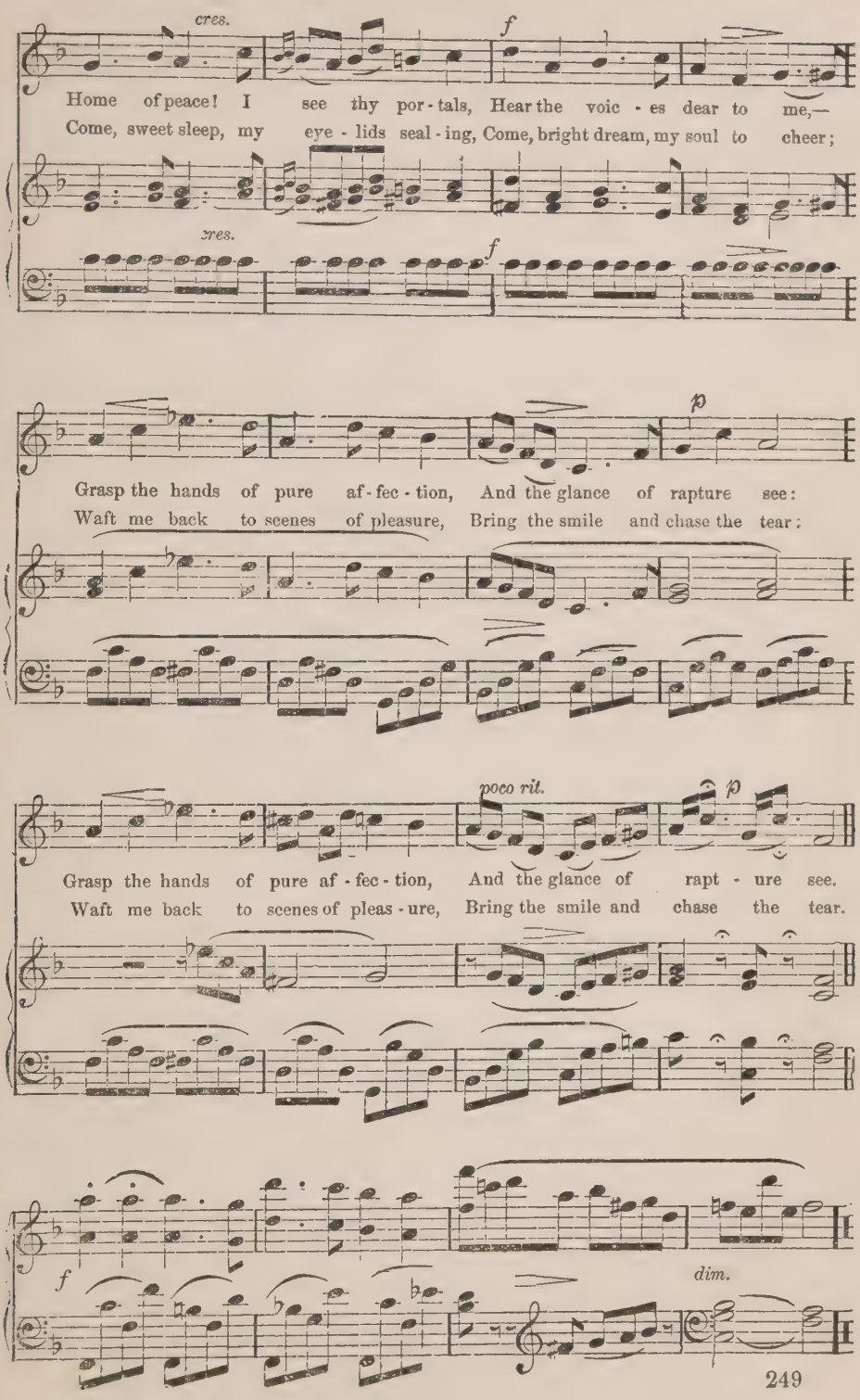

In
Tho'
dim.
p
hap - py moments day by day,
anx - ious eyes up-on us gaze,
The sands of life may pass,
And hearts with fond - ness beat,
In
Whose
swift but tranquil tide a-way,
smile up - on each feature plays,
From time's un - er - ring glass;
With truth - ful - ness re - plete,
Yet
Some


hopes we used as bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Whose
thoughts none oth - er can re-place, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Which
pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er than them all, Whose
in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er than them all, Which
pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er than them all.
in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er than them all.
mf

Blissful Dreams Come Stealing o'er Me.

FRANZ ABT.

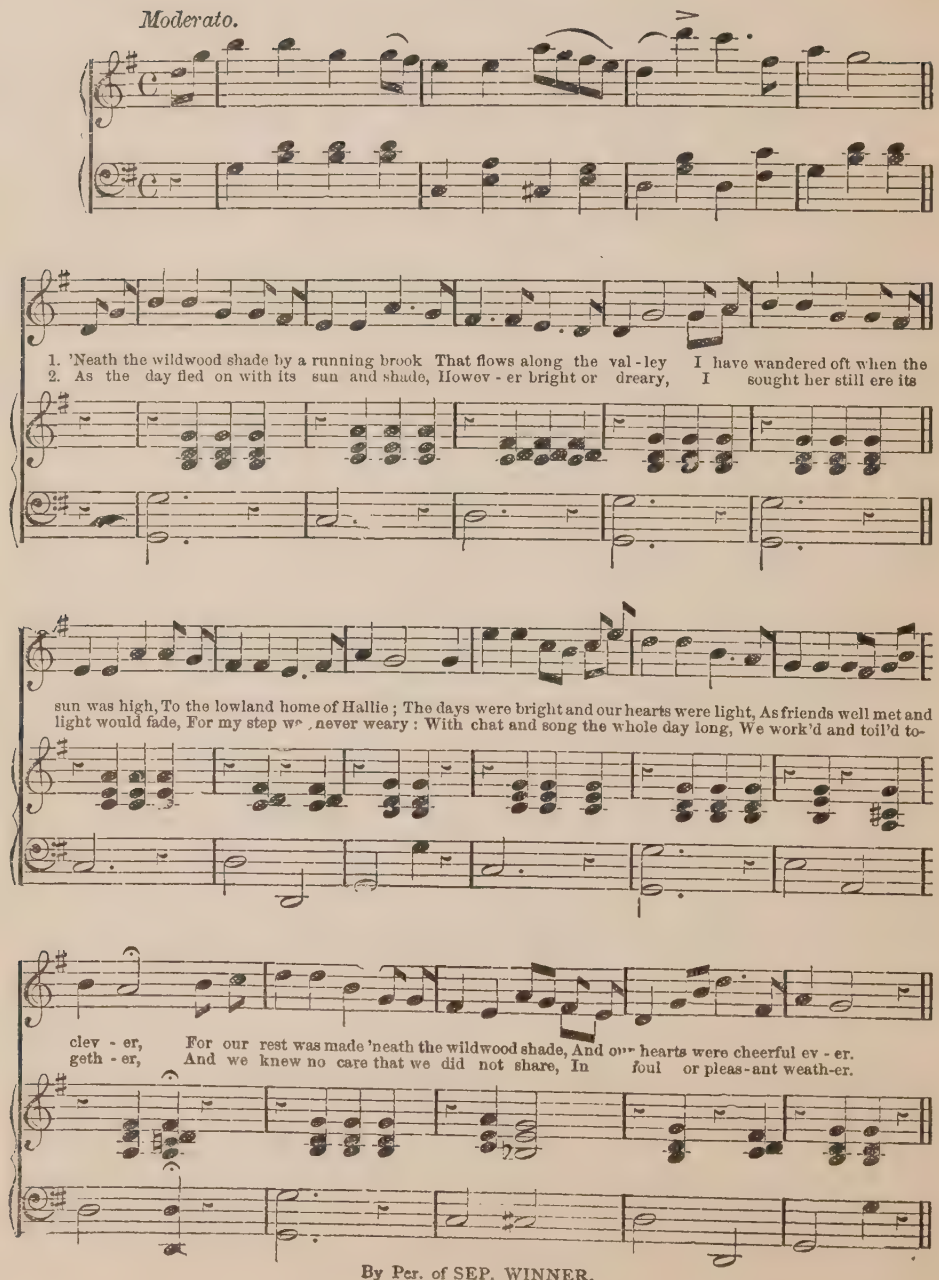

Andantino.
p
mf
β
dim.
1. Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by;
2. Though each day fresh care be bringing, That brief vis - ion soothes my heart:
dim.
dim.
Where each day new pleas - ures bringing, Left at heart no cause to sigh.
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When loved forms no more shall part.


cres.
f
Home of peace! I see thy por - tals, Hear the voic - es dear to me,—
Come, sweet sleep, my eye - lids seal - ing, Come, bright dream, my soul to cheer;
cres.
f
p
Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rapture see:
Waft me back to scenes of pleasure, Bring the smile and chase the tear:
poco rit.
p
Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rapt - ure see.
Waft me back to scenes of pleas - ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.
f
dim.

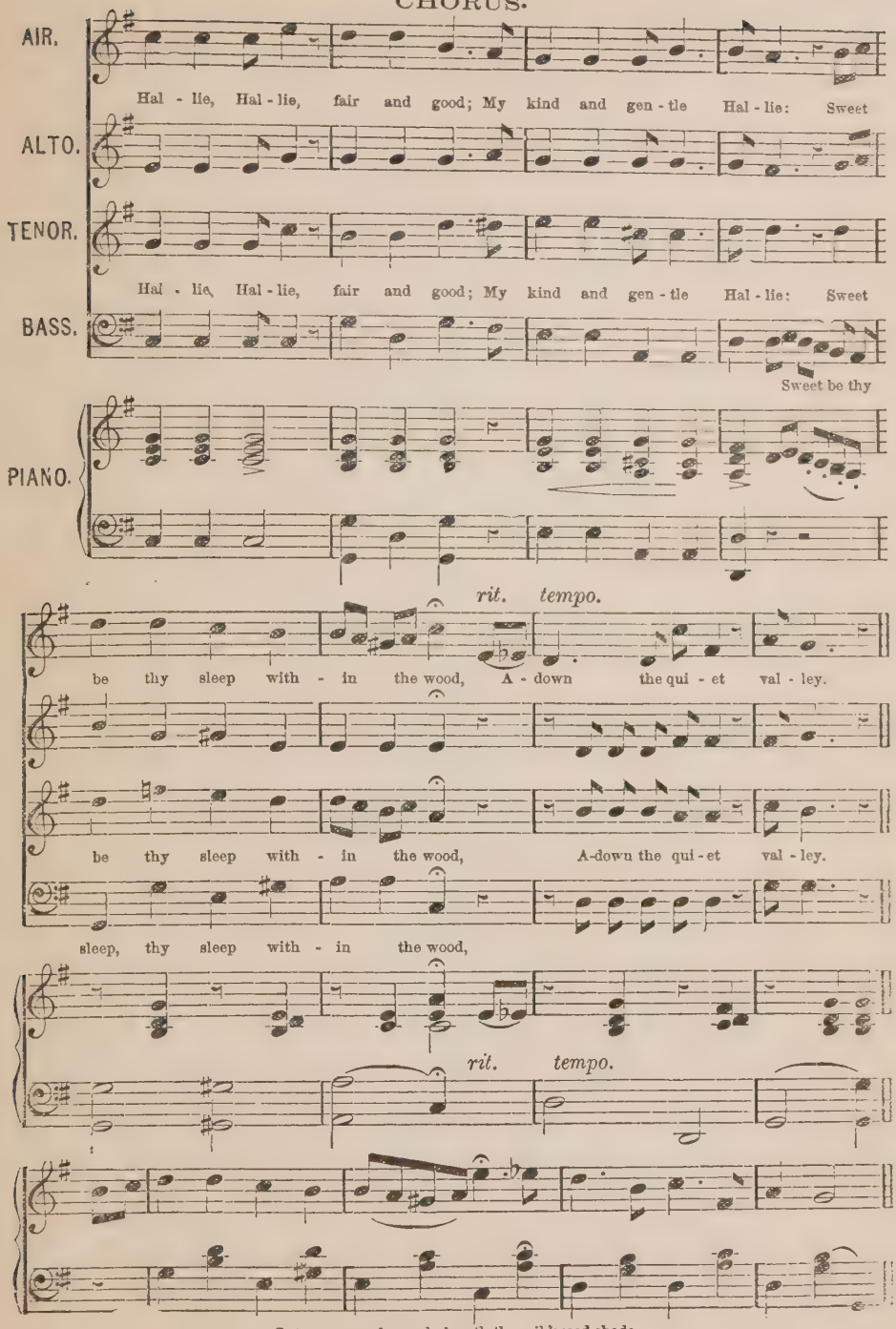
Down the Quiet Valley

SONG AND CHORUS

By SEP. WINNER


Moderato.
1. 'Neath the wildwood shade by a running brook That flows along the val - ley I have wandered oft when the
2. As the day fled on with its sun and shade, Howev - er bright or dreary, I sought her still ere its
sun was high, To the lowland home of Hallie ; The days were bright and our hearts were light, As friends well met and
light would fade, For my step we never weary : With chat and song the whole day long, We work'd and toil'd to-
clev - er, For our rest was made 'neath the wildwood shade, And our hearts were cheerful ev - er.
geth - er, And we knew no care that we did not share, In foul or pleas - ant weath-er.

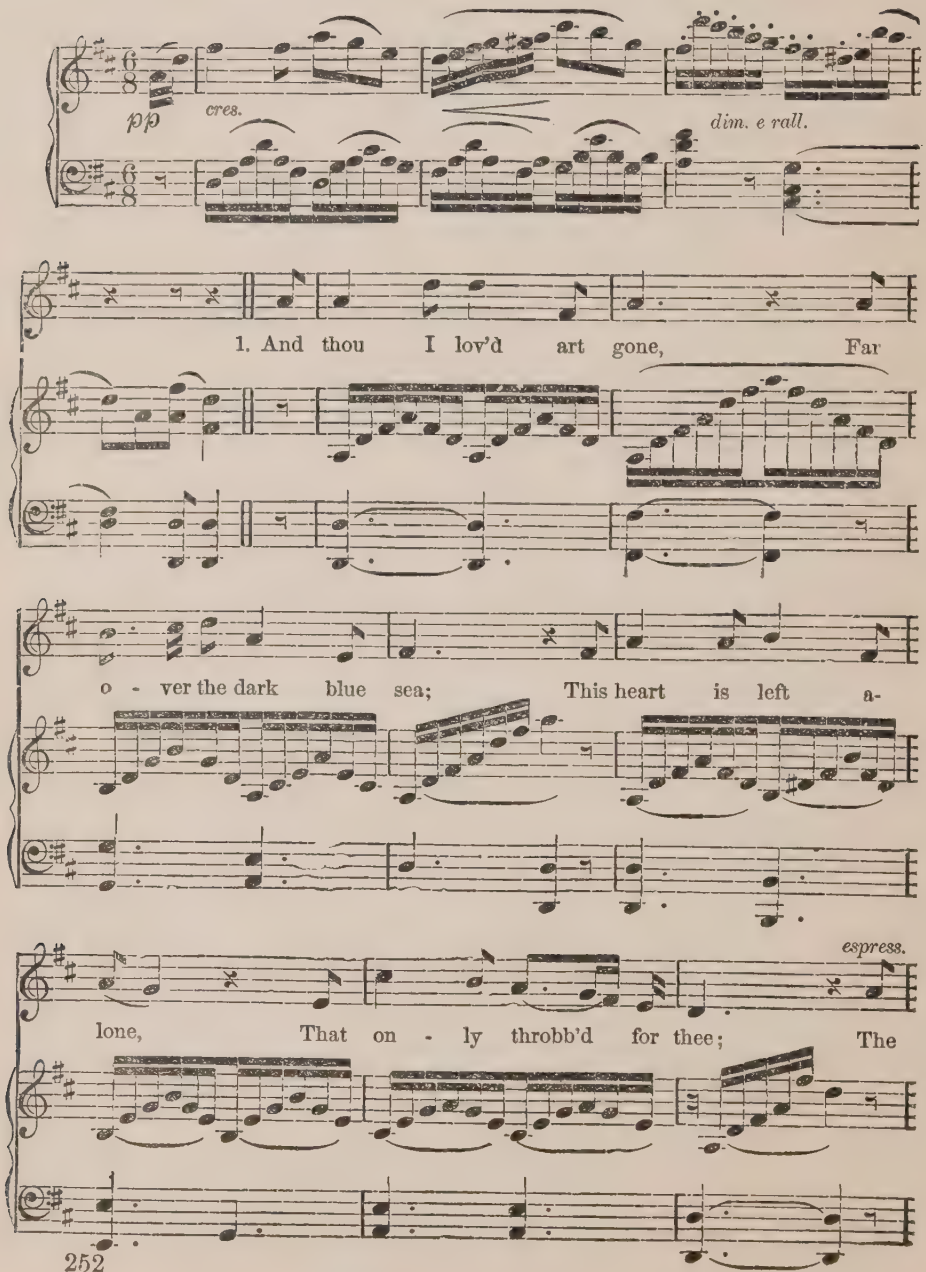
By Per. of SEP. WINNER.

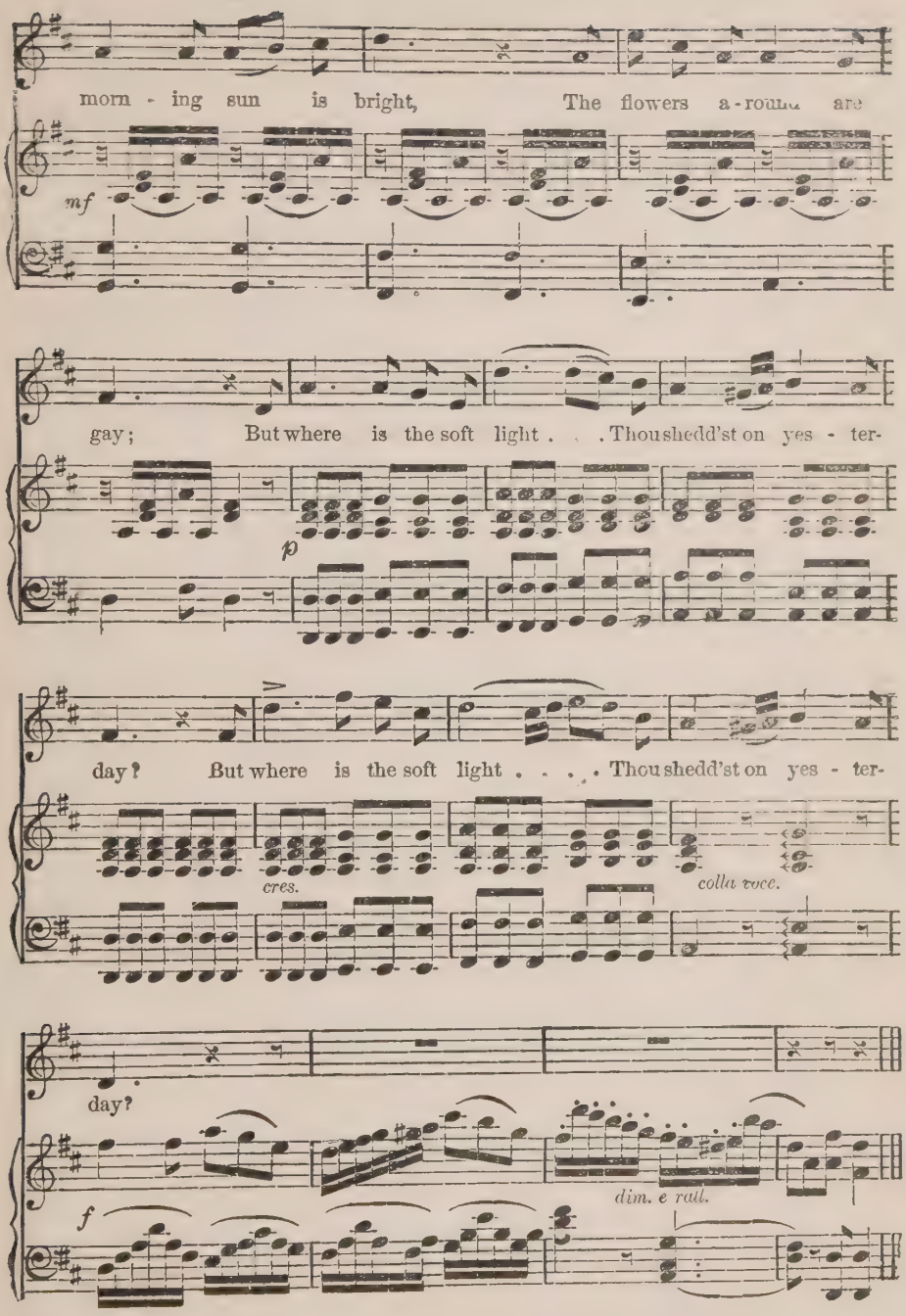
CHORUS.

AIR.
Hal - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet
ALTO.
TENOR.
Hal - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet
BASS.
Sweet be thy
PIANO.
rit. tempo.
be thy sleep with - in the wood, A - down the qui - et val - ley.
be thy sleep with - in the wood, A-down the qui - et val - ley.
sleep, thy sleep with - in the wood,
rit. tempo.

Let my grave be made 'neath the wildwood shade,
Beside my darling Hallie;
Oh let me rest near the one loved best,
Now sleeping in the valley:
For my joys have fled and my hopes are dead,
My heart is sighing ever;
Since her smile is gone and I'm left alone,
For our fate has been to sever.—CHORUS.

Yesterday.

Written by M. A. BROWNE. Composed by J. BLOCKLEY

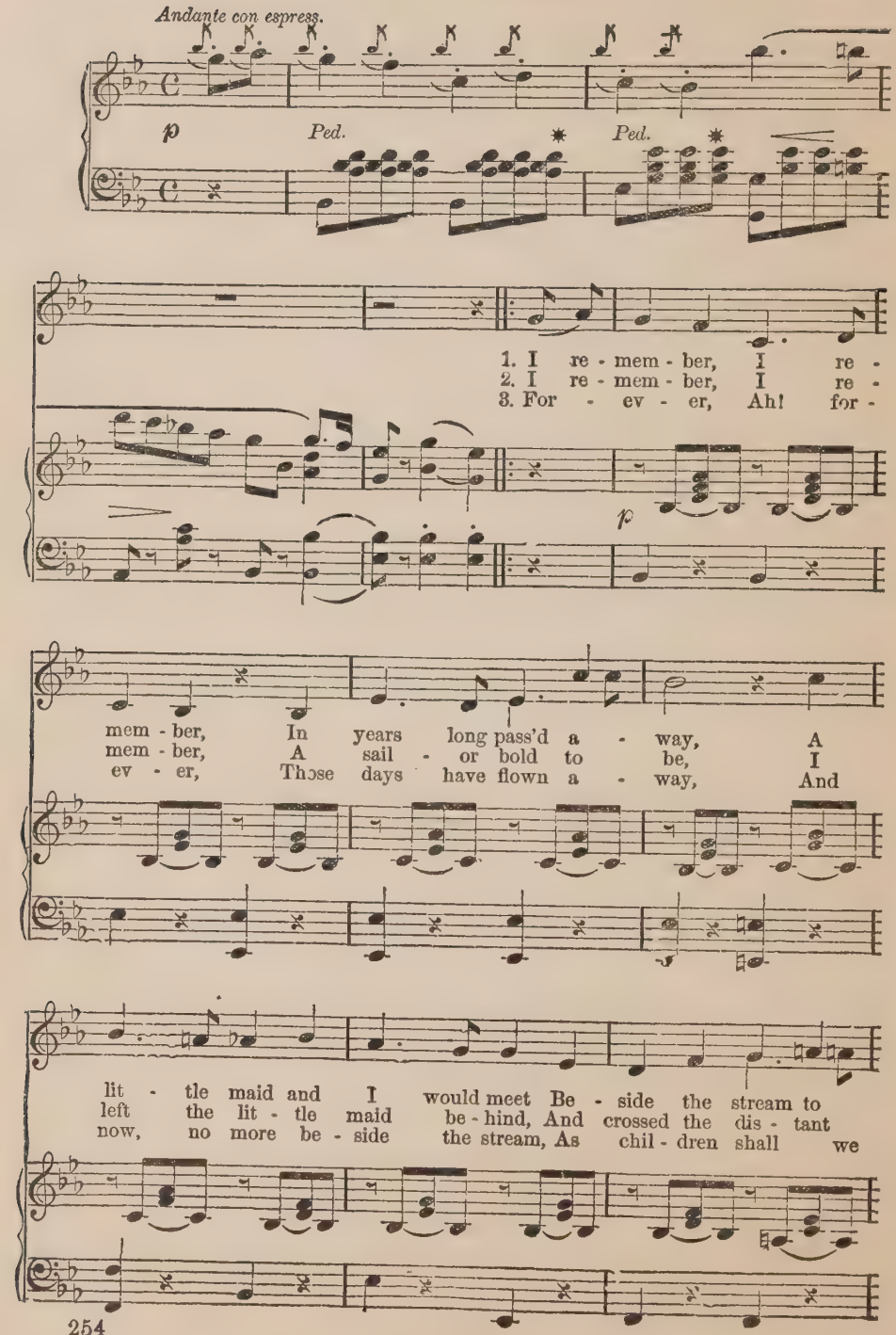

pp
cres.
dim. e rall.
1. And thou I lov'd art gone, Far
o - ver the dark blue sea; This heart is left a-
espress.
lone, That on - ly throbb'd for thee; The

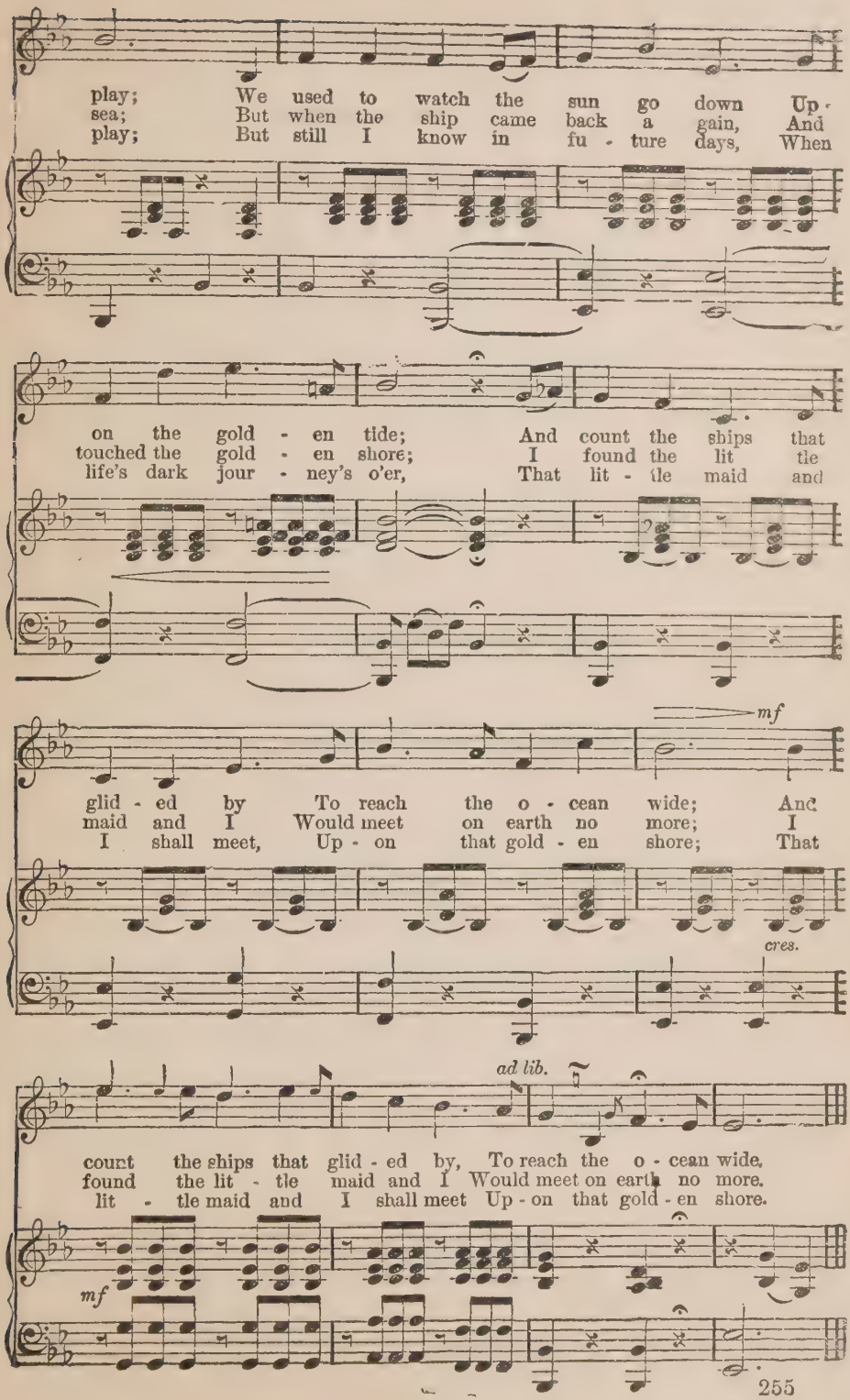

morn - ing sun is bright, The flowers a - round are
mf
gay; But where is the soft light . . . Thou shedd'st on yes - ter-
p
day? But where is the soft light . . . . Thou shedd'st on yes - ter-
cres.
colla voce.
day?
dim. e rall.
f

2 We stood amid these bow'rs
When last I wept adieu,
Surrounded by fair flowers
Of many a brilliant hue;
I saw the glittering tear,
That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday,
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday.

The Golden Shore.

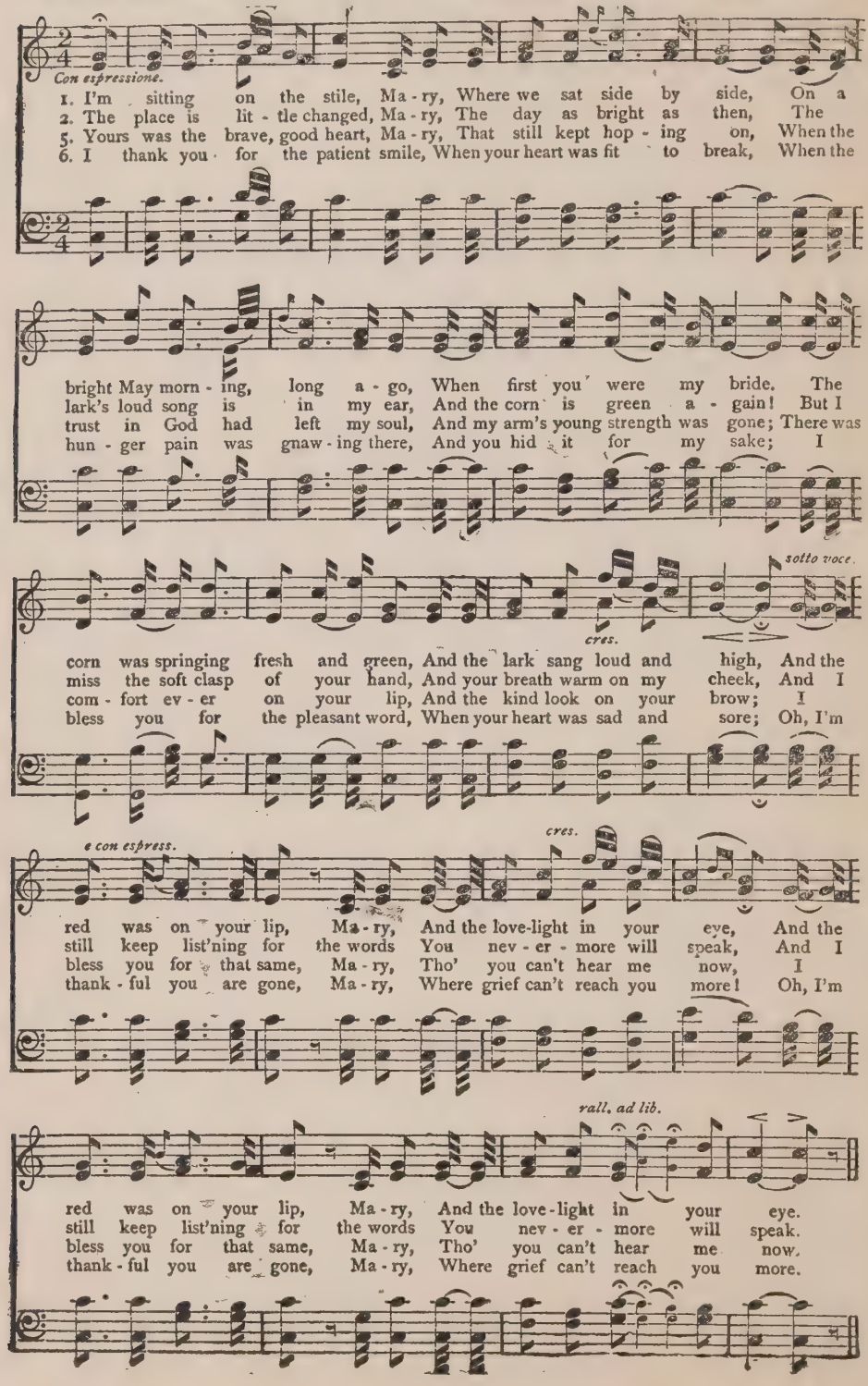
A. S. GATTY.


Andante con espress.
p
Ped.
Ped.
1. I re - mem - ber, I re -
2. I re - mem - ber, I re -
3. For - ev - er, Ah! for -
p
mem - ber, In years long pass'd a - way, A
mem - ber, A sail - or bold to be, I
ev - er, Those days have flown a - way, And
lit - tle maid and I would meet Be - side the stream to
left the lit - tle maid be - hind, And crossed the dis - tant
now, no more be - side the stream, As chil - dren shall we


play; We used to watch the sun go down Up -
sea; But when the ship came back a gain, And
play; But still I know in fu - ture days, When
on the gold - en tide; And count the ships that
touched the gold - en shore; I found the lit tle
life's dark jour - ney's o'er, That lit - tle maid and
mf
glid - ed by To reach the o - cean wide; And
maid and I Would meet on earth no more; I
I shall meet, Up - on that gold - en shore; That
cres.
ad lib.
count the ships that glid - ed by, To reach the o - cean wide,
found the lit - tle maid and I Would meet on earth no more.
lit - tle maid and I shall meet Up - on that gold - en shore.
mf

Irish Emigrant's Lament.

Wm. R. Dempster. Helen Selina Sheridan (Lady Dufferin).


Con espressione.
1. I'm sitting on the stile, Ma - ry, Where we sat side by side, On a
2. The place is lit - tle changed, Ma - ry, The day as bright as then, The
5. Yours was the brave, good heart, Ma - ry, That still kept hop - ing on, When the
6. I thank you for the patient smile, When your heart was fit to break, When the
bright May morn - ing, long a - go, When first you were my bride. The
lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain! But I
trust in God had left my soul, And my arm's young strength was gone; There was
hun - ger pain was gnaw - ing there, And you hid it for my sake; I
cres.
sotto voce.
corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high, And the
miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I
com - fort ev - er on your lip, And the kind look on your brow; I
bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore; Oh, I'm
e con espress.
cres.
red was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the love-light in your eye, And the
still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er - more will speak, And I
bless you for that same, Ma - ry, Tho' you can't hear me now, I
thank - ful you are gone, Ma - ry, Where grief can't reach you more! Oh, I'm
rall. ad lib.
red was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the love-light in your eye.
still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er - more will speak.
bless you for that same, Ma - ry, Tho' you can't hear me now.
thank - ful you are gone, Ma - ry, Where grief can't reach you more.